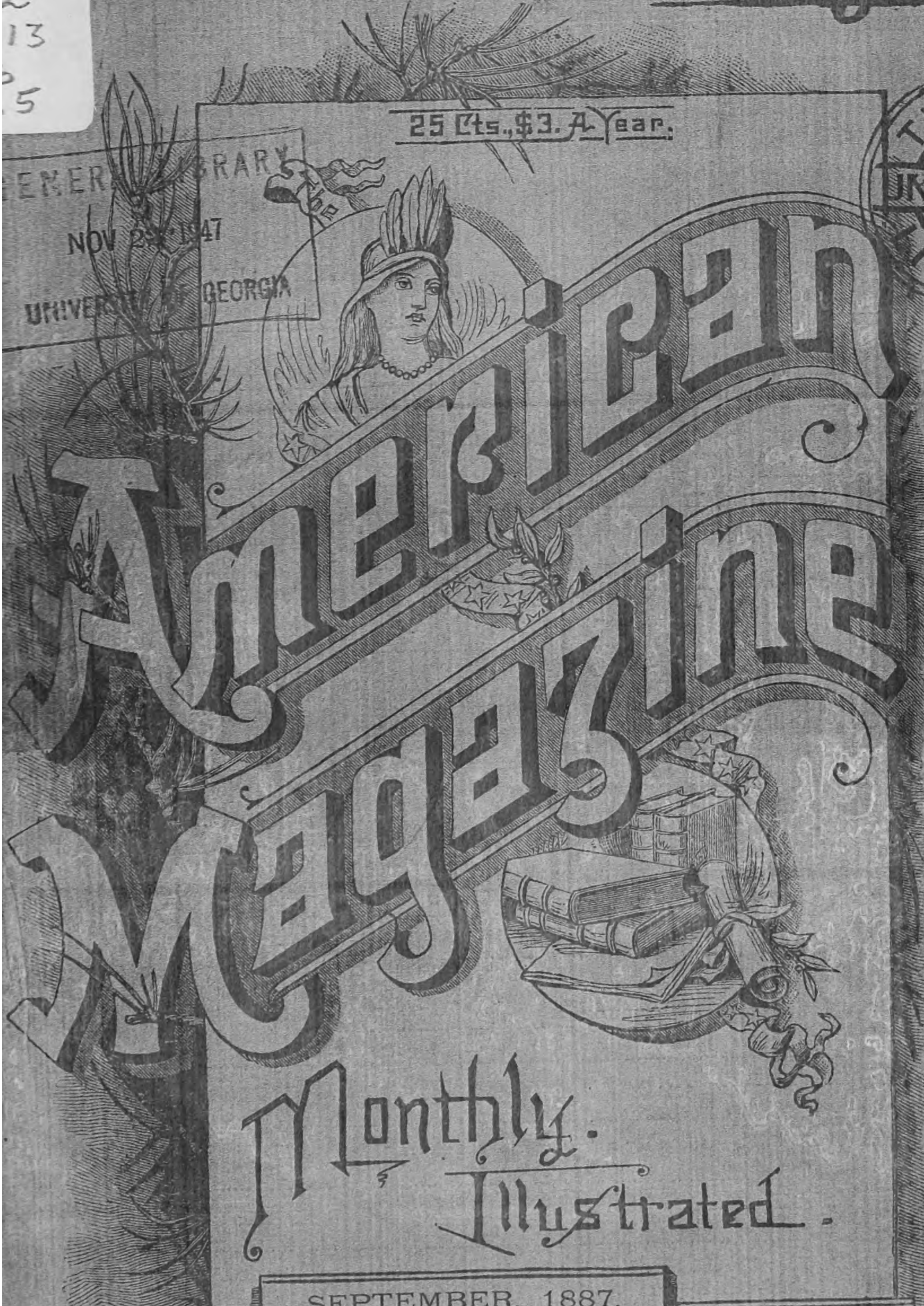
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA LIBRARIES

2
13
5

A.A. Weiser

GENERAL LIBRARY
NOV 2 1947
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

TEMPLE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



25 Cts., $3. A Year.

The American Magazine

Monthly. Illustrated.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.
Vol. VI. No. 5.

The American Magazine Co., 130 & 132 Pearl Street, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN MILLION CO., (LIMITED,) LONDON.

Copyright, 1887, by The American Magazine Co.

[The entire contents of this Magazine are covered by the general copyright, and articles must not be reprinted without special permission.]

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.

REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

Vol. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1887. No. 5.

Contents.

Lieut. C. F. Winter, Governor-General's Foot Guards, Canada ..... Frontispiece.
Along the Caribbean, II ..... Illustrated ..... *Dr. W. F. Hutchinson* 515
Olivia Delaplaine, IX., X. ..... Illustrated ..... *Edgar Fawcett* 532
The Deserted Farm. (Sonnet.) ..... *F. W. Clarke.* 548
Our New Navy ..... Illustrated ..... *Lieut. W. S. Hughes, U. S. N.* 549
The Military System of Canada ..... Illustrated ..... *J. Macdonald Oxley* 561
Keeping the Tryst. (Poem.) ..... *Ruth Hall* 571
In Louisiana. (Poem.) ..... Illustrated ..... *Henry W. Austin* 572
A Woman who Failed ..... *Bessie Chandler* 574
Jewish Progress in the United States ..... *Dr. A. S. Isaacs* 584
Hunting Ku Klux ..... *Richmond Walker* 588
A Sin Not to be Forgiven ..... *Lizzie W. Champney* 594
In and Out of a Canoe ..... *A. E. Dumble* 607
A Poet and his Verses. (A Sketch of Richard Realf.) ..... *H. D. Mason* 612
Denham on the Vauflars ..... *Rose Hawthorne Lathrop* 614
With a Gift of Lilies. (Poem.) ..... *Cornelia S. Parker* 620
Some Curious Sea-Words ..... *Lieut. F. S. Bassett, U. S. N.* 621
Down by the Sea. (Poem.) ..... *Lida C. Tullock* 627

SUPPLEMENT.

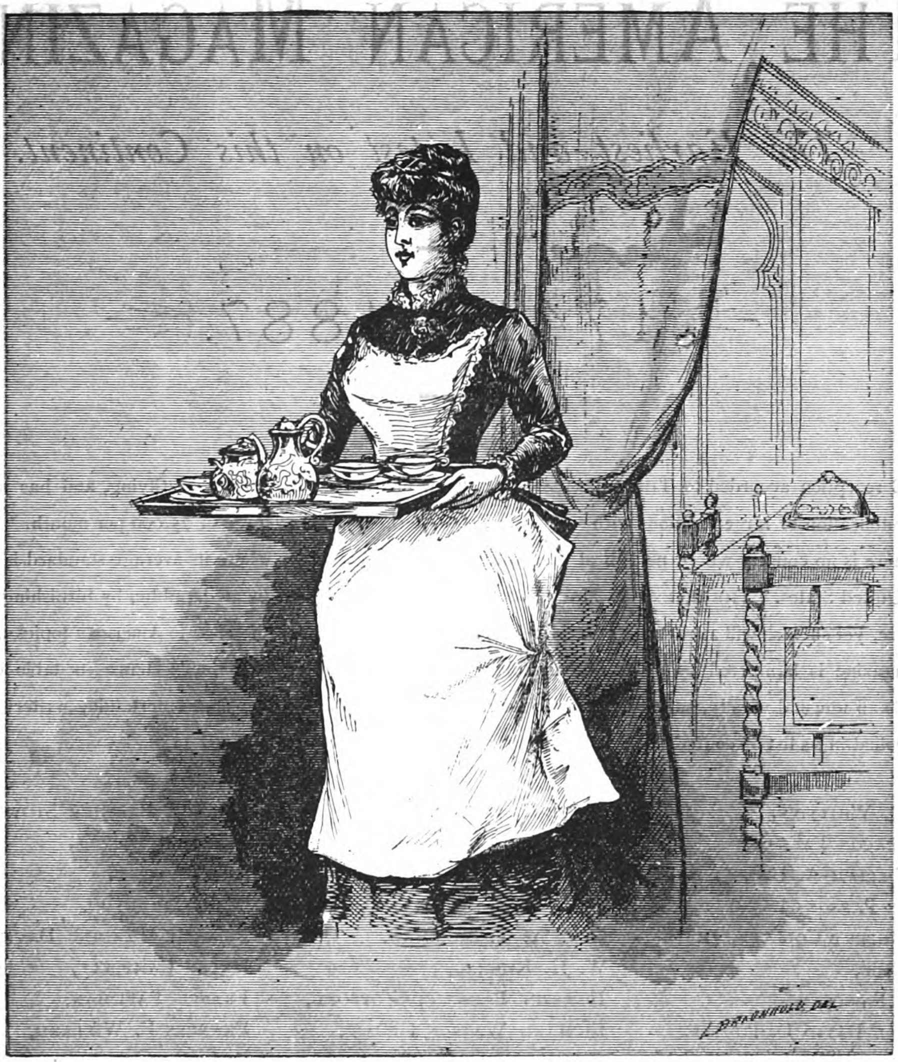
American Pulpit 628
Bishop Simpson, *W. M. McConnell.*
The Household 631
September Health Suggestions, by a Physician of experience.
Timely Topics 634
Negro Education; Missionary Methods.
The Portfolio 636
A Valuable Foe; Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins—their Wedding Day, by *Belle C. Greene* (illustrated); Button—Button (poem).

The American Magazine Co.,
PUBLISHERS,
182 Pearl Street, New York.

Booksellers and Postmasters are authorized to receive and forward subscriptions.

Entered at New York Post Office as second-class mail matter.

5-911



TO furnish a table with the daintiest of porcelain and the richest of crystal is the aim of every clever housewife. Those who are best posted say that nowhere can this be done so readily as at Ovington's. Not only is the variety large, but everything is in perfect taste.

OVINGTON BROTHERS.

Eastern House : 240 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Western House ; 145 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

On receipt of a two-cent stamp, they will send their book on Art Pottery.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The Earliest and Latest on this Continent.

1741—1887.

THE reception accorded to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has been unexpectedly gratifying, and has justified the publication of larger editions with successive issues, exceeding an average of 75,000 per month.

There is no country where periodical literature is so largely read, or where its average standard is so high, as in the United States. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE meets the wants of an educated public, by furnishing the best of literature, yet such as will attract the general reader. While giving the preference to American topics and scenes, the Magazine is hampered by no traditions, bound to no party, creed or clique. Hence its table of contents presents an unusual variety, suited to diverse tastes. Many of the ablest and most entertaining writers of the day are enrolled in its list of contributors. Among them are

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
ARCHDEACON FARRAR,
DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,
GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP,
REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D.,
E. P. ROE,
EDGAR FAWCETT,
ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER,
REV. R. S. STORRS, D. D.,
LOUISA M. ALCOTT,
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
JOAQUIN MILLER,
THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
J. T. TROWBRIDGE,
BESSIE CHANDLER,
EDNA DEAN PROCTOR,
JULIAN HAWTHORNE,
REV. NEWMAN HALL, D. D.,
GEN. W. T. SHERMAN,
W. H. RIDEING,
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,
RICHARD WATSON GILDER,
MRS. ADMIRAL DAHLGREN,
MARION HARLAND,
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.,
W. HAMILTON GIBSON,
ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
ERNEST INGERSOLL,
ROSE EYTINGE,
WILL CARLETON,
REBECCA HARDING DAVIS,
HELEN CAMPBELL,
FRANCIS PARKMAN,
FRANCES E. WILLARD,
Z. L. WHITE,
LUCY LARCOM,
REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE,
EDITH M. THOMAS,
J. MACDONALD OXLEY,

And many others.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $3.00 PER ANNUM.

Money should be sent by P. O. Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CO., Publishers, N. Y.

A Mistaken Idea.

……

To the Ladies of America:

We sometimes are told by Ladies that they did not suppose the Singer Sewing Machine was intended for family and household sewing, but was designed specially for manufacturing purposes. The fact is that we annually sell more machines to ladies, for use in their families, than are sold by all other Sewing Machine Companies combined. We also sell more machines to manufacturers than all other companies; but that branch is separate and distinct from our "Family Machine" trade, which is our principal trade.

And we make every style and variety of reliable Family Machines, from our splendid "Improved Family" (lock stitch), or our popular Vibrating Shuttle (lock stitch), to our single thread "Automatic" (chain stitch), all noiseless, light-running, and of newest styles.

All Singer Machines are fitted with the best Attachments and most stylish Woodwork, and are made of the best materials which the market affords.

You are invited to call and inspect our Machines, or send by mail for circulars. Whatever your taste, you can be suited.

The Singer Mfg. Co.

34 Union Square,

1,500 offices in U. S. New York.

Only a Limited Number Made Every Year

FULL DRESS STRAIGHT CUT.

Unquestionably the choicest cigarette manufactured. Under no circumstances will the standard of these goods be changed.

These cigarettes, although costing more than others, are well worth the difference asked, and always give the most entire satisfaction.

Packed 20 cigarettes

LATEST ENGLISH (new) POCKET CASES,

And the Always Popular

"FULL DRESS" PACKAGE.

Kinney Tobacco Co., New York,

Successors to KINNEY BROS.

Send 15 Cents for Sample Package.

QUINA-LAROCHE,

The Great French Tonic.

A WONDERFUL COMBINATION

OF

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,

AND

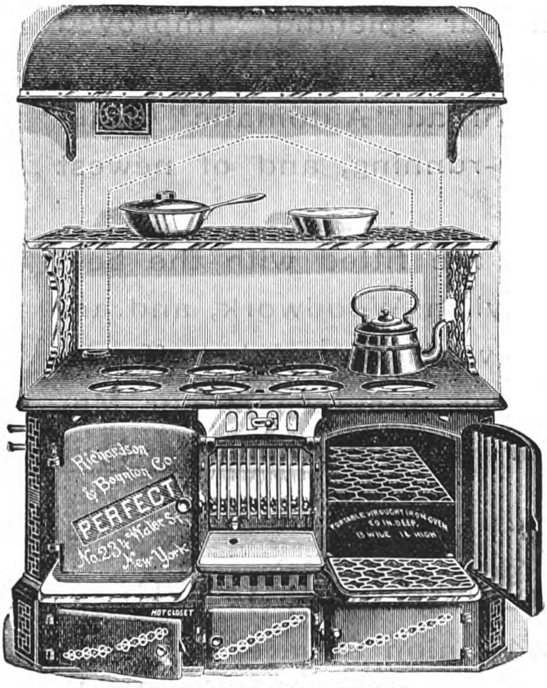
CATALAN WINE.

It has been used in France for twenty-five years, and exceeds in popularity any other French preparation.

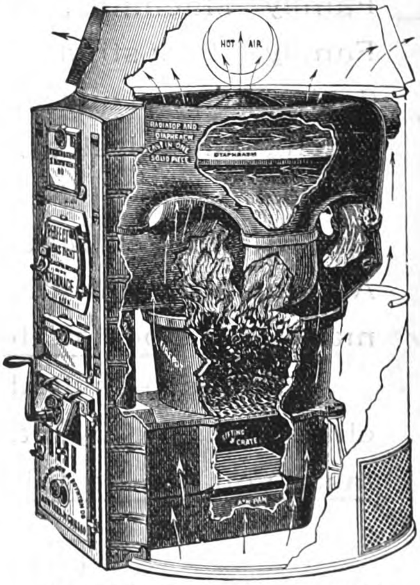
It prevents Malaria, Cures Malarial Fevers, tones up the system and invigorates the life.

It is sold universally, or by

E. FOUGERA & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
30 N. William Street,
NEW YORK.


Richardson & Boynton Co.
PERFECT
New York
HOT CLOSET

"PERFECT" COOKING RANGE.
Splendid, quick economical cooker.


HOT AIR
RADIATOR AND DIAPHRAGM CAST IN ONE SOLID PIECE
DIAPHRAGM
PERFECT GAS TIGHT FURNACE
SIFTING GRATE
ASH PAN

"PERFECT" HEATING FURNACE.
Best heating furnace made

Thousands of these successful goods in use all over the country

For parties wanting Furnaces and Ranges, they will find it to their interest to purchase these goods if universal satisfactory operation is desired. **Send for Circular.**

Richardson & Boynton Co., Establ'd 1849, **232 & 234 Water St., N.Y., & 84 Lake St., Chicago.**

TESTED TO OVER 1600 LBS TO SQ. INCH

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

THE ONLY GENUINE

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Does not set quickly like the old style Glue; has four times the strength. **No Heating.**

These Glues are used in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for all its works of mounting specimens, by the Government Arsenals and Department Buildings, by the Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., and by thousands of first-class manufacturers and mechanics throughout the world, for all kinds of fine work.

Pronounced **STRONGEST ADHESIVE KNOWN.** Sold in tin cans for mechanics and amateurs, and in bottles for family use.

The total quantity sold between Jan., 1880 and 1887, in all parts of the world amounted to over **Forty-Seven Million** bottles.

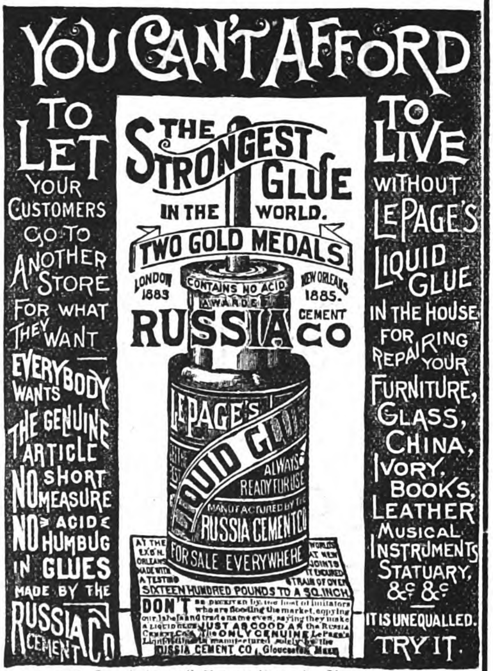
Don't be cajoled into buying the various Liquid Glues which are being put on the market; some with high-sounding names; others imitating our trade marks and name as near as they dare; their only cry is: "Just as good as Le Page's." It is the best recommendation that the **RUSSIA CEMENT CO.** could have of the merits of their glues. Labels of our CANS are black and yellow; BOTTLES, red, yellow, green and black, with a line of blue.

We have just commenced manufacturing our NEW PATENT CAN, which has the following advantages: The top can be turned on or off readily by the fingers. Each can has brush fastened to the inside of cover, and a wiper to take off superfluous glue. This arrangement enables the amateur or artisan to carry a small can in the pocket ready for immediate use, without danger of soiling from brush or can. The NEW PATENT CAN is in 3 sizes: One-half pint, gill, and one-half gill. Regular cans, pint, quart, 2-quart, and gallon. 2 sizes of bottle.

Be sure and get the GENUINE LePAGE'S,

MADE ONLY BY THE

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.


YOU CAN'T AFFORD
TO LET YOUR CUSTOMERS GO TO ANOTHER STORE FOR WHAT THEY WANT
EVERYBODY WANTS THE GENUINE ARTICLE
NO SHORT MEASURE
NO ACIDS
NO HUMBUG IN GLUES MADE BY THE RUSSIA CEMENT CO
THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD.
TWO GOLD MEDALS
LONDON 1883
NEW ORLEANS 1885.
CONTAINS NO ACID
AWARDED
RUSSIA CEMENT CO
LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
ALWAYS READY FOR USE
MANUFACTURED BY THE RUSSIA CEMENT CO
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE
AT THE EXP'N. NEW ORLEANS MADE WITH A TESTING
WORLD'S AT NEW JOINTS IT ENDURED A STRAIN OF OVER
SIXTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS TO A SQ. INCH
DON'T be deceived by the host of imitators who are flooding the market, copying our labels and trade name even, saying they make a liquid glue JUST AS GOOD AS the Russia Cement Co's. The ONLY GENUINE LePage's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.
TO LIVE WITHOUT LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE IN THE HOUSE FOR REPAIRING YOUR FURNITURE, GLASS, CHINA, IVORY, BOOKS, LEATHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS STATUARY, &c &c
IT IS UNEQUALLED.
TRY IT.

Sample by mail 20 cents (stamps). Mention this Journal.

Russia Cement Co.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

PEEKSKILL (N. Y.) MILITARY ACADEMY.
Send for Catalogue to Principals: Col. C. J. WRIGHT, B. S., A. M., JOHN N. TILDEN, A. M., M. D.

BURR AND BURTON SEMINARY.

AN ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL for both sexes. Year commences Sept. 5, 1887. Best New York references given. For particulars address the Principal,
Rev. M. L. SEVERANCE, MANCHESTER, VT.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND,

Collegiate Institute for **Young Ladies** and Preparatory School for **Little Girls,** EMBLA P. O., Three miles from **Baltimore, Md.** Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame. Send for Catalogue.

SHORT-HAND & Type-Writing SITUATIONS

secured for students entering NOW. Skill in **Three Months** by Haven's System. No failures. Haven's Colleges: New York, N.Y.; Phila., Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; San Francisco, Cal.

¿ Habla V. Español ?
Parlez-Vous Francais ?
Sprechen Sie Deutsch ?
Parlate Italiano ?

IN TEN WEEKS

you can, at your own home, by

Dr. RICHARD S. ROSENTHAL'S

Meisterschaft System,

Learn to speak fluently either Spanish, French, Italian or German.

Specimen Copy, Spanish, French, German or Italian, 25 Cents.

All subscribers—$5.00 for each language—become actual pupils of Dr. Rosenthal, who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to any difficulties which may occur.

MEISTERSCHAFT PUBLISHING CO.,

HERALD BUILDING, *BOSTON, MASS.*

Lactated Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

For INVALIDS and DYSPEPTICS,

The Most Nourishing, Most Palatable, Most Economical,

OF ALL PREPARED FOODS.

EASILY AND QUICKLY PREPARED.

Send for circulars and pamphlets giving testimony of Physicians and Mothers, which will amply prove every statement we make.

For sale by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

1887--BABIES--1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send, on application, a Cabinet Photo. of the "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using ***Lactated Food*** as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING!

The sales of

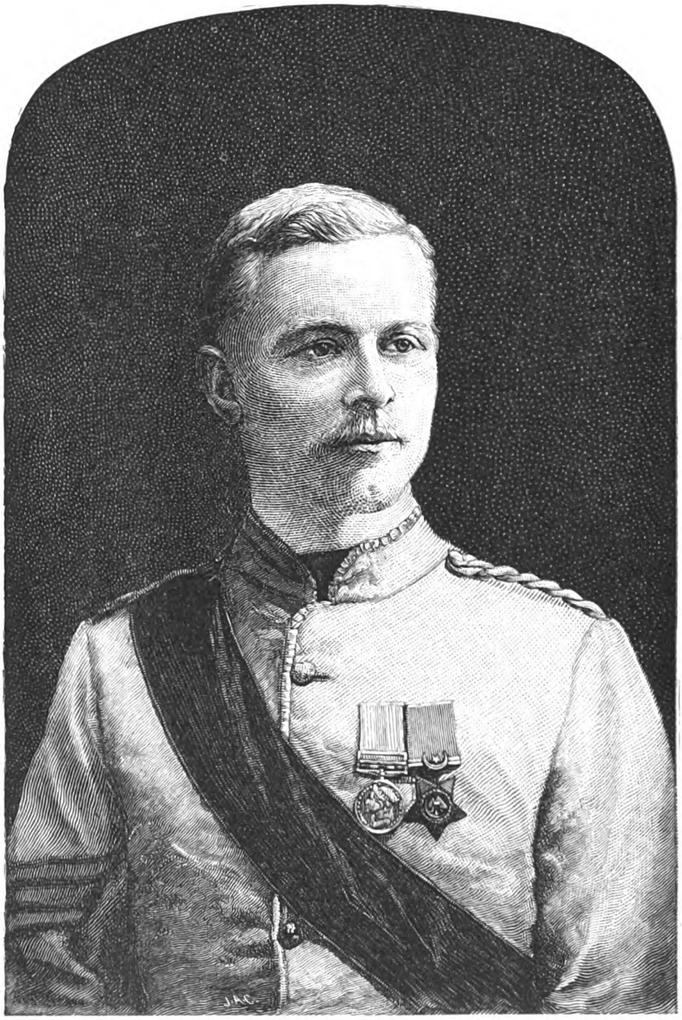
CASHMERE BOUQUET

Toilet Soap during the past year exceeded in amount the importations of all toilet soaps from England, France, Germany, Italy, and all other countries combined, as shown by the official reports of the United States Treasury for 1886.

Cashmere Bouquet is but one of 103 varieties of Toilet Soaps manufactured by Colgate & Co.

The enormous sale of the Cashmere Bouquet Soap has led some unscrupulous manufacturers to offer a number of inferior imitations of its color, form, and general appearance.

See that each wrapper and cake bears the name of Colgate & Company, the originators and sole manufacturers of the genuine article.



LIEUT. C. F. WINTER,

Governor-General's Foot-Guards, Canada.

THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1887. NO. 5.

ALONG THE CARIBBEAN.

II.

BY DR. W. F. HUTCHINSON.

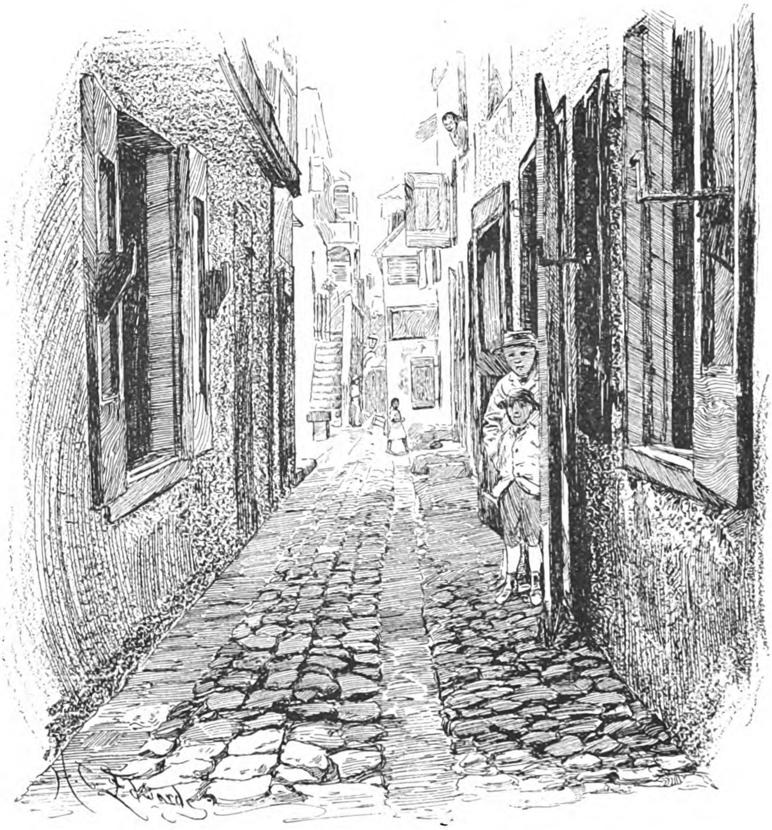
WHERE the clear water of the Caribbean assumes its brightest, most transparent blue, there lies an island whose singular outlines, deep, shining lagoons, and landscapes quaint with the architecture of bygone days, attract and interest every traveler that fate leads to these southern seas.

Far from the trying winter climate of North America, with its changes and consequent pneumonias—so very far from the noise and confusion of the busy world that it is like a Rip Van Winkle island—Curaçao, our first port of call after seven days of sea, offered a welcome haven.

When Captain Hess said at dinner the evening before: "Be up early to-morrow, ladies and gentlemen, for we shall get in by sunrise," the announcement was received with hearty applause and many orders to be called in time. When gray dawn came we were sailing close along the land that sloped back from the sea in cliff and valley until its black outlines stood out against the lightening sky in fantastic shapes of fortress or of man, with here and there an entering wedge of water parting the shore, or a white house perched on a lofty headland, that seemed to watch us gliding by.

There were but few buildings visible; but as abodes of men are rarely built upon a coast line in any large number, this was not strange, and we gazed contentedly at the green hills that made a pleasant change from seven days of unsteady sea. An hour later we had our pilot aboard—a tall, saturnine native, whose face and attire called forth the curious questioning that inbound passengers always give to pilots in foreign ports. There seems to be an idea that they ought to be of a new species, and the remark of one of our young ladies, "Why, he is not different from our own pilots at all!" expressed exactly the general sentiment. But this stalwart son of the sea grew in interest when we learned that he was the fortunate husband of many successive wives, who had presented him with no less than eighteen pledges of their affection. "No wonder he wears carpet slippers!" quoth our youthful observer.

After a whirl or two, like a sleepy dog looking for a bed, the great ship slid into port between two fortresses bearing the Holland tricolor, that were scarce a hundred yards apart, and the vessel was presently moored beside a wharf that might have been built by order of Peter Stuyvesant in Nieuw Amsterdam. There could hardly be a

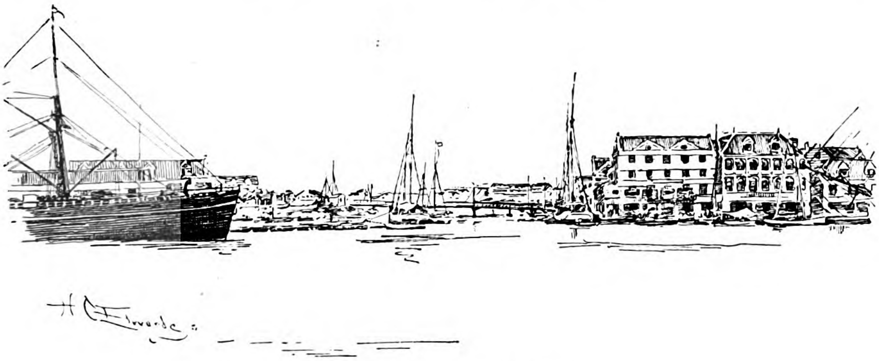


STREET IN CURAÇAO.

mistake. No; those Dutch façades, those narrow, many-storied and much ornamented houses of blue and pink and green; those peculiar dormers; those narrow streets that are all sidewalk; and the language spoken by portly, slow-moving citizens—we were certainly viewing Manhattan Island, moved backward two hundred and fifty years and southward a score of degrees.

Curaçao does not seem quite like Rotterdam or one of the smaller cities of the Zuyder Zee: it has a something about it of later date, of a more recent creation than they; and, although first impressions of places often change upon closer acquaintance, ours only grew stronger as we crossed the harbor in a square punt slowly sculled by a muscular native, and then wandered about the narrow and wider streets of Willemstaat. Each house, every interior and most of the figures might have been copied from old prints of Nieuw Amsterdam; and when we went to church on Sunday, the minister, in round black turban hat, with ceremonious bowing to his audience before mounting the winding stair, and preaching in fluent Dutch from an ancient pulpit, heightened the illusion until it seemed quite real.

Curaçao streets are full of dark interiors, such as Rembrandt and Teniers have given us. Some of the streets are scarcely four feet wide; into their depths the vivid rays of a nearly vertical sun scarcely penetrate, and their very best views are impossible to the photographer's camera by reason of want of light. But there are many superb chances for the brush if one had time and skill; strange contrasts between an intense light that pervades the air,



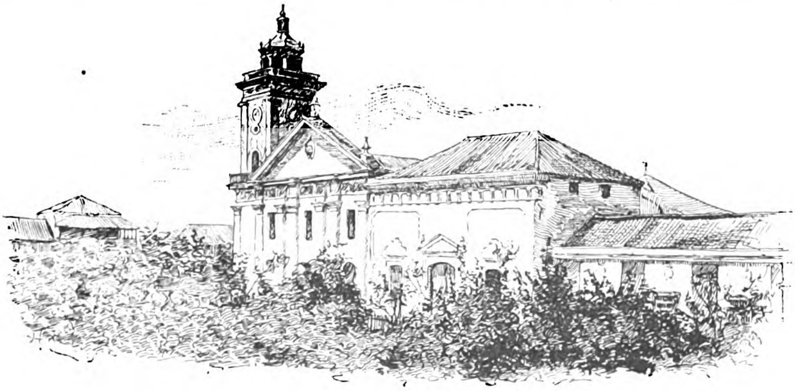
CURAÇAO, FROM OTRA BANDA.

making all things glow with fervent heat and quivering life, and the little, dark, wide-open shops where goldsmiths sit all day and hammer out filagree work of gold, such as Etruscan jewelers once made;—quaint figures of blacks bending over glowing charcoal furnaces in dim cells, where now and then a shaft of fierce white light cleaves its way through the darkness to a snowy turban, a crimson shawl, or the sparkling eyes of a naked baby; and such roofs, hanging gables and picturesque balconies!—an artist might spend months here, and still find something new each day.

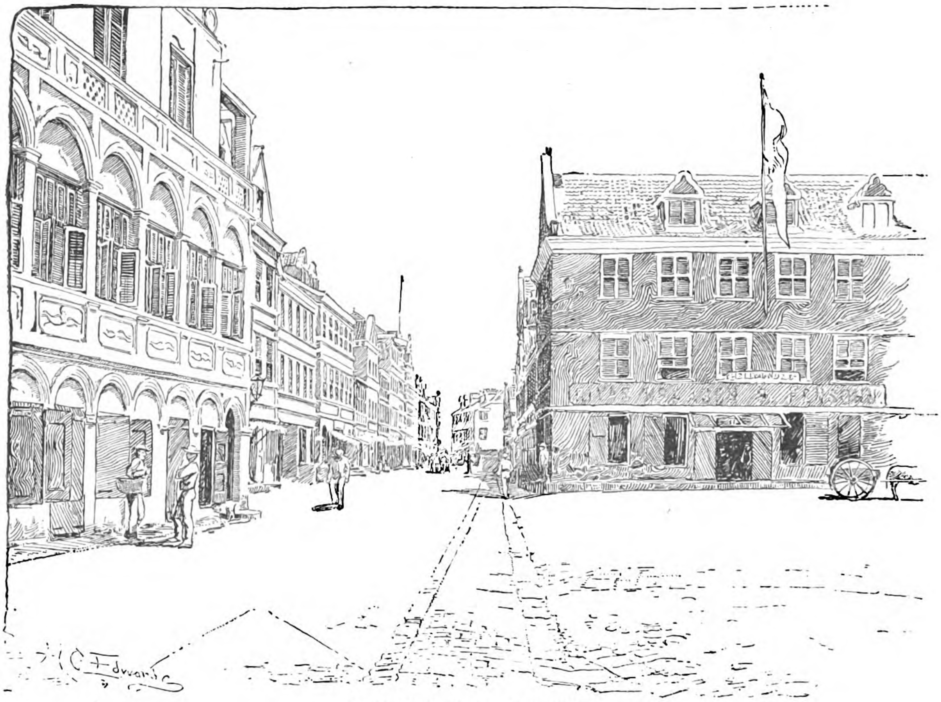
Off shore a little distance from town, where a friend took us sailing many times in his trim steam yacht, deep lagoons stretch out for miles in every direction, making harbor for a fleet of any size, where the largest man-of-war may lie hidden to her topmasts from the sea, and holding in outstretched shining arms pretty islands, where date palms grow, and oysters pensively hang from smaller trees.

Looking across the bay from Otra Banda, the picture is very suggestive of Venice, and with a gondola or two, would be striking in resemblance. Atmospheric tints are the same, water values are equal, and moonlight on the Venetian lagoons is even less lovely than upon the enchanted waters of this charming isle. A little bridge spans the narrow channel from Willemstaat to Skarlo; beyond it a wide bay spreads out, around which are built some handsome residences; and the towers of the Roman Catholic Cathedral make a fitting background to the view.

Wheeled vehicles there are none, except a very few private carriages, which have a lonesome air as they occasionally wait in front of a shop. Most citizens



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.



CALLE ANCHA: BROAD STREET.

go a-foot about the town, or for longer distances mount patient donkeys; but these animals are not numerous, and the visitor may count upon doing considerable walking; though he is the only one who will, for life and time move leisurely in this island of the sun; long years ago the residents learned to take both in slow tempo.

The governor, a courteous Holland gentleman with fluent English at command, lives in a handsome house that forms part of a fortress of olden date, when church and state alike needed help from good stone walls and ready cannon. There was once, so they told me, a handsome park in front of the gray, lichen-stained walls that now look bare and shadeless upon the bay; but when it became a question between water for people and water for trees, the latter naturally went without. For they do not arrange their water-supply properly, these Curaçaons. When we arrived, it was raining in a deliberate fashion from out an absolutely cloudless sky, and no one minded it in the least. Around our ship's bows, and everywhere upon the deep dark water of the bay, small rainbows danced in jolly play, and sparkling drops shone bright on every rope aboard. In a few minutes, it was over; a few more and another shower came; the clear sunshine continuing steady through all, as if it had no part whatever in such freaks. This sort of thing had been going on nearly every day for fourteen months whan we arrived, and the land was a wet sponge in consequence. And then, on the debit side, until that time, it had been eight years since any rain at all had fallen! At that time, water was brought from the main land in barrels sufficient to keep animals alive, and it may easily be imagined that but little was given to trees. As a result, the island is quite bare. There are occasional clumps of cocoa palms, or mangoes, but the general landscape is treeless.

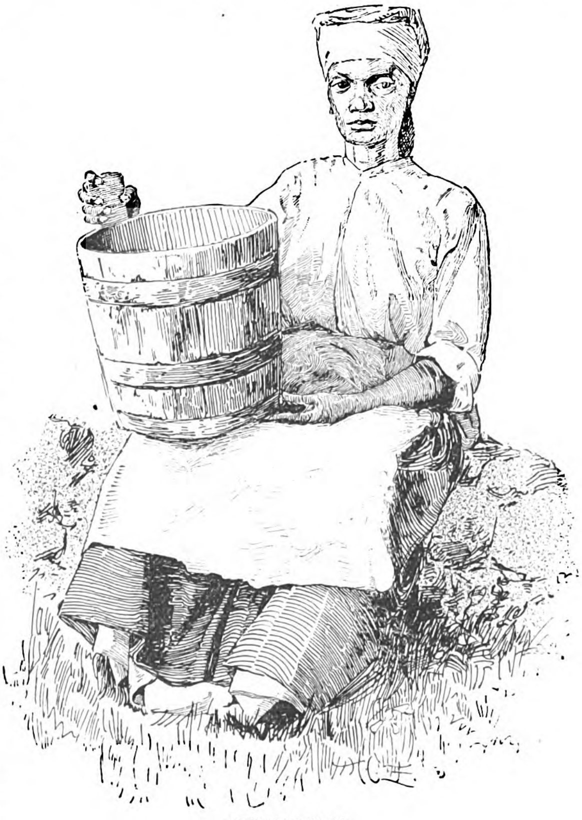
Many remnants of former wealth are visible in Curaçao. Looking up Calle Ancha from the pretty club-house on the bay, there is on either side of the way a succession of handsome fronts with recessed and pillared piazzas that must have cost many an easily-earned dollar. They are very picturesque and a view of the street is an ornament to any collection of photographs. On the way out of town in any direction there are handsome houses whose owners have no longer means to keep them up. Gates are open, it is true, but there are no hinges to them, and fences on each side are so nearly gone that gates are superfluous. Yet, lacking most things needful to make a guest's visit luxurious, the owners are cordially inclined to hospitality, and in their charming homes an accredited stranger will always find cultivated society and a hearty welcome. Indeed in all these cities, a guest properly introduced from the great world outside is eagerly received and his company sought, for he opens wide the window that swings shut for most of the time. Wealth, as understood in wider lands, does not exist, but hospitality remains ; for the keen cold that shuts up Northern pockets finds no analogue here, and unostentatious bits of kindness meet the stranger on every hand.

Low prices reign. A steady policy of free trade and perhaps long lack of much money, have made Curaçao shops among the cheapest in the world. I purchased a suit of good cloth, fairly well-made by a native tailor, for twelve dollars. An island cent is a minute piece of copper with a value that I could not exactly ascertain. The standard appeared to be the price of ferriage across the harbor ; and as this varied from eight little coins to all one had, it was not constant enough for me to compute by. Probably twenty of them would make an old-fashioned copper penny. There were a few pieces of silver about, remnants of a coin famine, when Holland cut Mexican dollars into triangular fifths, stamped each one and sent it into circulation as twenty cents.

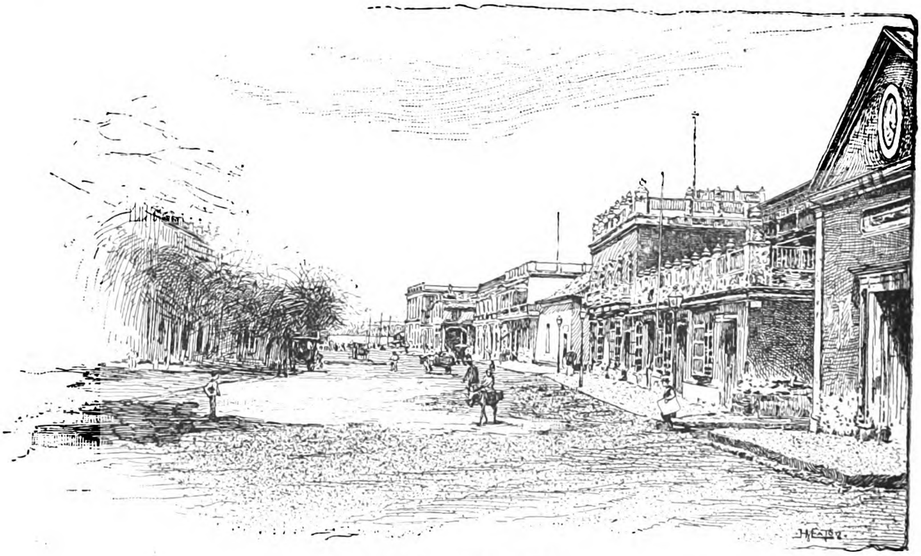
Of course, the state religion is the Dutch Reformed; but goverment is liberal, extending to other denominations a helping hand by assisting to pay all clerical salaries, and Roman Catholics have much the finest church established upon the island.

One of the liveliest drives in Curaçao is across to Hato Cave, an excursion by no means easy to bring about, in view of lack of carriage, nine miles being a long walk in the tropics. However, all obstacles were finally overcome by devoted friends, and we drove out of Otra Banda one lovely Sunday morning just as people were going to church. They came into town in gala dress, carrying shoes carefully under their arms, to be put on only when at church doors. Some of the girls we met were very pretty, and all greeted us with a polite smile and the equivalent of "Good morning."

Our road was perfect for a mile or two, and then began to show the desolation that appears to have fallen upon the island as a whole. Once those curving



CURAÇAO TYPE.



PLAZA DE SAN FRANCISCO.

hills were covered with rich forests of mahogany and cedar, the plains between yielded so bounteous a harvest of Indian corn that it was largely exported, and the handsome residences that are so fast going to decay were homes of hospitable and wealthy planters. But trees were cut for sale, and when they were gone, rain went too, and one of Nature's richest island gems became the home of flocks of goats and kids, whose skins now give to Curaçao its only celebrity and material of export.

Occasionally there were a few stubby orange and lemon trees; but the fruit, a rare and costly orange whose peel sells for two dollars a pound to flavor a liqueur that is named after the island, is almost unknown. Like the Madeira wine from California and French brandy from Hoboken, the name remains, although the cordial is made in Holland from something else than island oranges.

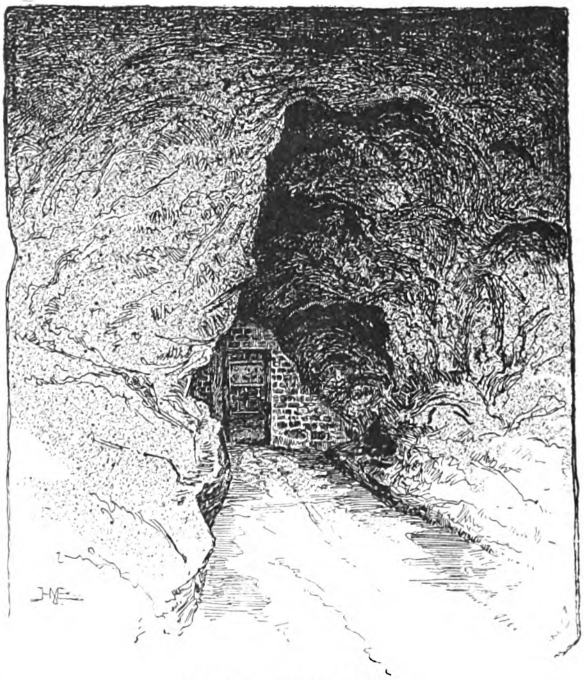
We came to numbers of manchineel trees. These are so far identical with the deadly upas that their effects are nearly the same; quite, so far as testing them and getting away alive permit me to say. If a rain-drop glides from a manchineel tree and strikes the skin of an unwary stranger, it poisons instantly with effects something like those of "poison ivy." I did not know the tree when a rain-storm drove two of us to shelter beneath its low, thick, glossy-leaved branches, but in a few minutes dizziness and nausea came on, with great languor, and we got out of its influence at once, to give it a wide berth for all future time. Neither of us entirely recovered from the poison for two or three days. It appears to exhale from the leaves, is densest in a rain-storm, and is soluble in water; but its nature has not been investigated so far as I am aware. Natives say that even handling its wood will poison the hands of susceptible people, although it may have been cut a long time.

Once upon a time, as storybooks say, Captain Kydd came down here in one of his voyages, and finding the island admirably suited to his profession, disembarked and took possession of the north side, farthest away from the madding crowd on the other shore where the towns were. There, where precipitous limestone bluffs climb up thirty feet or more, he found an entrance to a cave. Inside, a wide, spacious passage, carpeted with white sand, and thoroughly ventilated, led—in fact, still leads—to a chamber that any pirate king might be proud to call his throne room. Overhead, in the center of a domed roof, whose walls are a succession of scallop-shell excavations in soft graystone, an oval window lets in the sunlight, that presently plays pranks with pillars of reflecting crystal scattered all around. It is so high, this window, that none of us could strike it with a pebble, and its outside opening is so well hidden by overhanging bushes and weeds that it can be found only with great difficulty.

About the hall were splendid natural couches where a hundred sleepers might have taken their rest, and no cloak be needed. No dampness penetrated here. Two dark gloomy mouths open upon passages leading no one knows where, that would have made famous retreats for our gallant captain and his men in case of attack. None came, however. Indeed, the colonists upon the other side of the island, who were always in hot water with some one, were far more likely to make alliance offensive and defensive with so powerful a neighbor than to try to drive him out.

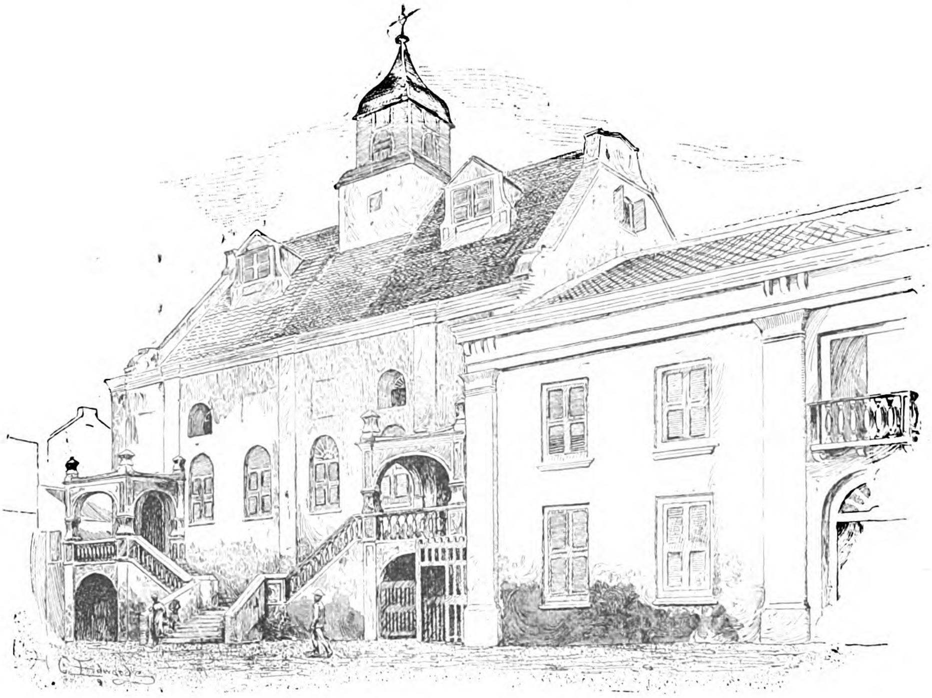
So he lived here at will and departed when he chose. No doubt there may be stores of golden ingots from Spanish galleons lying buried somewhere beneath the dry sand of Hato Cave; but no one appears to take stock enough in the story to begin digging for the lucre, and the iron-barred door that closed the outer entrance remains peacefully ajar, unless some curious traveler swings it shut to try how cave-dwellers used to feel at home. From the rugged entrance a beautiful view of land and sea and sky is spread out, that can only be equaled for brilliancy of color, intensity of high lights and softness of distance by other tropical islands, never by scenes in northern lands.

From a rare history of Curaçao written many years ago in quaint Spanish, I glean a few facts of its earliest sanguinary story. When Columbus made his second voyage of discovery to the West Indies, he was accompanied by a bloodthirsty Spaniard, Ojeda, who was so struck with the beauty of the island, its peaceful and unresisting natives and their apparent wealth, that he then and there determined to seize and hold it for his own. After his return to Europe with Columbus, he went to a well-known enemy of the latter, Fonseca, stated his plans and asked for aid. Willing to spite one whom he thoroughly hated, and being assured himself that this offered an excellent opportunity, Fonseca fitted out an expedition, placed it under Ojeda's command, and started it off to secure by fraud the fruit of Columbus's toil. Sailing for the Spanish Main, which was so called because it was the main route from Mexico to Spain, the first pirates landed upon this island, then called Gigantes, and began to prey upon its defenceless inhabitants.


ENTRANCE TO HATO CAVE.

After a short time, being disappointed of expected rich gold mines, and tired of luxury that was mostly confined to their chief, Ojeda's men revolted, seized him and sent him in chains to Santo Domingo, where he shortly after died in misery.

He was followed by several other Spanish governors until after the reign



PROTESTANT CHURCH, CURAÇAO.

of Felipe II., King of the Netherlands, when a force of Hollanders under Boudewyn Hendriks set out for Curaçao, where they arrived upon Easter Day, 1626, and gradually dispossessed the Spaniards.

By the peace of Munster in 1648, it was formally ceded to Holland, to which it has belonged ever since, although its ownership has not been wanting in bloody episodes of war with France, England and pirate chiefs, each of whom, in turn, coveted and fought for the beautiful island.

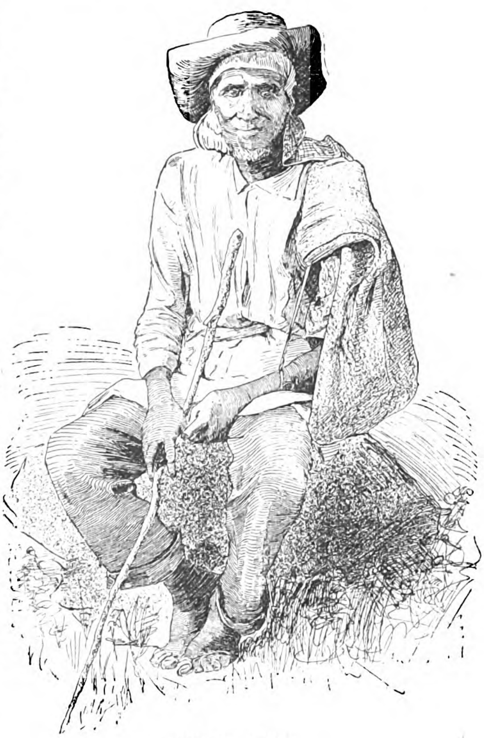
And it is a valuable prize. Lying in a direct line from Europe to Panama, with the only harbor between the continents except St. Lucia, to which it is far superior, with healthful climate and riches in phosphate beds that are little known in the commercial world, it would scarcely remain an undisputed territory long after a completed canal should unite two great oceans and send past this magnificent seaport great fleets of ships; or, if it did, there would be speedily constructed a series of docks, for which nature offers rare advantages, from which Holland might draw a revenue recalling ancient dreams of El Dorado.

Consul Smith showed me a snug corner in one of these deep, quiet lagoons, where an immense dry-dock could be built at small expense, with water and space enough for any ship afloat. Indeed, for boldness of shore, ease of access, and protection from danger, there is little left for science to add to natural advantages.

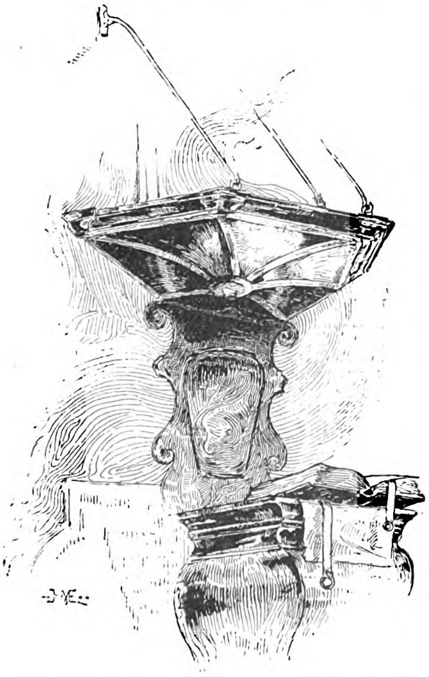
It is especially healthful. During winter months a steady, average temperature of 70° Fahrenheit obtains, with strong northerly breezes that sweep the old Dutch streets clean, and there are no epidemic diseases. Nights are cool and quiet, and if there were a decent hotel in the island, there is not a winter resort in the world where invalids could be more comfortable or have a better chance to improve. Equality of temperature, dryness of soil, and absence of dissipation, fit Curaçao admirably for consumptives, especially those to whom economy is a desideratum.

Steps are already taken toward building a hotel upon a cliff that is above the city and yet in it, whence a series of charming pictures may be enjoyed, and where a delicious breeze blows all day and all night long. Consul Smith has projected a winter home for visitors, that shall be handsome and home-like. With the fine steamer service of the Red D ships every ten days from New York, this ought to make our distant island gem as well known as Nassau or Bermuda.

From Curaçao to Maracaibo is about two hundred and fifty miles; twenty-four hours one way with the wind, and two or three days, as the case may be, against it. Before leaving home, this far-away city with musical name had been a chief point of attraction, the western boundary of my journey. In the great inland sea upon whose farther bank the city stands, I had read of lake dwellers, the only ones upon a western continent, except a few scarcely worth mentioning, in one of Amazon's broad estuaries, and I was anxious to study them. No one seemed to know much about the subject—another reason for going. Every one with whom I talked of it warned me against terrible heat, awful accommodations, and still more, yellow-fever, that promptly marked every stranger with its orange seal of death. My anxiety to get there increased.



CURAÇAO TYPE.



PULPIT AND SOUNDING-BOARD IN PROTESTANT CHURCH, CURAÇAO.

From Curaçao the pretty steamer "Maracaibo" runs across twice a month or so, and a careful study of her pleasant officers (who denied all rumors of Yellow Jack) and of her comfortable quarters, kindly tendered as residence while away, settled the question; and the visit has been a matter of self-gratulation ever since.

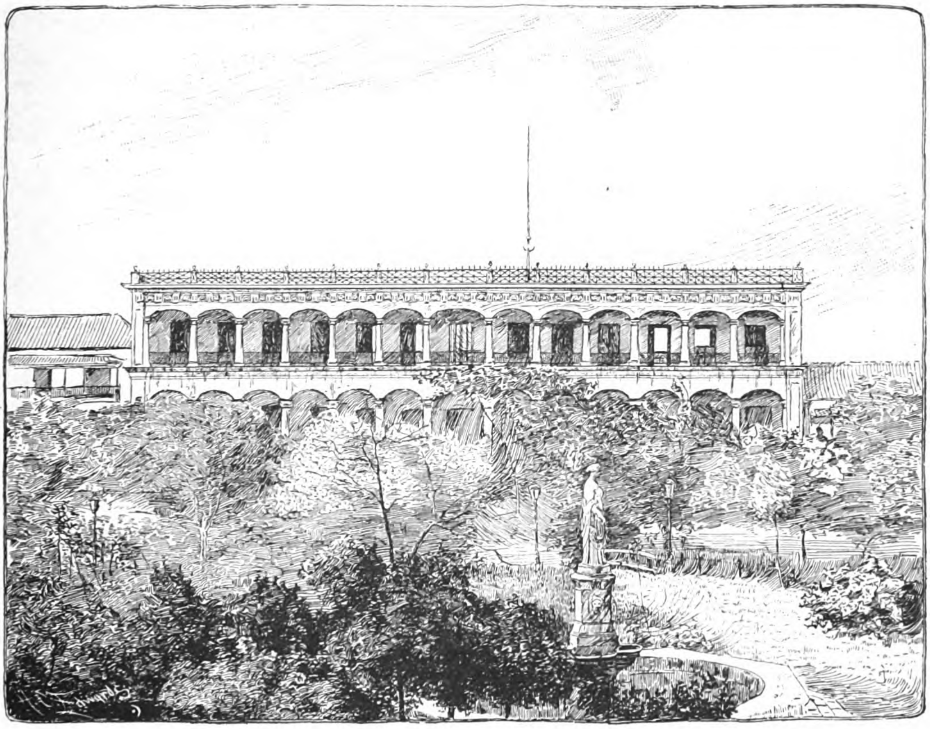
Captain Reith, the jolliest of hosts, and his steward, one of the Virginian darkey cooks of the olden time when they were the best to be found, made the small voyage so pleasant that we had crossed the bar, passed its guardian one-gun castle of San Carlos, and were steaming up the lake, before departure from Curaçao had time to be fairly realized.

The story of Maracaibo's christening runs thus: It was almost four hundred years ago, when Spanish invaders came sailing up the lake to see what stores of gold or precious stones might be plundered from the rulers of its shores, and found where the city now is a native town called Coquivacca, governed by a powerful chief named Mara, who resented the coming of foreigners with fierce warfare and many battles. But mail-clad soldiers were more than a match for naked Indians, and one by one the villages succumbed, until the last one only remained. A determined stand was made here, and in heat of battle the chieftain fell. Seeing his death a Spanish soldier raised a cry of victory that resounded throughout the attacking force, *Mara cayó! Mara cayó!* "Mara has fallen!" And around the spot where Mara fell, the fair town has grown that perpetuates his name.

Twenty-five miles from a ten-foot bar at the lake entrance, a city of 35,000 inhabitants stretches its red-tiled roofs and many spires backward from the water, until lost in distance of treeless cliffs or dark red sand-hills; and we cast anchor a hundred rods from shore, opposite a lovely grove of cocoa palms, whose low waving fronds shaded close the buildings of the boating Club de Lago, possessors of a fourteen-oared practice shell. Situated at a sharp angle of shore, the city extends north and west from the club grove for about a mile in each direction, with no trees except a few cocoa palms and the ones growing in the plaza in front of Government House. It is essentially a tropical town, yet not always, and certainly not in early spring, subject to tropical heat. From the northward sea there came a steady cool breeze all day and night that kept my thermometer down to an average of 70° F. while the sun was shining, and made nights cool enough for a blanket. Yet over those shadeless streets there poured a steady stream of fierce glaring sunlight that pierced into every nook and threw shadows upon pavements almost as black as those beneath electric lights. When I wondered at the coolness, so different from the inferno that had been pictured, one of my friends said that it was exceptional—that usually the weather was much warmer, and that in summer the heat was steadily above 90°. It seems curious that every place I remember visiting in thirty years of travel, has always presented exceptional weather; but as this was exceptionally good, no protest was entered.

Going ashore early, before sunrise, our first visit was made to the market-place, to see what Maracaibans live upon. A better and a cheaper market would be hard to find. Excellent beef, goat, pork and fowls averaged ten cents a pound, and all varieties of tropical fruits abounded at corresponding prices. Tied together in bunches were great green lizards, two or three feet long, with brown warts all over them, and vicious black beads of eyes. They snapped at us like dogs as we passed, and when teased with a stick, clung to it like bull terriers. These were iguanas, whose delicious white flesh is eagerly eaten by all classes. It tastes like chicken, but is more delicate. Of course, considerable hunger would be needed to make them appetizing to a stranger who should recognize them in a stew. Farther on, an animal with head and tail like a rat, feet like an alligator, and a coat of mail like an ironclad man-of-war, was tied to a post. Upon receiving a poke it rolled itself promptly into a ball, head and all being quite covered by its plates, and thus defied further attack. This was an armadillo, also a tidbit when properly stewed or roasted.

Monkeys were scarce in the market; and the old school-book fable of travelers making use of them to get cocoanuts from lofty trees, by shying stones up at them and dodging nuts that came down in return, came to mind as I watched the antics of a few of these poor brutes waiting their turn to be sold. The fact is, monkeys are very shy of their human cousins, and retreat from civilization with all speed. Cocoanut trees do not grow wild, but require careful cultivation and constant care, being planted for profit or for ornament near houses; so that a monkey is almost as likely to be found upon an apple tree as on a cocoa-palm. And owners of plantations would probably welcome any stranger, whether two or four-handed, who attempted to steal



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MARACAIBO.

their fruit, very much in the same manner as they would with us. I fear that the story of monkey usefulness is exaggerated, not to say mythical.

Maracaibo streets are free from wheeled vehicles, except a few carts for hauling goods. A single livery stable has two or three carriages, which are rarely let. The reason became plain after a single drive about town and in the outskirts. Except along the docks and upon Calle Derecho—the street called Straight—driving is difficult by reason of poor pavements, while outside the town there are no roads whatever. Hence no one drives.

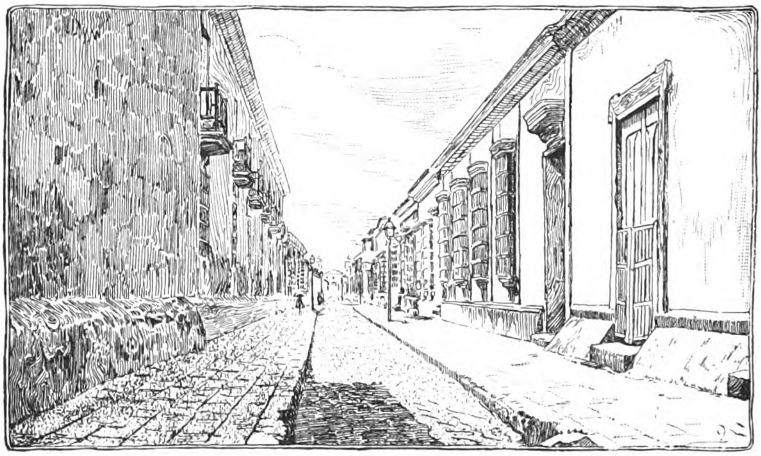
The windows are Moorish, projecting a foot or more into narrow streets, having no sashes or glass, and mostly occupied by naked babies and listless women, who amuse themselves by industriously staring at nothing all day. When darkness comes they go to bed .or otherwise disappear, and after eight o'clock the city seems deserted. But it is both clean and healthful. Even in narrow slums where Indians live, no offensive sights or smells were encountered, and diligent enquiry established the fact that there had been no epidemic sickness for months. There was not a case of fever of any kind in the hospitals, .and natives everywhere seemed robust and well. An excellent water supply comes from a spring several miles away.

Not only is the city healthy, it is well governed. Crime is rare and sternly punished—an improvement over former years, when great license reigned. Fine public buildings and schools, a handsome well-kept park, fairly good hospitals, and a thriving trade in coffee and hides, all attest that municipal matters are prudently managed.

Literature does not seem to flourish. There are two daily newspapers, but their average circulation of three hundred copies apiece indicates a want of appreciation, or that while intelligence and culture are by no means lacking, the reading class is not numerous.

Beyond this western seaport of the

republic, there is nothing except wilderness and fierce natives. The Goajiras, a warlike and savage race inhabit the vast peninsula called by their name that extends from Lake Maracaibo to the north and west and covers over a thousand square miles of territory. Here they live in small bodies with some attempt at tribal rule, but acknowledging no supreme chief except in times of war, when the most skillful or the boldest soldier takes command.



CALLE DERECHO.

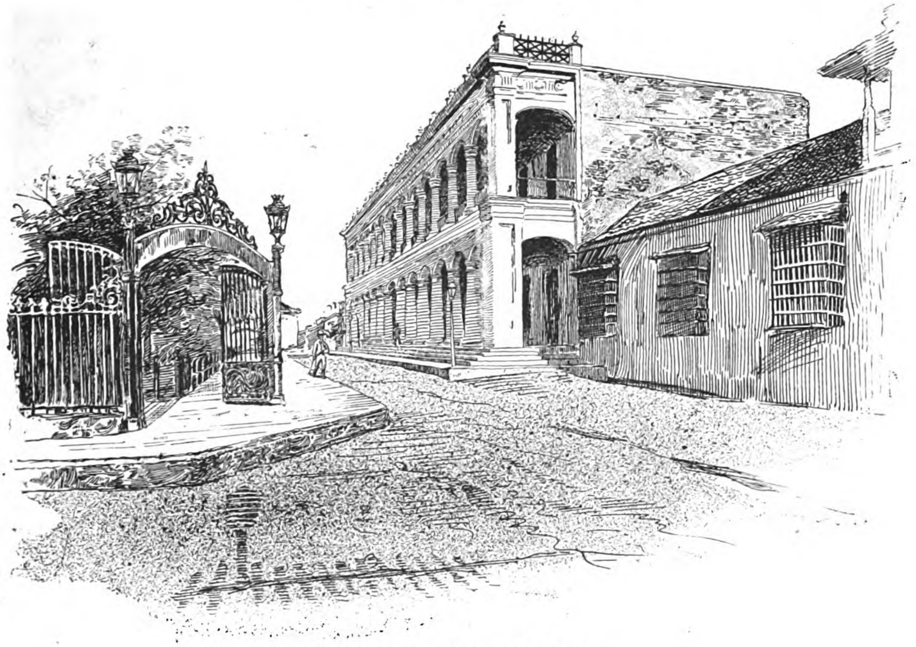
Money they neither have nor use; and all trade is carried on by barter of cattle and hides for goods. Vast herds are raised and form their chief wealth.

They are singularly jealous of whites, and such is their known ferocity that travel is practically barred. The particulars I give were furnished me by Mr. Cowgill, U. S. Consular Secretary, who has spent years wandering among the wilds of South America. He instanced a case of a man who traveled at will among the Goajiras, by marrying a daughter of every tribe that he met, and thus formally becoming a member thereof—the only possible guaranty of safety, but one that I should hesitate to recommend.

Near this nation, on the south, are the Motilunes, a race of natives still fiercer than their neighbors. They are reported to be polygamists and cannibals; making periodical war upon the nearest tribes to obtain a supply of women, and to provide themselves with food—*i. e.*, the rest of the prisoners.

A gentleman of Maracaibo gave me a half dozen poisoned arrows from these natives, and one of their bows. The latter is of some brownish wood, not very strong nor elastic, for it is not necessary that its projectile should go very deep. The arrows are made of single joints of bamboo, with barbless iron points upon which some variety of woorara had been rubbed, which still retains its venom. An experiment upon a dog showed them to be as dangerous as when first dipped. The animal in two minutes after being wounded with a tip, expired, without pain or struggling, from suspension of heart's action. When struck by this poison, animals appear as if paralyzed, rarely moving until they fall; which makes it invaluable to hunters who chase their game through the dense under growth of a tropical jungle, and would lose nine-tenths of it if not rendered at once incapable of motion.

Game abounds in every part of Venezuela. Across Lake Maracaibo, where blue mountains break into soft curves a sky that is still more blue, there are primeval forests of mahogany, ebony, wine and gold woods, in whose depths deer, antelopes and tigers roam at large. Sometimes the tiger grows to great size, and I saw a recent skin that measured eight feet from nose to root of tail. Hunting parties are frequently made up,



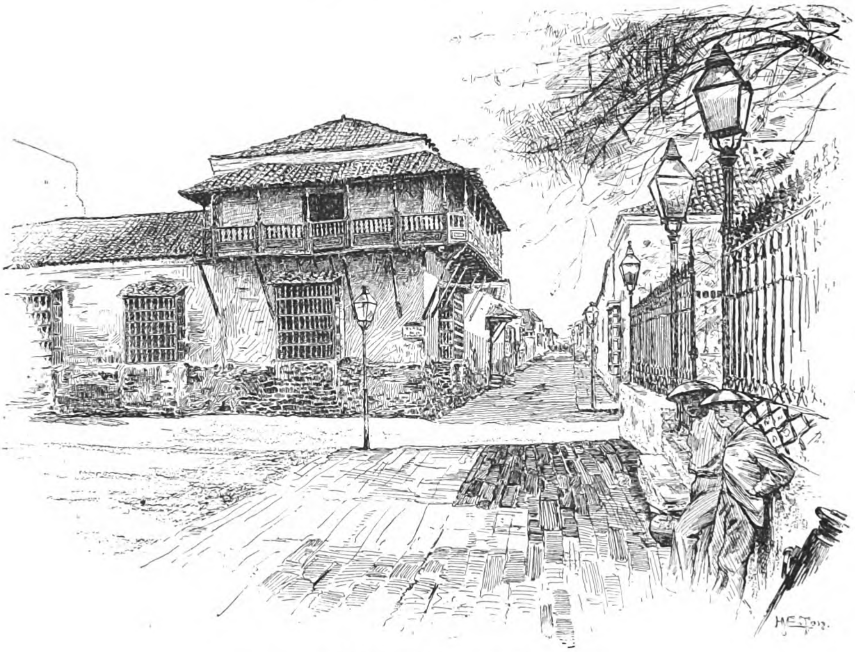
GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, MARACAIBO.

and with such game as this there are plentiful chances of dangerous adventure.

The lake is full of excellent food fishes, and near its mouth, gigantic sawfish, Pristis Perrotteti, abound. These are genuine sea-tigers and attack sharks at sight, rarely coming off second-best. We fished for them with dynamite, a cartridge of which exploding beneath the surface, stunned every animal within its concussion distance, and our boatman picked them up as they came to the surface. The method involves no useless destruction of finny life ; unless speedily captured, the fish soon recover from the shock and swim off as well as ever.

Into the southwestern end of the lake, the Zulia river comes from the south and west through a rich and fertile country ; its headwaters are in the foot hills of the Andes. Thousands of acres of splendid wheat land here await cultivation ; rich mines of metal and precious stones are still unwrought ; fruits and climate of temperate zone are here to tempt immigration, and yet the whole region is a wilderness. Nothing need hinder emigrants going there. Guzman Blanco is anxious to have them, and the Venezuelan government makes liberal offers of aid to bodies of colonists. Yet the tide has never gone that way, and a vast country lies virgin until the settler comes. Down the Zulia, the Catatumbo and the Escalente, light-draft sternwheel American-built steamers bring coffee, hides and a little cocoa that go to make up Maracaibo's exports, and a goodly part of the coffee is afterward sold under name of "Java," which it closely resembles. A railway has been projected into this fertile region, but not yet surveyed, and an English engineer who came out for that purpose gave up his journey for some unknown reason.

But the day must soon come when restless capital seeking investment and rich lands awaiting it, will be brought together here by means of a sagacious government, and the northern part of South America will find outlet for its immense wealth through Maracaibo. If it were possible so to improve the bar as to provide deep water, this would become the leading northern port of the Southern continent. But this is doubtful. In place of a sharp submarine precipice ending a shallow terrace, forming a permanent receptacle for mud and sand, such



JESUITS' COLLEGE, MARACAIBO. DATE, 1530.

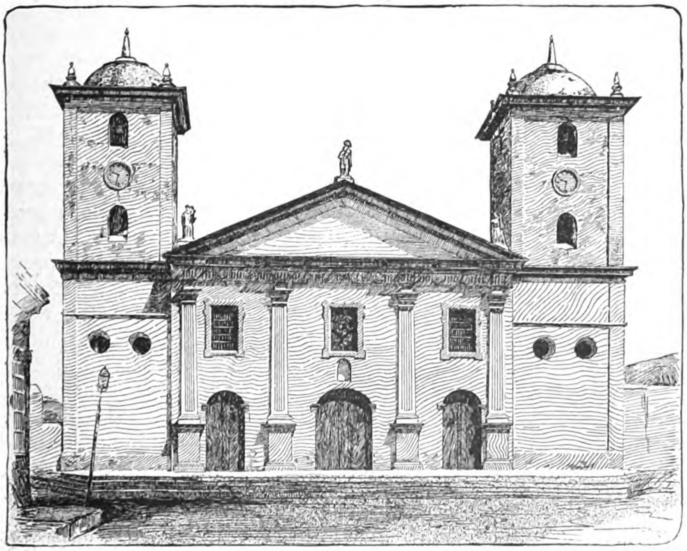
as terminates the sea bottom beyond New Orleans jetties, we have here a level floor scarcely increasing in depth for many miles northward. There is but little water motion to keep a bar clear, and for a large part of the year prevailing winds are from the north, setting what small amount there is, backward into the lake. It therefore seems as if improvement of the bar must be postponed until some other methods besides those now known shall be discovered; and meanwhile commerce must be restricted to vessels drawing less than ten feet of water. Indeed, with a stanch steamship like the "Maracaibo," commanded by an officer who had been years running into the lake, we were detained twenty-four hours inside, until the sea on the bar went down enough to make its passage possible.

In Venezuela, as elsewhere in South America, an immense commerce awaits enterprising merchants. Every government upon the continent is favorable to the United States, and our people are welcome guests at every court. Yet with strange fatuity, we abstain from grasping rich prizes held out to us, and let European competitors take them. We have one line of steamers running there; Europe has about twenty. Beside the Boultons, I could learn of no single American commercial house; while of Germans, English and French, there are scores. Comment is unnecessary.

To traveler and archæologist, there is nothing more interesting than the town of Santa Rosas, where the lake-dwellers have built their curious homes, and where customs and manners of an epoch too far distant for history, remain in their primeval condition. Even tradition cannot say when they began to live in these water houses; they were there when Spanish invaders passed them by as too poor for plunder, too insignificant for prey.

No one knows exactly where they came from. Perhaps from the powerful Goajiras, although one of their chiefs denied it; perhaps from some other of the many nations that once lived upon the great lake. They cannot themselves tell, and all history is lost, every tradition forgotten.

Even from Maracaibo it is no such easy matter to reach them, for their home is ten miles down the lake, and the only means of communication are those a traveler succeeds in finding for himself. But in the kind hands of Capt. Reith, I fared better, and set out in a steam-launch one charming morning early, expecting to be back in good season for dinner, and have a whole day there. But the launch proved a failure, and Laksy and I had to pull the eight miles against head wind and sea to reach our point. Part of the way was charming, a novel experience of its kind. It lay through a narrow canal a mile or two long, where dense jungle kept us in semi-darkness, and we could hear, not see, numbers of amphibious brutes scuttling off before the boat's advance. "There goes a boa!" remarked Laksy, cheerfully; or, "That was a big alligator," as a crash among the rushes made evident the presence of some great animal. Scores of birds of brilliant plumage fluttered around, and the air was dank with heavy odors from unknown plants. Most of the channel was too narrow for oars, and we poled the boat along, carefully taking into consideration the unhealthiness of an involuntary bath in such a place.


SAN JUAN DE DIOS, MARACAIBO.

At last Santa Rosas came in sight—a group of palm-thatched houses standing upon piles, a quarter of a mile from shore, with which they had no communication except by pirogues—dug-outs. Drawing nearer, they were seen to be entirely separate, some twenty-five yards apart. A dozen natives of both sexes and all ages came wading out to meet us. All were decently clad except young children, and greeted us with simple courtesy, many of the men speaking Spanish fluently.

Their houses were composed of four corner-pieces and sharply-angled thatched roof, with sides of wattled bulrushes and floors of round poles laid lengthwise two inches apart, covered here and there with rush-mats. Access from the water was had by a notched tree-trunk driven into the lake bottom; it was easy to climb four or five feet up it into the single room where two or more families lived contentedly. There are sixteen lodges in all, containing about two hundred and fifty people, who are hale, hearty, and fine specimens physically. Food is cooked, chiefly stewed, over a little wood-fire built in a box of sea-sand, and is eaten with a large wooden spoon made of totuma, a species of gourd. In an iron pot I saw a dinner cooking that contained, among seething vegetables, alligators' claws, fish, and what looked like sections of snakes, although they might have been eels. We were cordially invited to dine, but were not hungry.

Inside, each dwelling was one chamber, if, indeed, an enclosure without other rear wall than a mat, and a front entirely open may be so called. Various household utensils hung from roof poles. Beds or couches were entirely absent, a simple arrangement for the night being made by unrolling a mat and lying down upon it.

Many of their young women were very good-looking. They are reared for sale; but upon account of general business depression, the chief said, prices were low. "Here is my daughter," he remarked, pointing to a bright lass of sixteen, tawny brown in color and beautifully formed. "I will sell her for two maracottas and a half." A maracotta is Venezuelan for an American twenty-dollar gold piece.

"No," said I, "I do not care to buy her. In my country there are no slaves; besides, what would I do with her? She can speak only your language. We could not talk."

"That is nothing," eagerly; "she will learn your language in a month. Besides, she can cook your food, and I must sell her—times are hard."

"No, it would never do," I replied. "I am not going home direct, and do n't care about buying to-day."

"Take her at two maracottas . . . one and a half! No? Well, then, caballero, you shall have her for one. See, she is young, strong, and can work."

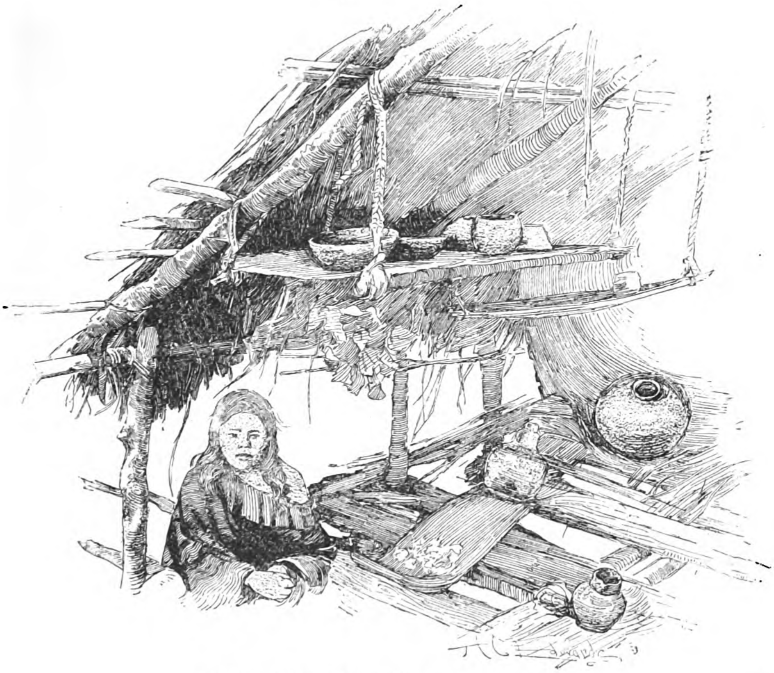
But no inducement was of avail, and the chief reluctantly gave me up as impracticable. My friends here tell me that these girls are chiefly sold for immoral purposes, and that most of the ready cash that the tribe sees comes from the traffic. They are very social in nature, constantly visiting about between different houses, and a dozen of all ages may be seen at any time in the shallow water.

But civilization is slowly driving them away. Young Maracaibans make Sunday excursions to Santa Rosas, invade their dwellings, and paint the amphibians' town so red that almost all their time is spent in bleaching out again, and they fail to see the joke. Peaceful by nature and long training, they never think of resisting, but hide away instead; and a number have migrated across the lake to Punta Palma, where a half-dozen dwellings may be seen as the steamer rounds that lovely point.

It is probable that early lake-dwellers, in these regions at least, built their original huts in the water to avoid ravenous wild beasts with which surrounding woods were then filled, and to give time to prepare for defence if attacked by human enemies even more ferocious. When steam whistles and railway tracks came, both human and quadrupedal tigers fled further inland; but habits of centuries' growth are not quickly unlearned, and the Juanos still build and inhabit their watery houses, and are among the disappearing races of our Western Continent. A few isolated houses of this kind are found along the mouths of the Orinoco and Amazon, but their owners are migratory in type, they have no tribal system, and their dwellings will not repay a visit; while in Lake Maracaibo they must for some time yet remain a chief attraction to travelers who are fond of ethnological research.

Between Santa Rosas and the town there are evidences of late volcanic action. Upon the western shore, where our consul has erected a battery of two-ounce brass cannon around his flagstaff, the soil is disintegrated lava, full of half-calcined wood or casts of nuts, almonds, that were growing along these shores in ages long past—so long that the entire range of mountains that once covered the western as they still do the eastern shore, has retreated many miles inland, leaving tracks of ancient seas and prehistoric eruptions in marine shells and slag lying scattered upon the surface of the rocky sterile land that is their sole representative. Masses of mineral paint are frequent, and some cliff faces are seamed with striæ of bright tints, much as are the sides of far western cañons in our own land. Tropical vegetation is rampant. A path cut through thick undergrowth to-day with much labor of machete, is grown so close again in forty-eight hours that another cutting is needed to open the way; and yet, with proper care and in the season that I have indicated, Lake Maracaibo is as safe to visit as Lake Superior. And to a naturalist, its shore is almost terra incognita.

In the palmy days of Spanish rule, Jesuits came here and built a beautiful college, whose architecture carries one back to sunny Southern Spain. Balconies, window and gables are distinctly Moorish, with just so much of Andalusian in arrangement as to mark the later hand. It is now in process of de-



SANTA ROSAS INDIAN GIRL, LAKE MARACAIBO.

molition, and I was fortunate to secure a photograph before the work began. The city claims to be more learned, more studious than others of Venezuela ; and some influence of an educational center still remains in the scholarly attainments of her native gentlemen, and their very general interest in public schools.

I regard a journey to our sister republic as incomplete that does not include a visit to her wonderful inland sea, and to its remarkable water village. But the country is interesting from nearly every point ; and I trust these articles have indicated at least a small portion of its attractions.

Sitting on the "Maracaibo's" deck the evening when we sailed into Curaçao harbor, homeward bound, a half-dozen Venezuelan gentlemen and the writer sat talking of travel, of pleasant acquaintances made and lost, and of the great unlikelihood that all of us would ever see again the hospitable shores to whose blue mountain peaks we had waved a last adieu on distant horizon line only a few hours before. Sunset changed quickly to darkness as we ran into port, and, parting, I said to my new-made friends, "Perhaps we may meet again in Venezuela; who knows ?"

They gravely answered with uncovered heads, *Si Dios quiere, caballero:* "Sir, if God wills."

OLIVIA DELAPLAINE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE," "RUTHERFORD," "TINKLING CYMBALS," "A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," ETC.

IX.

OLIVIA'S aunts had purposely refrained from mentioning to her the illness of Mr. Delaplaine. They had decided that such information could carry with it no force of inducement. Besides gout was such a volatile sort of complaint; it pounced upon you to-day and darted away from you to-morrow. In a short time Mr. Delaplaine might be well, and able to continue whatever work they, the coadjutors in his cause, might successfully have started.

But Olivia's reception of their advances had been worse than merely unfavorable. She would not marry her late father's partner, as she bluntly but rather picturesquely said, though he should promise to clothe her in cloth-of-gold and to hang her all over with diamonds. Mrs. Auchincloss's most dexterous quibbles and jesuitries were effete as implements for undermining a prejudice like Olivia's, founded upon youth, health and nature, and similar to the enclasping outgrowth of all three. As for Mrs. Satterthwaite, she left the house considerably more hopeful than her sister.

"Only give *him* another chance or two," she said, with an oracular nod, as the carriage rolled away, through that section of Twenty-Third Street where the boarding-houses are, so to speak, epidemic. "He's an extremely attractive man, is Spencer, and I don't believe many girls could resist him, even at his present age, if he really made up his mind that they must surrender."

"I knew you always thought him remarkably fascinating," replied Mrs. Auchincloss. There had been those bitter little breezes of scandal in other days, and perhaps the elder lady had now made some stealthy allusion to the fact of their having once blown. Still, if this were the case, she gave her very insinuation a sort of non-committal harmlessness by immediately adding: "But don't you think he *can* plead his own cause in a little while? Is this last attack so serious a one, after all?"

"I am afraid it 's the worst he has ever had," said Mrs. Satterthwaite, "and he has had two or three rather bad ones. I sent to his house early this morning to inquire how he was, and the answer came that he had passed a painful night."

That evening at dinner the Satterthwaite family freely discussed Mr. Delaplaine's offer of marriage to Olivia. Mrs. Satterthwaite had neither the conscience nor the temperament of one who keeps a secret well; she had found herself unable to refrain from "just telling Emmeline," after holding a rather long talk with her husband on the subject of their friend's infatuation. Emmeline had soon afterward found her sister, Elaine, and with a little scream of excitement had seized the latter by each of her shoulders, exclaiming: "Oh, *such* a piece of news! Mamma says I must n't breathe it yet; but I can't help letting *you* know what it is, Elly . . ." And after that, in a very short time, nearly the whole Satterthwaite household proper had become aware of it, and before the dinner-hour this same day one of the French maids had succinctly and exhaustively conveyed it to one of the footmen.

The Satterthwaites always talked in the most unrestricted manner before their servants. "Oh, d—— it," Bleecker Satterthwaite had once said, with that mixture of a yawn and a sneer which his son Aspinwall had tried zealously to imitate ever since the great territory of dude-dom had found in him one of its most loyal denizens, "if our servants like listening, let them listen. It 's about the only real pastime they have—that and pilfering the sherry or the cigars. There are certain acts of mischief that I expect from a servant in my employ; but what I can not and will not stand is their having the impudence to allow me to find them out."

Sentiments of this kind had more than

once wakened a disgusted shudder in Archibald Auchincloss; but then between the large-nosed, judicial, moralistic lawyer and his red-haired, red-moustached, jaunty, world-worn, devil-may-care brother-in-law lay a big, tossing channel of uncongeniality.

The Satterthwaite dinner had nearly reached its completion, but the two youngest members of the family, Peyster, aged twelve, and Lulu, aged ten, had been detained by the gayeties of an afternoon dancing-class, and had not yet appeared. Their continued absence had just been referred to by their mother; and Elaine, who would have been pretty in a placid, creamy style if her eyes had not had so much languid superciliousness in them, had drawlingly said:

"It 's a perfect luxury to have those two children away. I always dread the evenings when we dine alone and they do n't have to stay upstairs."

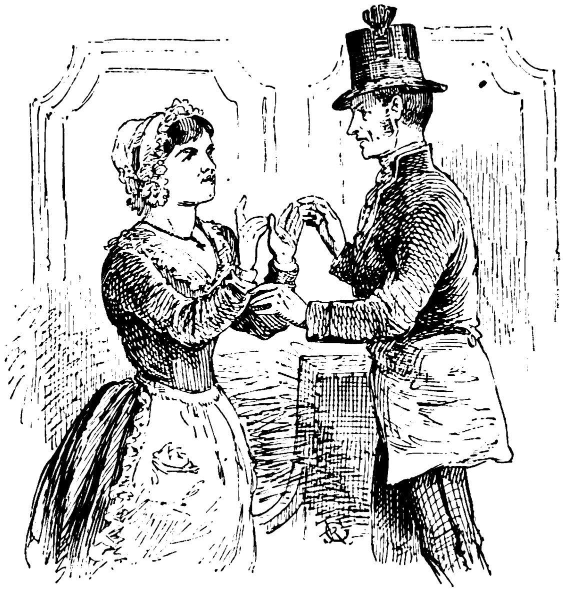
"You 'd better hurry, then, El," said her father, reaching out for an olive, "Lulu will be coming down for good and sending you to the background, as sure as you 're born."

"I declare," pouted Elaine, "it makes one nervous the way you and mamma are forever talking marriage to us girls. Does n't it *you*, Em ?"

'No; not a bit," said Emmeline, cracking an almond too thoroughly, and then hunting for its edible fragments amid the chaos of tawny shells on her plate. "If the worst comes to the worst I can always *get somebody*. So can you, Elly. Marriage is a good deal like the German, *I* find. No girl, if she plays her cards right, need go home from a ball without a partner. There 's always somebody you can hint to at the very last minute, even if you 've snubbed him for twenty evenings before, and who 'll be willing to dance with you if you only hint hard enough. *My* last minute has n't come, though, when it 's a question of marrying. And if it *had*...why, look at Olivia."

Aspinwall here giggled. He sat superb in evening-dress, with collar so high that you could scarcely imagine his wearing it without much physical pain, and so glossy and stiff-looking that it appeared to be made from some new material, like a snow-white tin.

"'Pon my word, Em," scoffed her brother, "I like your conceit. I wonder what Spencer Delaplaine would say if he heard you underrate him like that. For my part, I don 't see how Olivia could do much better—or how any girl could."



"ONE OF THE FRENCH MAIDS," ETC.

"Neither do I," declared Elaine, who prided herself on regarding marriage with a freezing philosophy in whose air the most hardy spray of sentiment needs must perish. "And *what* an idiot she 'll be if she does n't take him!"

"There 's only one objection to it all," mused Emmeline, as she cracked another almond.

"What is that?" said her mother, a little sharply. If any one in their most undomestic of domestic circles ever became guilty of stupid sentimentality it was sure to be Emmeline. But the daughter of Mrs. Satterthwaite agreeably disappointed her, this time, as she now went on, between her spasms of squirrel-like munching.

"I don't know why, but there 's always something about a *young* widow that is n't precisely good style. Yes, young widows are somehow vulgar. Their mourning is so apt to give them a fast look."

Elaine replied with a recognizing nod. "I understand that feeling," she said; "I 've had it myself about young widows, without just being able to explain it."

"Oh, *children!*" cried Mrs. Satterthwaite, throwing back her head in laughter. "What will you say next?"

"I should n't be surprised," said Mr. Satterthwaite, "if Delaplaine lived twenty years yet. He can count on his fingers every cocktail he ever drank before dinner, no doubt; and *he* never drew into his lungs those vile cigarettes that Aspy's killing himself with."

"It 's a pleasant way of dying," smiled Aspinwall, above the pale acclivity of collar.

"Oh, of course Olivia *will*," exclaimed Elaine, as though the improbability of a permanently negative side of the question had just struck her in a fresh convincing light. "Common-sense will come to her rescue."

"She has n't much common-sense," said Emmeline. "Just see how she behaved in going—."

"Em!" broke in her mother, chidingly; and Emmeline stopped short.

There was, after all, a *rien ne va plus* to the topics which the Satterthwaites aired before their servants. They did not desire that quite everything should be heedlessly spoken of. It was well enough that their majestic, white-cravatted butler and his decorous, white-cravatted assistant should hear them say gossipy, daring, heartless, or even ill-bred things; but it was wholly another affair that these functionaries should learn a syllable from their employers' own lips about that horrible Mrs. Ottarson. The Satterthwaites certainly lived with a quiet commingled ease and splendor which few of the "new people" whom Mrs. Auchincloss tabooed could effectually have imitated, even in these days of plentiful upholsterers and eager caterers. Their money was very probably at the root of all their tastefulness, but they had the art of spending it, somehow, as if it were drawn from no brand-new pocket-book. And yet there was the tone of a certain hard, crude Americanism about their household which might have taxed the severest condemnation of foreign critics. They lived in the midst of beautiful statues, tapestries and pictures; they ate off glittering silver and costly china; on every side of them was refinement, grace, elegance, dignity; and yet as personalities, characters, human beings, they all seemed to delight in a sort of mechanical, dispassionate, semi-wooden indifference. Almost the only thing which any of them appeared to do with much real earnestness was to ridicule the people forming his or her acquaintance. It should not be forgotten however, that out-of-door sports roused them. Tobogganing and skating at Tuxedo during the recent winter had pricked the younger members of the family into a positive enthusiasm. The girls would sometimes drive their father out while in town, and at Newport they incessantly drove with merely a coachman at the rear of the vehicle. Down to little Lulu they were all devotedly fond of horseflesh. Aspinwall was a noted polo-player, and his young brother, Peyster, only twelve years old, longed for that hour when the paternal veto should be withdrawn from a clipped pony and a mallet.

Lulu and Peyster came into the room soon afterward, and were at once rather tartly reprimanded by their mother for being so late home from the dancing-class. They need not have stayed so long, ran the maternal expostulation; they knew perfectly well the hour for dinner, and that to-day was one of their days to dine with the family. Mamma announced that she had a great mind, as it was, to make them both dine upstairs.

Meanwhile the two men-servants were waiting on them, there in the big, stately, ornate dining-room, as if they had been a little prince and princess. Peyster was an awkward, sluggish-looking boy, with a pair of salient, fan-shaped ears; but Lulu had a bewitching, elfin little face that seemed to be set within the centre of a golden cloud of hair as the disc of the sunflower is set midmost its yellow leaves.

"I know it was dreadfully wrong of

us to stay so late," Lulu said, taking a cautious spoonful of the hot soup which had just been handed her; "but oh, I *was* having such a glorious time!"

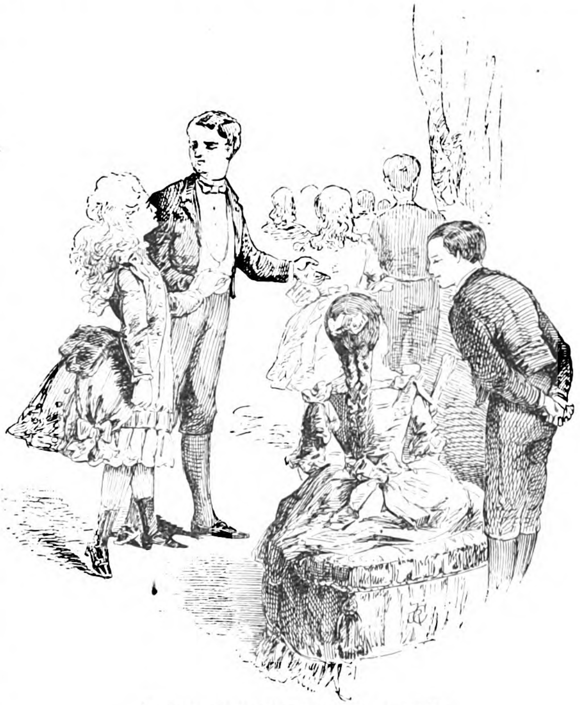
"Now, she kep' me," blurted Peyster, who swallowed his soup like a young ploughboy, and with whom the word "now" was ubiquitous in his discourse, like the "γαρ" of Homeric text. "Now, I wanted to come sooner. Ask Françoise if I did n't. Now, it ain't fair to blame *me*. Is it, Lulu?"

"Oh, how tiresome you are, Peysty!" exclaimed Lulu, with the manner of a girl twice her years. Emmeline, Elaine and their parents exchanged glances as the quaint, old-young little creature continued: "*Please* have the goodness to let me explain to mamma."

"Go ahead," sanctioned Peyster, stolidly, putting the point of his spoon into his mouth, although he had been told a hundred times that he must not commit this illicit act.

The whole family, including young Peyster, thought little Lulu capital fun. Her precocity was a source of endless entertainment to them, but their feelings appeared definitely to stop just there. They never petted Lulu, or showed her the least spark of tenderness. But then tenderness, or the slightest exhibition of anything that resembled it, had no place whatever among any of their home relationships. None of them ever seemed to have time enough for a revelation of brotherly, sisterly, or even conjugal fondness, provided he or she had the faintest desire to indulge it. They all appeared to be rather fairly pleased with one another, not to be by any means bored with one another, to like one another's society moderately well when nothing of a more exciting quality offered; and there it stopped. Affection was a word of obsolete meaning with them. Emmeline had given signs of possessing a certain warmth and sensibility that corresponded to it, but long ago these had been discountenanced and slighted by her kindred.

"You see, mamma," re-commenced Lulu, "I had a perfectly splendid partner for the German—Charlton Van Dam. He is awfully old, you know—he's fourteen and a half, and he *never* dances with any girl under eleven; he makes a point of it. To-day everybody was surprised when he asked *me*. And we danced second couple—Beekman Van Horn led, and oh, it was all just *too* lovely! I was taken out twelve times. Carrie Livingston, who danced next us with Willie Winthrop, said ten. But she told a story, and she knew she told it. She was jealous of Charlty—Oh, what *do* you think? He *asked* me to *call* him *Charlty!* I laughed, and I said: 'Oh, no, sir; I guess I won't do anything so bold as *that*.' And he said, 'What makes you think it bold?' And I said, 'Why, *you* seemed to think it so the other day when you snubbed Lily Van Vechten for calling you Charlty.' And he got just as red as ever he could get, and says he, 'Lily Van Vechten and



"I WAS TAKEN OUT TWELVE TIMES."

Miss Lulu Satterthwaite are two very different persons.' And oh, during the German he was just *too* sweet, and I *had* to wait till it was over, because if I had n't I know he 'd have been angry, and would never have asked me again."

"All of which I think a rather lame excuse, Lulu," said her mother. "It 's getting worse and worse, the way that children like you imitate the manners of their elders. I don 't know where it *will* stop. If Charlty Van Dam is a conceited little boy (and his mother told me a few days ago that he was getting so conceited she did n't know what to do with him) that is no reason why you should n't find plenty of other partners."

"Now, I always get partners," here asserted Peyster, having finished his soup and begun to attack his fish. "And (now) I do n't beg for 'em, either. Only (now) I fight shy of the old girls that put on fearful airs, and (now) think themselves to be such mighty big swells."

"Oh, Peystey 's contented with any sort of trash!" exclaimed Lulu, tossing her head, with its fleece of nebulous gold, in fine disdain.

They all laughed at this, and Elaine said, soon afterward, in her frigidly critical way, to her little sister:

"Lulu, you 're thinking of these matters quite too soon. They 'll give you heartburnings enough when you get older." She turned to her mother: "Mamma, you *must* make that child go to bed earlier and have less excitement. She 's dark rings round her eyes at this moment."

"Perhaps they 're engagement rings; coming events casting their shadows before," said Aspinwall, who prided himself on smartness of this nature, and had won, by reason of it, the repute of being witty among a little band of rosebud maidens whom it plunged into giggling ecstasies.

"So much excitement is killing to the child," said Emmeline, but in a lazy tone, as if she rather thought her statement open to contradiction.

"I 'm no longer a child," bristled Lulu, quite haughtily. "*Some* girls of my age are children, it 's true. But I 'm extremely advanced ; I heard mamma say so to Mrs. Arcularius, the other day at school, and of course it 's true ; everybody thinks it of me. I do n't know how many times I 've been complimented on it during the past few months."

"Lord Scarletcoat says that he has n't seen any children since he has been in America," said Elaine, "and I 'm almost inclined to think he 's right."

Lulu made a wry face. "I should like to have Lord Scarletcoat presented to *me*," she said, with that look as of a wise little fairy which so often overspread her features. "*I* could show him a great many children. Poor Peystey, there, for instance. Why, I sometimes think Peystey does n't know enough to come in when it rains."

"You *know* enough," said her father, "but I think that in most cases you 'd rather stay out and have the fun of getting wet."

"That depends on who staid out *with* me," murmured Lulu, drooping her eyes and shaking her nimbus-clad head. "If it were only Charlty Van Dam I think I could stand a good deal of wetting, papa, and not feel it."

This created more laughter, in which Mrs. Satterthwaite did not join; for just a minute or two previous a note had been brought her, which she was now intently reading. Her face presently wore a most troubled look as she said across the table to her husband:

"Delaplaine 's a good deal worse."

"You do n't mean it," was the answer. "Seriously ill?"

"They 're afraid so."

"Who writes?"

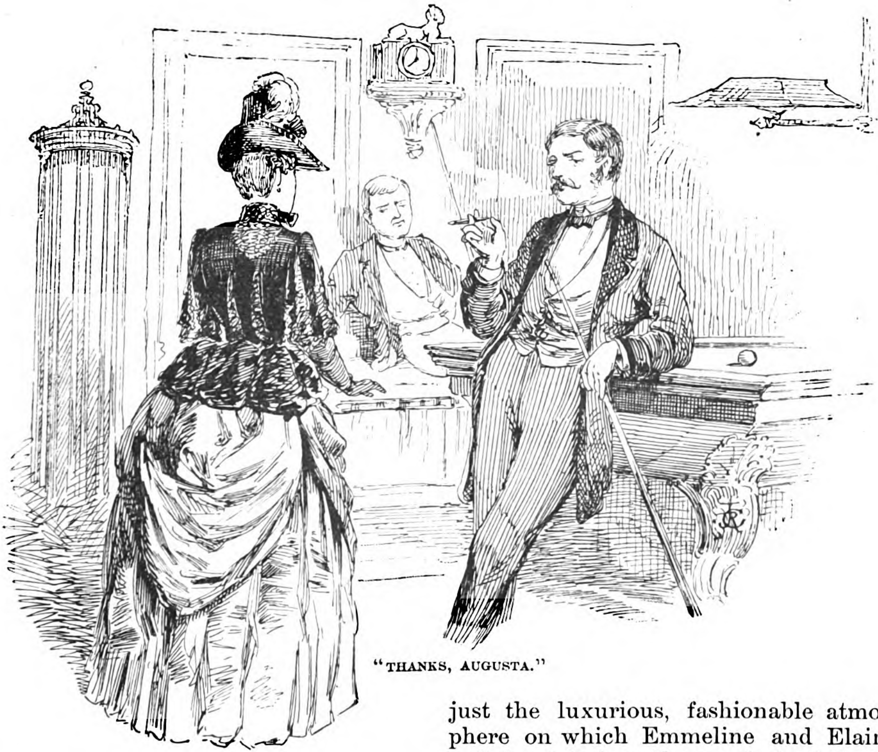
"That young Adrian—his secretary, or valet, or whatever he calls him. Do n't you remember whom I mean?"

"No; but that 's of no consequence. What *is* it that he writes?"

"He sends word, at Delaplaine's dictation, that pneumonia is feared, and a bad night is expected—much worse than last night was."

"Pneumonia, and at Mr. Delaplaine's age?" broke in Lulu, as if she spoke to her own thoughts. "That certainly is serious."

There was irresistible comedy in these grave words as the tiny child uttered them, and they were quickly answered by a burst of laughter to which possibly the servants contributed their involuntary share.



"THANKS, AUGUSTA."

"Lulu!" exclaimed Emmeline. "I declare there 's something about you positively uncanny, at times. You make me afraid of you, with that queer-looking little face of yours under its fluffy hair —as if you knew ten times more than you 've any business to know."

The little face looked, indeed, as if some feverish, unwholesome influence might be at work in the frail body below it. Two touches of color nearly always burned vivid in its cheeks, and its hazel eyes had constantly that dry sparkle which betokens in a child of Lulu's years an overplus of perilous mental activity. There are some children to whom surroundings of continual gayety are like the effects of a daily nervine. Mrs. Satterthwaite would have been offended and wounded if any one had told her that she was bringing up her little daughter with the most imprudent disregard of a nervous system curiously sensitive and an intellect exceptionally premature. She was really not bringing up Lulu at all, but letting the clever, wayward, brightly-gifted creature breathe just the luxurious, fashionable atmosphere on which Emmeline and Elaine had flourished well enough in their juvenile days. Often for a full twenty-four hours she would not even see Lulu at all. But she had perfect trust in the French *bonne* who was appointed to guard the child. Of course Françoise would instantly notify her if there should be anything the matter with Lulu. But Françoise never brought any ill-reports of a sanitary kind. Sometimes the nurse would come to her with sad tales of Lulu's rebellion and contumacy. Then a maternal scolding would occur, severe or light, as the derelict behavior demanded. But no bodily ailment was ever spoken of, and Mrs. Arcularius, principal of the very select school where Lulu had lately been enrolled as a pupil, had no accounts to render except of the dear pet's highly amusing speeches and her occasional mischievous proclivities. Mrs. Arcularius was that kind of school-disciplinarian who never bored the parents of her scholars (especially when they were persons of great social importance like the Satterthwaites) by depressing tales about either the moral or physical condition of their offspring. She was a lady who had long ago found this course of action militant against her widely-conceded vogue as a successful instructress of aristocratic younger New York.

A short time after dinner, that same evening, and while her husband was smoking a cigar and playing a game of billiards down-stairs in the billiard-room with his son, Aspinwall, Mrs. Satterthwaite, cloaked and bonneted, sought her easy-going lord, and said:

"Bleecker, I 'm going to see Delaplaine. I suppose there 's no impropriety in it, as he 's so ill. But of course you can go too, if you like."

"Thanks, Augusta. I don 't think I *will* go." He stood with his cigar between two fingers and his back against the billiard-table, while Aspinwall, who was bored at being interrupted in the game, had dropped, with a simulation of dreary exhaustion, upon one of the lounges that lined the apartment. "I 've an engagement at half-past nine and" (he took out his watch, giving it a glance) "it 's not long from that time now."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Satterthwaite. She did not ask what the engagement was. She had expected to find her husband unwilling to go with her. If he had expressed a desire to do so she would have been somewhat annoyed. She had no concern whatever with his engagements. He might go or come as he chose. He was the father of her children, but she had never loved him as a wife should love a husband. She had married him because he was Bleecker Satterthwaite and a "catch." The engagement to which he had referred might or might not concern an infidelity. It caused her no thrill of jealousy to think on this unsavory conjugal subject. She did not want to *gêner* herself with Bleecker's private affairs. Every man had them, and so long as he kept himself out of a *scandale publique* she was perfectly contented that he should follow in the beaten footsteps of all the other men who resembled him.

She entered her *coupé* a little later, and had herself driven to the house of Spencer Delaplaine. In a short time after crossing the threshold of the Tenth Street house, she stood at Delaplaine's bedside. The sick man received her with a cordial clasp of the hand. He looked ill; his face was nearly colorless.

"It 's you, Augusta?" he faintly said. "How good of you to come!"

"Not good at all, my friend," said Mrs. Satterthwaite. "And so you 're not as well as when we last saw each other?"

"No. The fact is I 'm pretty ill. Dr. Clancey and Dr. Robeson have just been here together. I don 't think they 're at all sure that I am going to pull through. It 's this right lung, now, with the other threatened."

Mrs. Satterthwaite had by this time seated herself near the bed. "You must not dream of giving up," she exclaimed. "There is so much in that—not giving up. Have you a nurse?"

"Adrian has gone to fetch a nurse. Meanwhile I 've one of my servants: she 's there in the next room. But I want to speak with you before Adrian comes back."

Mrs. Satterthwaite had a chilled, nervous feeling, now. She dreaded lest she should be made the recipient of something funereally moribund, and she was not at all the sort of woman to whom any confidence of this character would be endurable even on grounds of charity.

To be intimate with Spencer Delaplaine while a flourishing and popular millionaire was a decidedly different position from that of sitting at his bedside and hearing him breathe forth some farewell charge that would have about it the very odor of the grave. She had never precisely believed Delaplaine's story that this handsome young Adrian was no closer to him than being the son of a distant relative who had died as a clerk in his employ; it might prove (why not?) a horrible little history that would bring the two into much nearer relations. Besides, Augusta Satterthwaite was not the woman to "put herself out" in any way whatever for a friend. If it came to a question of whether or no she cared to have friends at all, she might, under cover of secrecy, have confessed to you that successful, accomplished or fascinating acquaintances continually stood for her in the place of them. She was prepared to make no amicable sacrifices, and she demanded none from others. What so many critics have condemned as the superficiality of social life pleased and satisfied her. She wanted nothing truer or deeper. Nor did she wish it to appear, after the way of her sister, that she wanted anything truer or deeper. In her callous worldliness, at least she was not hypocritical. She now keenly regretted having come this evening. It might turn out a visit with odiously compromising results; for she could not in decency refuse to grant him almost whatever he might ask, provided he asked it as a dying man. There were things one might hate most heartily to do, but having the courage to risk its getting abroad that one had refused them was challenging a still stronger disinclination.

"What is it you would like to say, Spencer?" she asked, and without the least ring in her voice of the selfish anxiety she felt.

He was silent for some time, staring, as it seemed, at one of the rare engravings which lined the walls of his charmingly tasteful chamber. A clock on the velvet-draped mantel ticked audibly in the stillness, and shaped, with its brisk, sharp vibrations, imaginary words of foreboding to her who sat and waited there at the bedside. Her relief was excessive when she at length heard Delaplaine answer:

"I want to speak to you about . . . Olivia."

"Olivia?" she repeated, trying not to let him see how glad that one name had made her. There were no unpleasant revelations that he could utter concerning her niece; she was well enough aware of his inability here. But he might say, on the other hand, what it would prove very welcome to learn. He might say that he had altered his Will (or had had one drawn up for the first time) in favor of his old partner's only child. Then Olivia would perhaps discontinue casting shame upon her father's people by dwelling with that horrid aunt on her mother's side, and the abased Van Rensselaer standard would be reared again from the dust.

"Yes," Delaplaine went on, very slowly at first. "You 've seen her by this time, I suppose, and you 've done as well as you could."

"Oh, yes; I 've done my best."

"Well, what *was* your best?"

"I 'm sorry to tell you it was failure."

"Failure?" He gave a low laugh as he repeated the word. But the rattle that went with this laugh showed the congested state of his lungs, and set him coughing in a wheezy, senile, though not violent way. "She would n't marry me, eh?" he at length went on. "I thought not—I feared not. She hushed you right up, I suppose, and would n't hear of it."

"Yes."

"She grew angry, eh?"

"Yes—and it became plain, also, that she was deeply wounded. Finally, she refused to listen, and I thought she would be rude enough to leave the room. No doubt she would have done so, too, if the whole question of the marriage had not been abandoned."

Another silence now followed, and Mrs. Satterthwaite began to assure herself that her friend had no dying act of beneficence to perform toward Olivia. He had merely wanted a report of his ambassadress's proceedings. As for his dying at all, now that his watcher had become more used to the dim light in which his face had first dawned upon her, she began to have solid doubts of any such demise. Of course pneumonia must go hard with one of his years. But then, on the other hand, why should there not be an excellent chance that he might recover—and marry her niece yet? Meanwhile, it was very nice to reflect that on his recovery he would certainly bear in mind her own friendly endeavor, not to speak of visits like the present one. (Twenty horse-power could not have dragged her near him if it had been anything catching, like typhoid or scarlet fever; but then he need never dream of this.) Possibly, at the opening of next season, he might give a ball for Elaine, just as he had given one for Emmeline. And in that case how very fit and *chic* it would look for Elaine to receive at the side of her young cousin, Mrs. Spencer Delaplaine, *née* Van Rensselaer!

She had time for these musings amid the pause which had followed her last sentence addressed to the invalid. But they did not require many seconds. The pleasurable tingle of the egotist takes no longer than the philanthropist's most heroic one.

"If I *should* get well, Augusta," the sick man presently said, "I should want to have that girl for my wife, just the same."

Mrs. Satterthwaite bowed. "So I should imagine," she acceded.

"But I have been thinking . . ." Here he came to a dead stop, letting his voice fall suddenly.

"You mean that you may not get well? Oh, do 'nt allow your mind to brood upon that subject in the least. I must say that so far you 've disappointed me very agreeably. You do n't seem to be half as ill as I first thought you."

A sparkle crept into his dull eyes as he fixed them on her over-bending face.

"Suppose she were to come here and . . . and bid me good-bye. Her father's old friend, you know. I do n't believe she 'd refuse it, do you?"

"Refuse it? No; how could she? You mean . . ."

"Oh, I mean a genuine death-bed farewell. Do n't fancy that I do n't. I admit I 'm not yet past hope, but that does n't prevent me from being very sick—very sick indeed—with internal gout and pneumonia in complication . . . Well, now, suppose Olivia came here to-morrow and found me a little worse . . . we 'll say not exactly dying yet, but nearer to it than I am to-night, and . . . and a proposition were made to her . . ."

"A proposition? Yes? Well? What proposition?"

The sparkle in those gray eyes of his, which she had so often seen lit by the crafty, algid humor peculiar to the man, grew more keen now as he murmured:

"A proposition of marriage."

"Marriage?"

He stared up at her from the white pillow. "Can 't you guess, Augusta, what I 'm driving at?" he said.

"No," she answered, with a blank look.

"Then I 'll tell you" . . . And long before she left him he had given her a thorough explanation. Once or twice she repressed a shudder while she listened, for it all struck her as not merely novel, but even ghastly as well.

X.

The note which Olivia received that same evening had been written by Mrs. Satterthwaite herself at the residence of Delaplaine. It conveyed the tidings that the latter was exceedingly ill, but it bore no request that Olivia should pay a visit on the friend of her dead father.

The next morning, however, by about eleven o'clock, came a second note. As Olivia read this the blood rushed to her face and her eyes filled with tears.

It also was written by Mrs. Satterthwaite, and ran as follows:

No. — West Tenth Street,
May —, 188-.

"My Dear Olivia: I have just been holding a very sad talk with poor Mr. Delaplaine. The doctors think there is still less hope of his living, now, as the pneumonic symptoms are worse instead of better. This morning he has been in great pain, and yet he would hold a few words with me, and they have been words which have had you for their subject. Mr. Delaplaine feels that his end has almost come. He had made a Will several years ago, leaving all his fortune to charities of various kinds. But now he has determined to alter the will in your favor. He says that there is no earthly reason why he should not do this act of helpfulness to the child of his oldest and dearest friend. His few distant relations will not suffer from the change of the plan, for in any case they would not have received a dollar of his money. Mr. Delaplaine begs that you will come to him, at the above address, by two o'clock this afternoon. I will be here to meet you. My dear child, although I am losing a devoted friend in Spencer Delaplaine, I cannot but congratulate you because of the immense windfall of good luck that promises to become yours. My loss will be your gain, but is it not thus in all the events of life? Pray do not refuse to come. But I know that I need not make this petition of you, Olivia, since your natural humanity will not permit you to remain away.

Your loving aunt,
Augusta Satterthwaite."

Mrs. Satterthwaite had seen one of the attending physicians privately just before she wrote this note to her niece. Dr. Clancey was a man of extraordinary medical position, and he gave an opinion of Delaplaine's case as unhesitating as it was discouraging. He apprehended a failure of the heart in his patient, though the lungs might resist even the severe congestion burdening them. They were remarkably strong lungs, but the diagnosis revealed a cardiac weakness from which it might be difficult for the patient to rally. Two sinking turns had already occurred; there was reason to believe that the patient would not resist a third. Mr. Delaplaine had held a conversation with his lawyer between ten and eleven that morning, in obstinate contradiction to the orders of his physicians. No bad result had yet shown itself, but now at any moment the invalid might again collapse. His tenacity was admirable, but he had already trifled with it most recklessly.

"If he is conscious at two o'clock," said Mrs. Satterthwaite, "he will, I know, desire to see Miss Van Rensselaer, the daughter of my brother, his former partner, whose recent death you are of course aware of."

Dr. Clancey gravely nodded. "He will see the young lady, or any one except his nurse, Mrs. Satterthwaite," was the answer, "at his own imminent danger."

Soon after this, Mrs. Satterthwaite wrote to her sister, imperatively urging that she should come at once to West Tenth Street. Mrs. Auchincloss obeyed the summons. The two sisters met in Delaplaine's exquisite lower drawing-room.

"My dear Letitia," began Mrs. Satterthwaite," I fear you *may* think that I have been behaving imprudently."

"Imprudently, Augusta?" As Mrs. Auchincloss thus spoke she shook her head in apparent deprecation and looked down at the black-gloved hands which she had folded in her lap.

Mrs. Satterthwaite gave a little agitated preliminary cough, and then softly plunged into the subject. "Spencer Delaplaine, my dear, sent for me last evening. We had a long talk together. He is possesssed with the idea of settling all his money upon Olivia."

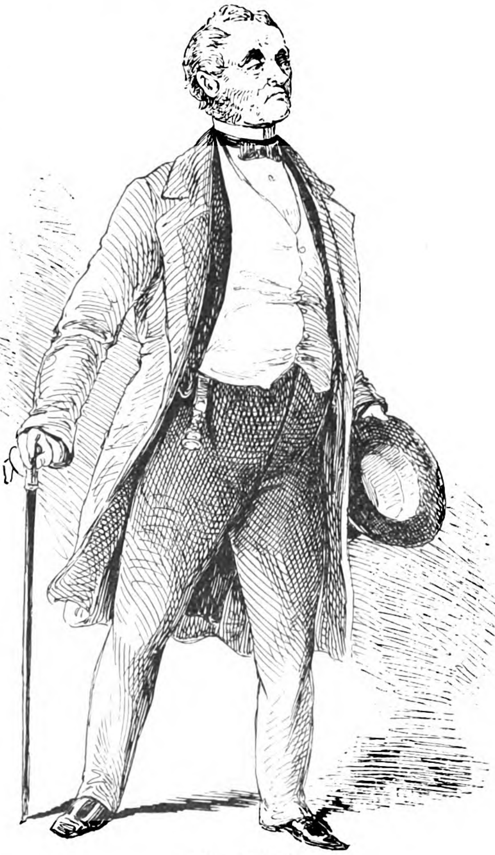
Mrs. Auchincloss abruptly started up. "Upon Olivia!" she exclaimed. "Before he dies? He is then so sure of death?"

"Not so perfectly sure."

The eyes of the two sisters met. Mrs. Auchincloss perceived that something was being withheld from her. But she made no reply; she waited, with her most composed expression, for some further announcement. At last it came.

"He is bent upon asking Olivia to marry him—to have the ceremony performed at once. But . . " Here Mrs. Satterthwaite averted her eyes, and bit her lips very worriedly. "Well, Letitia, he does not wish that Olivia, when she comes, should know there is any chance whatever of his recovery."

Mrs. Auchincloss started again. "And pray on what account, Augusta? Does he . . ?" The lady rose, with a fluttered, appalled air, and then re-seated herself. "You can't mean that he wants to —to *trick* the girl into marrying him!"



DR. CLANCEY.

Mrs. Satterthwaite threw up both hands toward the ceiling, and lifted her eyes at the same time. "That is what I have been so terribly afraid of, Letitia!" And then the sisters looked at one another quite steadily again. Each had her own special kind of worldliness, of artificiality, perhaps of real evil as well. But each also had her own method of concealment. If, just at present, there were to be anything culpable done, no such neat policy could be adopted, the younger sister had reasoned with herself, as that of a mutual masquerade. If Letitia chose to approve the whole odd business and lend a hand to its furthering, let her take the cue offered. And so Mrs. Satterthwaite, with the skill of one adroit in all such tactics, offered the cue.

"It would be perfectly fearful, would it not," she now went on, "if he should conclude to *get well* after such a marriage? I suppose he has a kind of hope that he will; and loving Olivia, as he undoubtedly does, he wants to . . to . . (dear me, Letitia! how *shall* I express it?) to give himself the . . benefit of . . "

"I see," Mrs. Auchincloss here interrupted the speaker, in the midst of this intentional stumbling. "You spoke a minute ago, sister, of his concluding to get well. People do not usually accomplish such ends as that by their own volition. . . And you say that the doctors give him up ?"

"Yes."

"Still, he *may* live ?"

"Oh, it would n't by any means be a miracle if he did."

"I see," again murmured Mrs. Auchincloss, gazing fixedly at the floor ; "I see."

Her sister felt that she saw—and very lucidly, by this time. It looked as if she were going to slip into the little plot that should raise, if it were successful, her niece out of pauperism and dependence. Her next words, Mrs. Satterthwaite knew, would decide what part she would take—whether one of noncompliance or of coöperation. And her next words did so decide, as they fell with lingering delay from her lips—those lips that could press together their pink rims with such untold prudishness when occasion made it seem desirable.

"My dear Augusta, I think that if Mr. Delaplaine chooses to believe there is a hope for him, in spite of all that the doctors have said, it is quite his affair and not ours. Naturally the intelligence of anyone so ill as he is must be weakened. I should advise that we grant . . his little . . er . . stipulation, or . . er . . request, regarding Olivia being told there is . . er . . *any* chance of his recovery. Humor him in this . . why not ? And as for Olivia herself, I only hope that she may see the spiritual sweetness in such an act as that which he shall ask of her, besides the more . . er . . more material aspect it will present."

Augusta Satterthwaite rose from her chair with a short nod. "I hope so," she said, with cold laconism. It was very pleasing to secure her sister as a confederate in this proposed little enterprise, but she could not help a pang or two of aggravation at Letitia when the latter threw on her puritanic, not to say hypocritic, mantle, and began mincing about in it; for she had long ago assured herself that Letitia was never so apt to do this as when she was on bad terms with her own vaunted conscience.

"The great point is here," Mrs. Satterthwaite now went coolly on, in matter-of-fact tones that contrasted noticeably with her former perturbed and insecure ones : "Will Olivia consent to such a marriage ? You and I, Letitia, have already had rather full proof of just how obstinate she can be."

"Yes—*indeed*, yes !"

"But the girl, I think, has her fair share both of pity and gratitude. These must be appealed to. She must *see* Delaplaine. I shall make a point of that ; we both must. If anything *should* be said afterward, you know, we must have it in our power to vindicate ourselves thoroughly."

"Oh, thoroughly," struck in Mrs. Auchincloss. Both sisters at length understood exactly how to conduct themselves to one another ; their rôles were to be those of the most blameless apparent innocence. And now Mrs. Auchincloss continued : "We want to stand hereafter, if anything *should* happen, in the very clearest colors before that girl. For she is hasty-tempered (we 've seen that) and she would not hesitate to bring an accusation of some sort against us, embarrassing enough, however undeserved."

The masquerade, as Mrs. Satterthwaite now realized, was being most skillfully conducted on the part of her sister. She, in turn, proceeded to enact her own due share of it.

"Yes, Letitia ; we cannot be too mindful of how delicate a position we will occupy. If Olivia *should* consent to this marriage, and if *he should* get better after it, the girl will of course pour blame on *us* for not having distressed poor Delaplaine by making her aware of one little remote probability that he might get well."

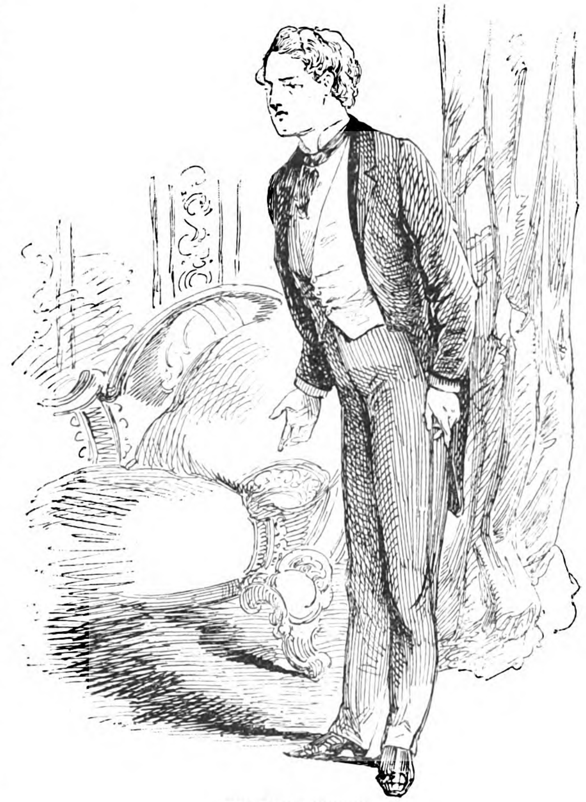
"And yet," answered Mrs. Auchincloss, with a dainty upward gesture of the black-gloved hands, "at least *there*, Augusta, we shall be justified in using actual deceit. We need not let Olivia know that *we* ever knew of that remote little probability . . . Still, her consent to the marriage looks very uncertain, I should say." Here the lady grew visibly excited, as she drew forth a tiny crystal vinaigrette and placed it at either thin pink nostril. "Oh, no, no," she proceeded, with sidelong dips of the head toward her restorative salts till the sprays of jet on her black mourning bonnet sensitively tinkled, "I'm sure she'll never do it. Don't depend on her Augusta. She would simply fly from the house in amazement if we made her any such proposition. And I doubt if she will even come here, unless you ask her in the most cautious way."

"I've done that. I did not mention in my note that Delaplaine desired to do anything except alter his Will in her favor. Oh, she will come; it would be despicable in her if she remained away at the hour I appointed—two o'clock this afternoon. She certainly could not refuse to stand at the bedside of a dying man—and that man so old and prized a friend of her father."

"No . . as you have put your request she will of course accede to it. But this change in the Will . . . has it been made already?"

"I think so. His lawyer was with him for some time this morning—and against his two doctors' positive orders."

"The Will *is* no doubt altered, then," said Mrs. Auchincloss. She was inwardly very much exercised about the whole affair. Had she been too reckless in her late tacit little compact? Ought she not to have waited and discussed the advisability of it with her reverenced Archibald? And yet could she do more than fancy that this oracle of tranquil wisdom would fail to commend the course she had taken? Such a marriage as this one for Olivia might savor of sensationalism and of theatric coarseness. But then, how ameliorating it might prove to the girl's future!



ADRIAN ETHEREGE.

Singular enough was the diversity between these two sisters when their congeniality was also fairly regarded. Both were astute, both lacking in that guidance of disinterested principle which makes the honor and creditable hope of all human progression. Both were selfish women, enswathed in superciliousness, degraded by ambitions of shallow and idle reach. And yet a gulf separated them, since Mrs. Auchincloss's paltry ideal of conduct was to worship some perfectly meretricious god that she named good-taste, and the *morale* of Mrs. Satterthwaite was to worship an ideal, just as paltry, of temporal eminence, and glittering though tawdry power. Neither woman had the least vital valuation of abstract right; neither would have scrupled to sell her finer self-respect for that mess of pottage which the unsoiled spirit defines by mere external and circumstantial acquirement. But the elder sister wanted her mess of pottage in a silver dish, with a cover that hid from all prying glances the homely quality of the viand; while the younger sister, willing enough that it should be set before her in earthenware, clung to the desire of having it brought by a liveried domestic and in a frescoed dining-hall. They were both snobs to their finger-tips, but one was the scandal-fearing and one the scandal-daring snob. Mrs. Auchincloss dreaded to risk a speck of odium upon her scarf-skin of respectability; Mrs. Satterthwaite jauntily snapped her fingers at the infliction of any such petty soilure, so long as she maintained the gracious prerogative of going everywhere, knowing everybody, and of putting everywhere that she went and everybody whom she knew in the rose-tinted light of concession rather than of recipiency. All things considered, Mrs. Satterthwaite undeniably had the best hand in the cheap, trifling, fleeting game. To place the parallel much lower, it is the reprobate with a vestige or two of decency who picks a pocket under conditions of smaller individual gusto.

At two o'clock that afternoon Olivia punctually appeared. She disliked coming with as much strength as that by which she had felt herself urged to come.

There had been no evading the necessity of presenting herself at Delaplaine's side; she would have despised her own shadow for months afterward if she had refused so simple a boon. But the bequest of his fortune to her on the part of her father's old friend—that had placed her in a kind of dizzying dilemma. Her pride revolted at once; for was it not a deed of charity which she would have refused without hesitation if the donor's hand had been a living and not a dying one? But self-rebuke struck an immediate blow at such pride, and bade her hold at its rightful worth the kindliness, beneficence and devotion of so magnificent a legacy. Perhaps the enthusiastic gratulations of Mrs. Ottarson had not a little to do with the final calming of her bewildered mind, which had almost lost the power to think coherently amid the rush of unaccustomed thoughts that besieged its faculties.

"'Livia!" quivered her aunt, in a voice between laughing and weeping, "I 'clare t' goodness it jus' *can't* be true! It can't be, an' *'tain't!* I 'm dreamin'; I 've got one o' those spells o' dreamin' I sometimes get from layin' flat on my back . . . Oh, no, I ain't, though! It 's all true 's it *can* be!"

And here the benignant if unsyntactical being caught Olivia to her breast and kissed her. "Of course it 's awful to think of him dyin' so sudden; but then, as your Aunt Satterthwaite says in her letter (an' the Lord knows she 's 'cute 'nough 'bout all *such* things!) it 's an ill-wind, deary . . . or something kind o' like that. 'T seems a reg'lar sin to laugh, do n't it? An' 't seems a sin to cry 's well, seein' 't I cry on'y from joy, jus' 's I laugh . . . Oh, my *sakes!* To think o' you havin' w'at you was born and brought up to, after all! . . "

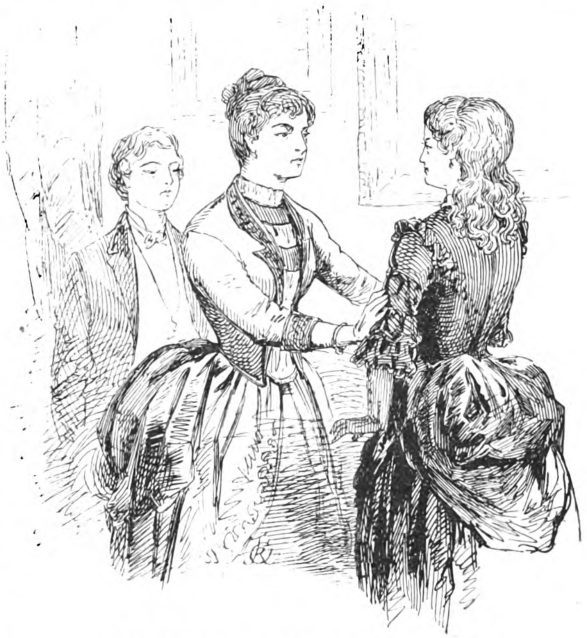
Generalities now gave place to particulars, and in a trice Mrs. Ottarson was viewing the whole recent event with practical vision. "I s'pose 't won 't be very pleasant to go all alone. I wish I could be there too, an' kind o' stay somewheres round so 's you knew I was near while he kep' you talkin' in the sick-room. You 've just *come* from so much sufferin', Liv, it don 't seem right you should see any more, f'r ever so long; does it! W'at you goin' to wear? I'd put on, 'f I was you, the black dress with the ruffles up the sleeves; it suits you to a jiffy . . . an' then, you know, if the room 's warm you can slip your sacque off, an' even if the old gent'man *is* goin' fast 't won 't make him go any quicker 'f he sees you lookin' 's pretty 's possible."

Olivia wore the dress with the ruffled sleeves, but, as it turned out, she slipped off her sacque, with Mrs. Satterthwaite's assistance, very soon after she had entered the house. She felt excited, and knew that her cheeks were glowing hot-ter as her aunt kissed her; but she did not know how sparklingly blue her eyes had become. She was not even aware that she had shaped the question "How is Mr. Delaplaine?" until Mrs. Satterthwaite answered it by saying:

"He's easier now, and ready to speak with you."

Then Olivia looked full into her aunt's eyes. "It's a great kindness on his part, Aunt Augusta," she said, a little brokenly. "I—I hardly know how I ought to receive it—or whether I—I ought to receive it at all."

Mrs. Satterthwaite put her hand on Olivia's shoulder. "Receive it all, Olivia!" she softly exclaimed.



"HER GAZE WANDERED TO THE YOUNG MAN."

Just then a young man entered the room. It was Adrian, of whom we have heard mention before. During four or five years he had held a subordinate position in Delaplaine's household, not exactly explainable as to the question of its being secretaryship or servantship. His full name was Adrian Etherege. He sometimes would spend an hour or two with Delaplaine at the bank. He lived here in the West Tenth Street house, and had a room beyond any of the servants' rooms in appointment and preference of location. He could not have been more than twenty years old; perhaps he was still younger, though there was a certain mature look about his large, velvety brown eyes. They were feminine eyes, and his extremely slender and graceful figure, just tall enough to surpass that of most women, made an imaginative observer regret the unpicturesque limitations of our modern male costume; for Adrian Etherege, this boyish young beauty, with his smooth, oval face, just touched about its upper lip by the downy growth of a blond moustache, and with the clustering mass of yellow curls lying negligent and too profuse above a broad, sculpturally white forehead, would have acquitted himself so admirably as a page of earlier romantic times! What gave him the appearance of being perhaps a little older than twenty years, was a pensive expression that instantly revealed itself when you squarely confronted the lovely delicacy of his countenance.

Olivia was at once won by him as he paused before Mrs. Satterthwaite. It swiftly struck her that he was one of the most beautiful youths whom she had ever seen. His dress, quite out of the prevailing fashion and yet as modestly inconspicuous as any garb of to-day could well be cut or worn, heightened the sweet, adolescent charm of his bearing. It darted through Olivia's mind, in spite of her anxiety and perplexity, "What a wonderfully winning and fascinating presence he has!" But he roused in her only the delight we bestow upon some thrifty and splendid plant, with its knots of bloom lifted clear and perfect to the view. He caused her almost to forget the melancholy mission on which she had entered this abode of her dead father's friend, while she heard him address Mrs. Satterthwaite in these few, low-toned words:

"Mr. Delaplaine wishes to know if the young lady is here yet."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Satterthwaite. She turned away from the speaker and put a hand on either of Olivia's arms, while she scanned the girl's flushed face. "You *are* ready to go up and see Mr. Delaplaine now, are you not?" she asked.

"Yes," said Olivia. Her gaze wandered to the young man while she thus replied. It seemed as if she made her reply to him rather than to her aunt. A moment afterward, having transiently fixed his superb brown eyes upon Olivia's face, he passed from the room.

"Who is he?" quickly whispered Olivia, her look following him as he receded.

"His name is Etherege—Adrian Etherege," responded Mrs. Satterthwaite.

"Adrian Etherege," Olivia repeated. "How handsome he is! What a charming face he has! It makes me think of faces in pictures that I saw somewhere abroad . . in Dresden, Venice, Florence, somewhere among the galleries I used now and then to visit with poor papa."

"Is n't he just *too* enchanting," cried Mrs. Satterthwaite. "I 'm so glad to hear someone say he is, for I 've thought so a perfect age. . . I 've only seen him once or twice before," she went on self-correctively. Mr. Delaplaine has now and then sent him with a message to me since . . since he engaged him about three or four years ago. He lives here, you know—he 's a sort of servant."

"A servant—he?" murmured Olivia.

"Yes. A *sort* of servant. You would n't believe it, would you? Neither would I at first. But he 's educated; he 's not a real servant."

"I should suppose not."

Mrs. Satterthwaite laughed. "You 've fallen in love with Adrian. So have I. He 's adorable. And yet Mr. Delaplaine thinks him dull and rather stupid. But men do n't see with our eyes, do they? I 'm so glad you 're *éprise* with Adrian, poor little fellow. . . But we must n't talk of him. We must talk of doing what he told us to do."

"Going up to . . to see Mr. Delaplaine," faltered Olivia.

"Yes. You 're not afraid to go, are you?"

Olivia drew backward a few steps. "Afraid?" she repeated. "No. But this great act of kindness he wants me to benefit by. . . *That* makes me almost afraid."

Mrs. Satterthwaite was looking steadily into her eyes. "You know, Olivia, that he was in love with you before he was taken ill. You know that. He told you so."

"Yes . . he told me that he wanted me to marry him."

"He told you that he was in love with you," persisted her aunt. "Yes, he did, Olivia. And we—your Aunt Augusta and I—assured you of it afterward.

"Well . . yes," replied Olivia.

"Now, my dear girl," suddenly broke forth Mrs. Satterthwaite, "he wants you to accept this great favor at his hands."

"I know. You wrote me."

"But I did not write you *all*."

"Not all?"

"No. He has changed his Will. The lawyer was here this morning. But there . . well, there is something else."

"Something else?"

"Yes. Don't look so startled. How can I tell you if you look so startled? . . . He is dying, you know."

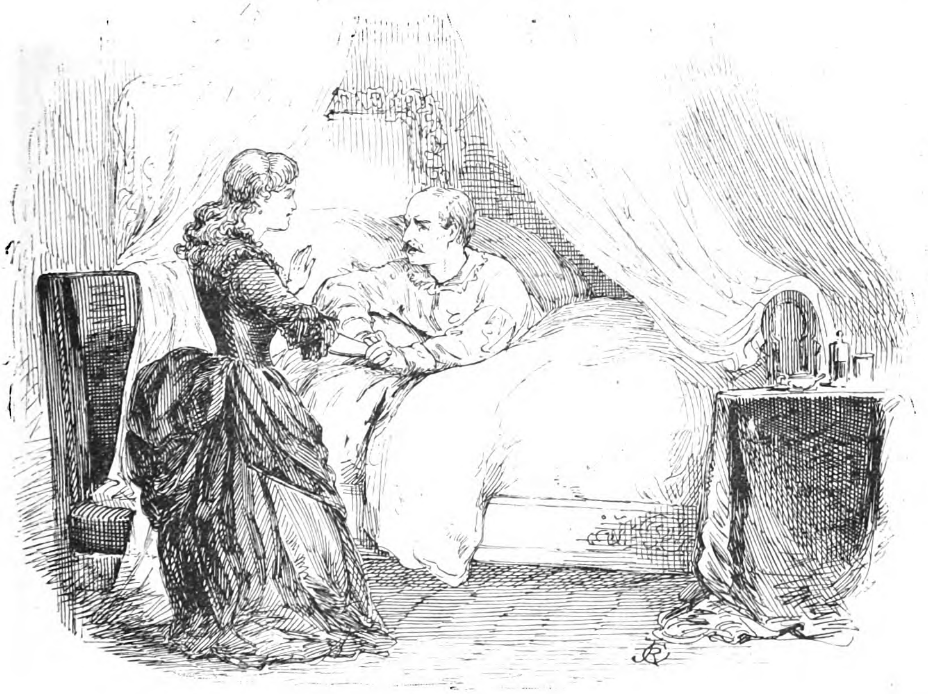
"I do know. You wrote me that."

"But, my dear girl, there was something I did not write you."

"No?" said Olivia, with a child's innocence of purpose. "What was it?"

Mrs. Satterthwaite shrugged her square, firm shoulders (so different from the drooping, fragile shoulders of her sister, Mrs. Auchincloss) and half turned away. "You shall soon know, my dear. *He* will tell you. It's . . . it's something he will want you to do." Suddenly Mrs. Satterthwaite veered about and caught both Olivia's hands in both her own. "I won't tell you, my dear. "It's a dying request of his. Remember that."

"A dying request?" Olivia said, in a dazed way. She felt as if some weird trap were about to be sprung upon her. She had always distrusted these two aristocratic aunts of hers. Now one of them seemed to her brimming with guile and stratagem. She silently regretted that she had not allowed the stanch and incorruptible Mrs. Ottarson to accompany her hither, as that doughty lady had proposed, if not insisted.



"'NO! NO! NO!' SHE CRIED."

"A dying request?" she repeated. "Tell me what it is."

But Mrs. Satterthwaite went up to the girl and put one of her arms within her own, drawing her resolutely and determinedly toward the door. "Now, don't be frightened," Mrs. Satterthwaite admonished. "You've nothing on earth to be frightened about. . . . Come. . . . What he asks of you, my dear, you can refuse or accept, just as you choose."

Olivia allowed herself to be led. The staircase in the outer hall was broad enough for them to ascend it, two abreast. When they had reached the second hall and paused before a closed door, the first that they met, Mrs. Satterthwaite said:

"Now go in. You 'll find him very gentle and sweet. And, recollect—he's dying."

The next moment Mrs. Satterthwaite opened the door before which they both stood. She pushed Olivia into the chamber. Then she closed the door, leaving her niece alone with the sick man who was himself alone amid an artificial gloom, waiting for her, having dismissed every attendant. Whatever was the communication which he desired to impart, he had made up his mind that it should be for one pair of ears only.

Olivia, seeing the bed and the dim face outlined against its pillows, drew quietly forward.

"Olivia," called a faint voice. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Mr. Delaplaine."

"Come nearer."

She went nearer. He stretched out his hand, and she took it, standing at his bedside. She looked down at his face. It seemed wan and drawn and changed to her.

"Olivia," said the sick man, "you have come to me like the dear, good girl that you are . . They say I can't last very many hours longer."

"I hope it is n't true, Mr.Delaplaine."

"I know you hope that, Olivia. But if I really must go, I 've arranged that you shall have all I leave behind me. I 've arranged it. Did they tell you?"

"They said you had done me this goodness," she answered. "But" . . . And then she paused, while the hand that he clasped trembled and he felt it tremble . . "are there no others, Mr. Delaplaine, whom . . . ?"

"No others—no," he interrupted her, with a feverish, peevish ring in his husky voice. "But there are others—relations of mine whom I don't care for—whom I 've helped now and then, but not even seen since I was a man of forty or thereabouts, and these might dispute my Will." He paused, and gasped a little for breath, with a rattling in his throat that made Olivia's heart throb for pity. "Now, Olivia," he presently resumed, speaking with difficulty, "I want to make your claim sure. Sure, do you understand?"

"Yes . . I understand."

She felt his fingers grow tenser about the hand that still lay within his own. "No, you do n't understand. There 's only one sure way of making all their future litigation useless. Only one sure way."

He closed his eyes and drew a long, stertorous breath, still clasping her hand.

She watched him. She did not know just what to answer, except to ask him concerning the avoidant way to which he had alluded. So, presently, she said:

"What is that way, Mr. Delaplaine?"

He unclosed his eyes and fixed them upon her attentive face. "By marrying you here, inside the next hour. You 'll only be my wife for a little while . . . I 'll die soon afterward. I 'll—there, do n't try to drag your hand away like that. Listen!"

She let her hand stay in the clasp of his. But if the room had not been so dusky he could have seen what a pallor had overswept her face.

"I—I will listen," she managed to answer; "but I—I can 't do what you ask."

He raised himself in bed, taking her hand, now, in both his own. A new effect of light showed her how haggard he was. "Olivia," he cried hoarsely, "do this for me! No—not for me—for yourself! It is n't only that I love you—it 's far more—it 's that they 'll try to take the money away from you if you won't consent! Do n't be foolish, Olivia. You 'll be my wife only for—for a few hours. But . . ."

"No! no! no!" she cried, dragging her hand away from both his clinging hands. She stood for a moment, watching him as he sank back upon the pillows. "No! no! no!" she repeated. And then, with her heart beating so that it seemed almost as if it would leap out of her breast, she hurried toward the door of the dim chamber, opened it, and fled into the hall beyond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DESERTED FARM.

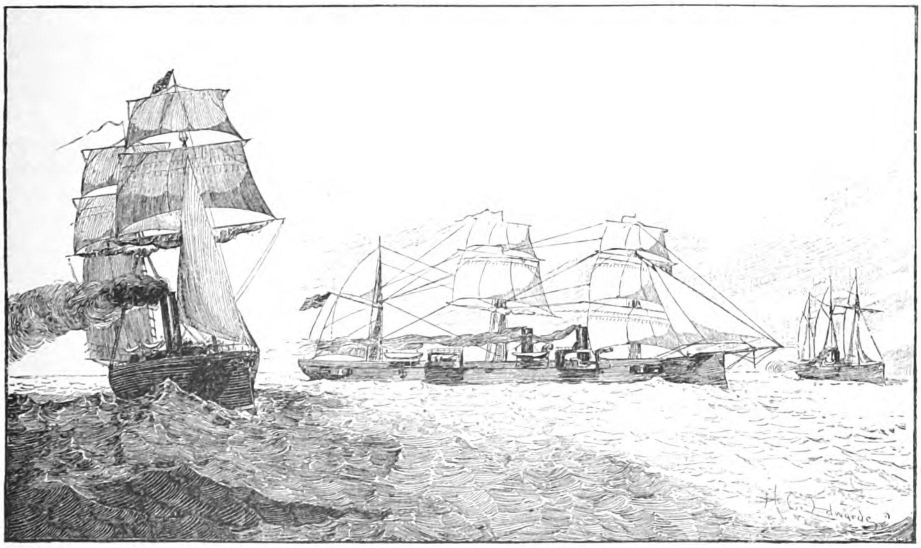
Far up the slope of yonder eastern hill,
A lonely farm-house lingers in decay :
Deserted, cheerless, desolate, and gray,
The sport of winds that mock it at their will.
The farm is barren ; but the stony rill
That babbles through it, answered to the play
Of children once, who grew, and went away,
With recollections that are tender still.
Now, in the new New England of the West,
Offspring of this, have other homes upgrown ;
Whence loving thoughts fly back to yonder crest,
Like birds of passage from a kindlier zone ;
In fond remembrance of the parent nest,
As once it was, before the brood had flown.

—*F. W. Clarke.*

OUR NEW NAVY.

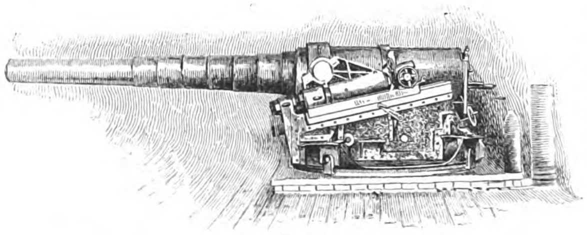
BY LIEUT. W. S. HUGHES, U. S. N.

No public question of the day is of greater importance to the people of this country than that of rebuilding the American navy. While the United States is essentially a nation of peace, judging from the past we may reasonably expect the recurrence of war; but, until a very recent period, probably few of our citizens were aware how totally unprepared we would be to meet such an emergency. The public press of the country has lately done much towards awakening us to a sense of national danger. Gradually it has begun to be realized that, long before any adequate preparations could be made for defence, any one of a half-dozen countries of Europe, or of South America, could send to our Atlantic coast a squadron of ironclads; and that such ships, armed as they would be with modern cannon of enormous power and range, could approach in safety near enough to pour tons of their shot and shell into the heart of New York City or Boston.



United States Sloop of War "Boston," Steel Frigate "Chicago," and Dispatch Boat "Dolphin."

It is gratifying to know that efforts have at last been made by Congress to remedy this dangerous condition of affairs. The initial step in this direction was taken March 3d, 1883, when Congress passed a law authorizing the construction of four steel ships. These vessels were to consist of one cruiser of 4,000 tons displacement, two of 3,000 tons each, and a dispatch boat of about 1,500 tons. They are the now noted steel cruisers "Chicago," "Boston," "Atlanta," and "Dolphin," about which so much has been said in the newspapers of the country. The last named three of these ships are now in commission for service, while the "Chicago" is practically finished, and awaits only the completion and mounting of her battery before proceeding to sea. They are all provided with auxiliary sail-power; are divided into numerous water-tight compartments by transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, or partitions, and are built wholly of steel of domestic manufacture. But, while built of steel, they are by no means what is popularly known as ironclads. Their outside plating is little more than half an inch in thickness, and would be easily pierced by even the smallest of modern machine-cannon.

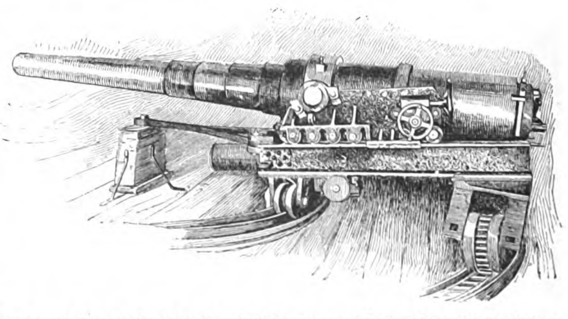


Eight-inch Breech-loading Steel Rifle, mounted, also Steel Shell and Cartridge.

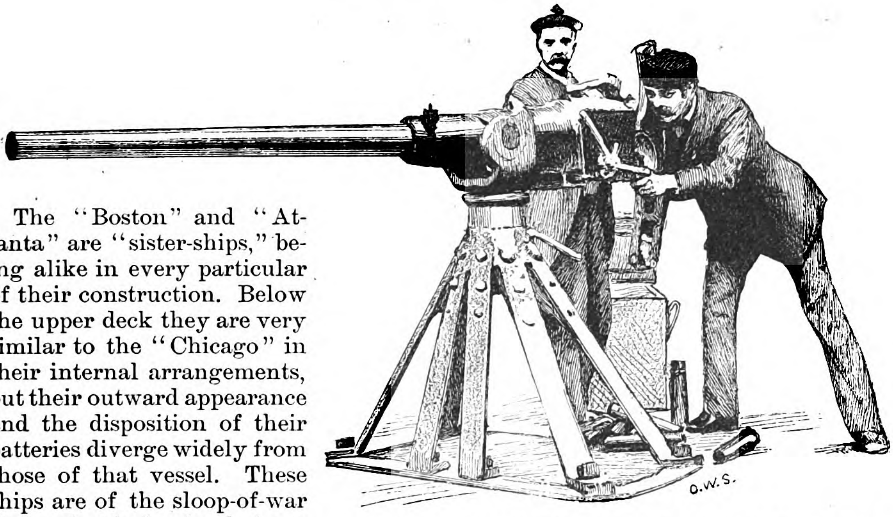
The "Chicago" is 325 feet long, 48 feet wide, draught of water 19 feet, and is expected to attain a speed of 15 knots per hour. She carries a crew of 300 men. The ship is provided with two propellers (twin-screws) and double engines, to give greater facility in turning and manœuvering and to guard against the possibility of being disabled in battle by an accident to one set of engines. She has a displacement of 4,500 tons, a coal-carrying capacity of 940 tons, and the engines are designed to develop 5,000 horse-power. Four of the middle water-tight compartments of the ship, extending through 150 feet of her length and enclosing the engines and boilers, are covered by a steel protective deck one and one-half inch thick, arched or curved, not unlike the "turtle-back" over the forward part of some of our trans-Atlantic steamers. Between the machinery and the ship's sides are spaces 9 feet wide filled with coal, technically known as "coal-armor."

The armament is carried upon two decks. That of the upper or spar deck consists of a battery of four 8-inch breech-loading steel rifles, such as is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, and mounted in projecting half-turrets, or "sponsons." These guns are of the new, American type of steel rifled cannon, now in course of manufacture at the Washington Navy Yard. They fire a charge of 125 pounds of powder and a steel projectile weighing 250 pounds, with an approximate range of eight miles, and have proved to be, size for size, equal if not superior to any guns turned out by the most famous ordnance foundries of Europe. They are constructed upon what is termed the "built-up" system—that is, around the central tube of steel, to give it additional strength, are shrunk a series of short tubes, or bands, covering two-thirds of its length and gradually diminishing in thickness from the breech towards the muzzle. Hitherto, guns of five, six, eight, and ten inches calibre, only, have been manufactured, but it is the intention soon to increase the sizes to twelve and even sixteen inches.

On the second or lower deck of the "Chicago" will be mounted in broadside eight 6-inch and two 5-inch rifles, the former firing a charge of 50 pounds of powder and a projectile of 100 pounds, and the latter a charge of 30 pounds and a projectile of 60 pounds. The range of the 6-inch rifles is six miles, and that of the 5-inch rifles about five miles. In addition to the armament already described, the ship has an iron prow for ramming, and carries six rapid-firing, single-shot or revolving Hotchkiss cannon and a number of Gatling guns, mounted in bullet-proof towers on the upper deck and so placed as to sweep an entire circle within the limits of their ranges. The former of these weapons is capable of firing 15 explosive steel shells per minute, each weighing from 1 to 4 pounds, and at a distance of a mile can pierce the sides of an unarmored ship.



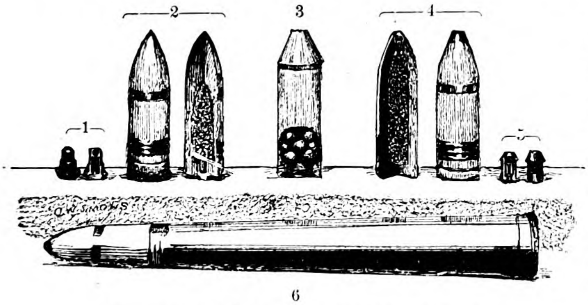
Six-inch Breech-loading Steel Rifle, mounted, for the new Cruisers.



Hotchkiss Rapid-firing, 57-millimetre Gun. Part of armament of the new vessels.

The "Boston" and "Atlanta" are "sister-ships," being alike in every particular of their construction. Below the upper deck they are very similar to the "Chicago" in their internal arrangements, but their outward appearance and the disposition of their batteries diverge widely from those of that vessel. These ships are of the sloop-of-war class—that is, having but one deck upon which guns are mounted—and carry a crew of 230 men. They are 276 feet long, 42 feet wide; draught of water, 16 feet 10 inches, and attain a speed of 14 knots per hour. Like the "Chicago," their machinery and boilers are protected by a steel deck and coal-armor, and the bows are provided with iron rams; but, unlike the former vessel, they have but one screw propeller, and one set of engines.

The armament consists of six 6-inch and two 8-inch breech-loading steel rifles carried upon the upper deck. The battery is enclosed in a central superstructure, so constructed that every part of an imaginary circle drawn with the ship as a centre would be always under command of one or more of her guns. Eight Hotchkiss cannon, either of the revolving or of the single shot, rapid-firing type, are mounted in bullet-proof towers, one at each angle of the superstructure and one between each two of the guns.

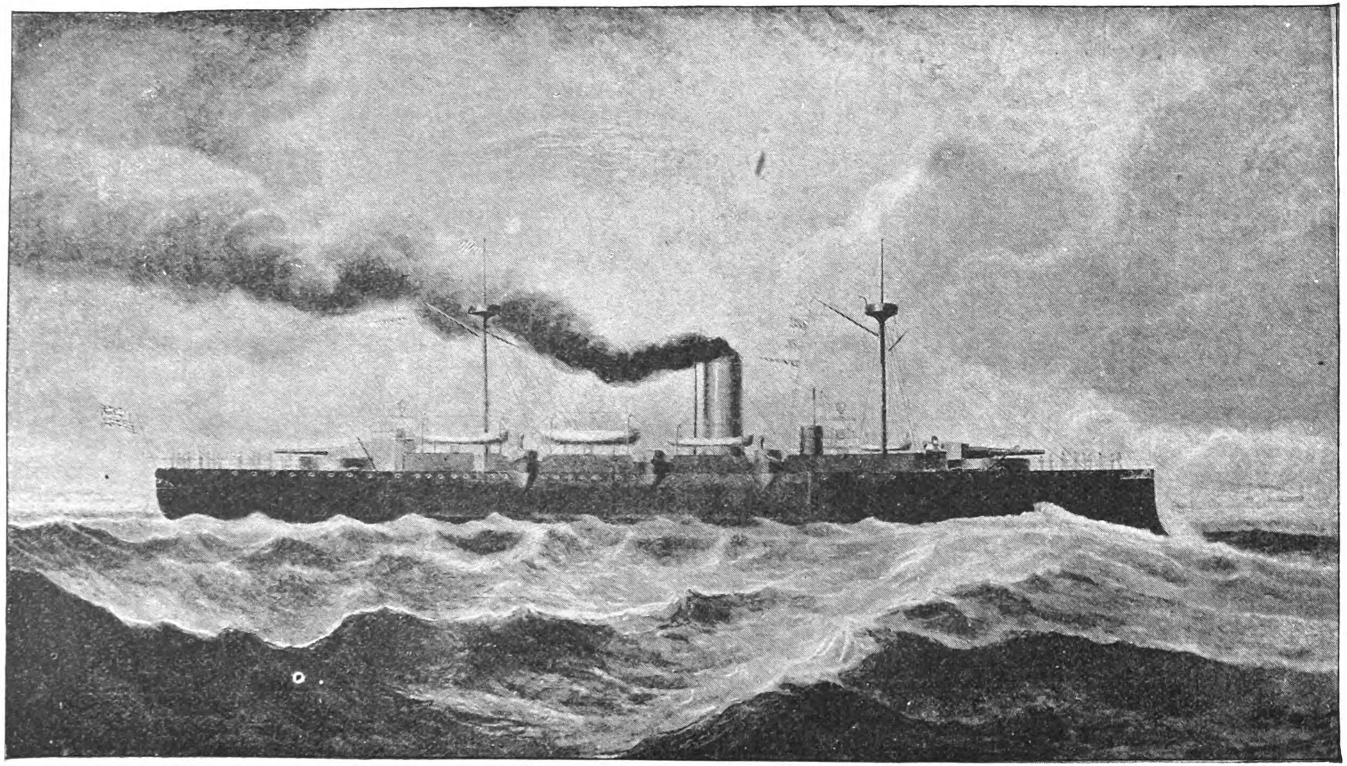


Ammunition for Hotchkiss Rapid-firing Gun.

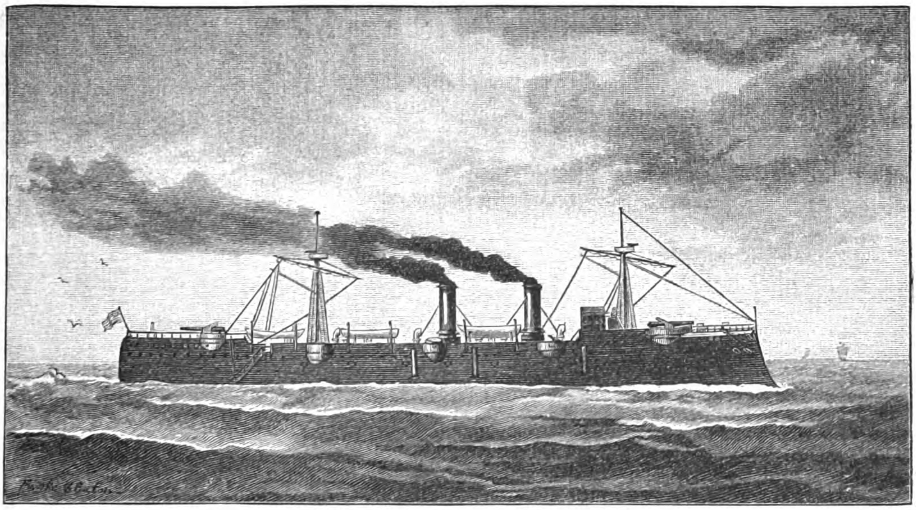
1. Percussion Fuse for Shell.
2. Common Shell.
3. Canister Shell.
4. Steel Shell.
5. Base Fuse for Shell.
6. Complete Cartridge and Projectile.

The "Dolphin," the smallest of these pioneers of the new navy, though the first to be placed in commission for service, is designed for use as a dispatch-boat. Having been built with the view of maintaining a high rate f speed, she does not differ greatly in her construction from that of an ordinary ocean steamer. The length of the vessel is 256 feet, width 32 feet, draught of water 14 feet, and the speed attained is about 15 knots per hour. Although not intended for fighting purposes, the "Dolphin" carries one 6-inch breech-loading steel rifle and four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the latter mounted in bullet-proof towers.

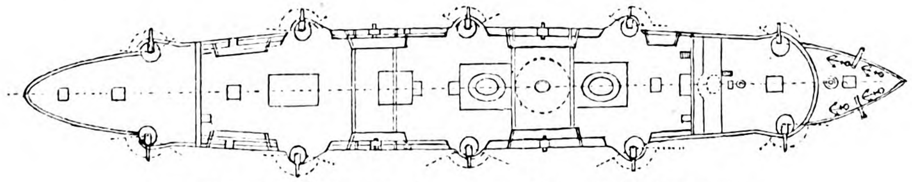
The adage that "a navy cannot be built in a day" is clearly illustrated by the history of the construction of these vessels. Although four years have elapsed since work upon them was begun, only two are at the present writing ready for service at sea. Nor is it strange

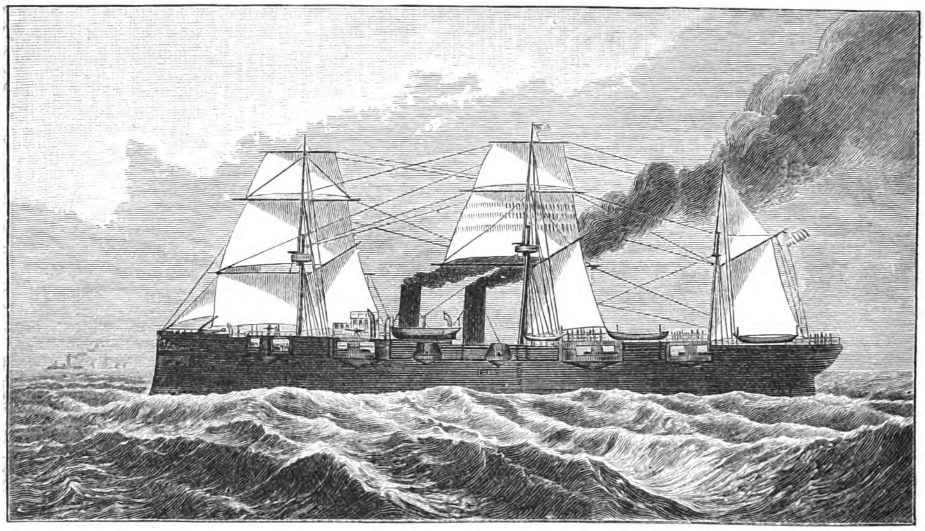


United States Twin-screw Steel Cruiser "Charleston," that this should be true. The experience of foreign governments shows that delays in the building of modern ships are inevitable. The science of ship-construction is a progressive one, and changes in the plans of vessels even after the work of building has commenced, are often unavoidable. But with the experience our manufacturers have already gained in the production of steel for ships, and with the aid of the Office of Naval Intelligence, a bureau of the Navy Department, whose duty is to keep informed upon the latest developments in all branches of naval science throughout the world, it may be reasonably expected that in the future such delays and changes will be reduced to a minimum.


United States Steel Cruiser "Baltimore."

In March, 1885, the President approved an Act of Congress authorizing the construction of five vessels for the navy. The law requires that they shall be built of American steel with a tensile strength of 60,000 pounds per square inch. Three of these ships are to be unarmored steel cruisers, and have been recently christened the "Charleston," the "Baltimore" and the "Newark;" the remaining two, as yet unnamed, are designated upon the navy list as "Gunboat No. 1" and "Gunboat No. 2." All are now under construction except the "Newark"—the "Charleston" at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, at a contract price of $1,017,500; the "Baltimore" and the "Gunboat No. 1" at the Messrs. Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, at a contract price of $1,325,000 and $450,000 respectively; and "Gunboat No. 2" at the Columbia Iron Works, Baltimore, at a price of $247,000. All of these vessels will be divided into numerous water-tight compartments, and provided with electric incandescent lamps for interior lighting, and will have powerful search-lights for illuminating the surrounding water at night; and all, excepting the smaller gunboat, will have the bows additionally strengthened to withstand the shock of ramming

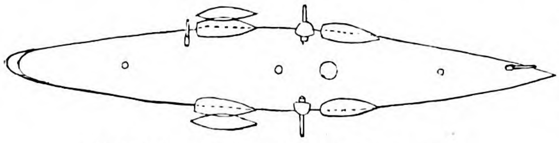

Deck Plan of United States Steel Cruiser "Baltimore," showing Battery.



United States Twin-screw Steel Cruiser "Newark."

an enemy. Their engines, boilers, and steering machinery will be covered by a steel arched, or "turtle-back" deck, and protected on the sides by coal-armor. The "Charleston" and "Baltimore" will have what are technically known as "military masts"—iron masts fitted with circular platforms elevated thirty or forty feet above the upper deck, and designed for working Gatling or Hotchkiss machine guns.

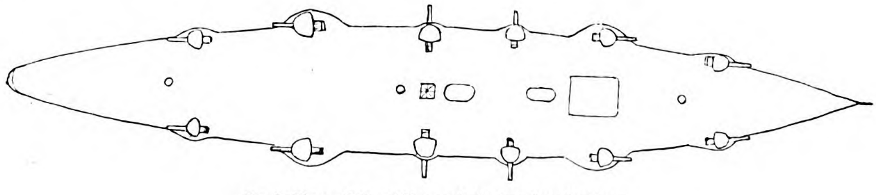
The accompanying illustrations will give the reader an accurate idea of the general appearance of the ships when completed.



Deck Plan of Gunboat No. 1, showing Battery.

The "Baltimore," the largest of the cruisers, will be 335 feet long, 48 feet 8 inches wide, with a draught of 19 feet 6 inches of water and a displacement of 4,413 tons. She will carry a crew of 320 men. The engines will be of the triple-expansion compound type, developing 7,500 horse-power with a natural draft and 10,500 horse-power with forced combustion. The ship will have twin propellers, and is expected to attain a speed of 19½ knots per hour. Her coal-carrying capacity will be 600 tons, but provision can be made in case of necessity for 900 tons—an amount sufficient for a passage of 8,500 miles at 11 knots, or 14,000 miles at 8 knots per hour.

The armament consists of four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading steel rifles; eight single-shot and two revolving Hotchkiss cannon; one Gatling gun, and five launching-tubes for discharging torpedoes.

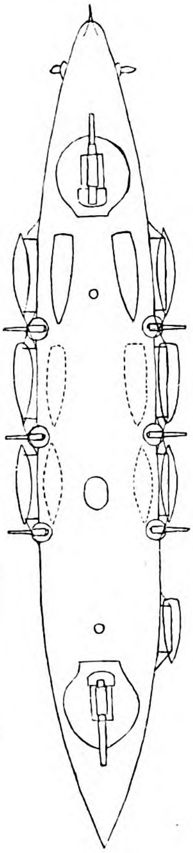


Deck Plan of the "Newark," showing Battery.

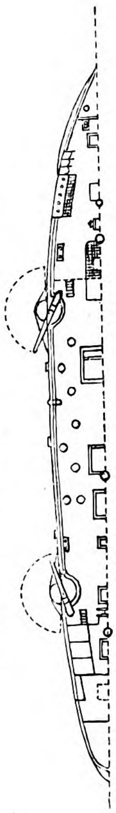
The "Newark," upon which the work of construction has not yet begun, will be a twin-screw steel vessel of 4,083 tons displacement, 310 feet long, 49 feet 1¾ inches wide, with a draught of 18 feet 9 inches of water. The vessel will be provided with auxiliary sail-power, the rig being that of a barque, and will carry a complement of 300 men. She is expected to develop 6,000 horse-power with natural draft, or 8,500 horse-power with forced draft, and to attain a speed of 18 knots per hour. The battery will consist of twelve 6-inch breech-loading steel rifles; six revolving and two single-shot Hotchkiss cannon; one Gatling gun and six launching-tubes for discharging torpedoes.

The "Charleston" will be practically a duplicate of a ship recently built in England for the Government of Japan, the "Naniwa-Kan," which has proved to be the fastest vessel of her class in the world. This ship is 300 feet long, 46 feet wide, with an average draft of 18 feet 6 inches of water, and a displacement of 3,750 tons. The complement of men is 325. Her coal-carrying capacity is sufficient for a voyage of 8,500 miles at 10 knots per hour, or 11,000 miles at 8 knots.

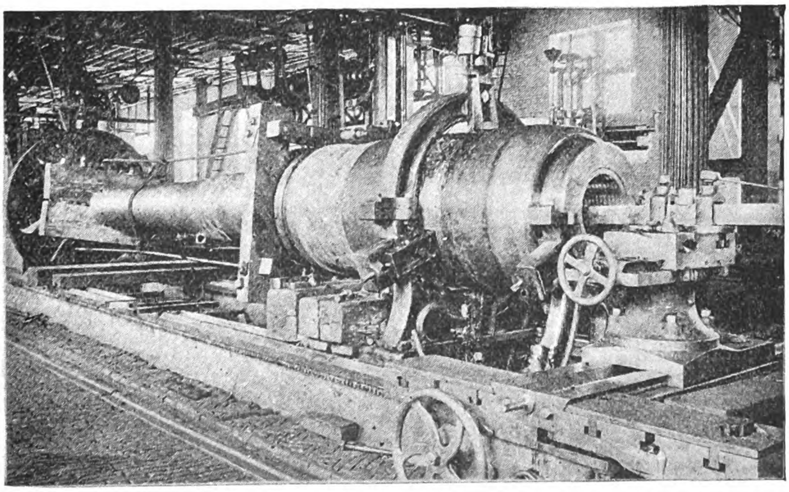
The armament consists of two 10-inch breech-loading steel rifles, capable of piercing 20 inches of solid wrought-iron armor; six 6-inch steel rifles; a number



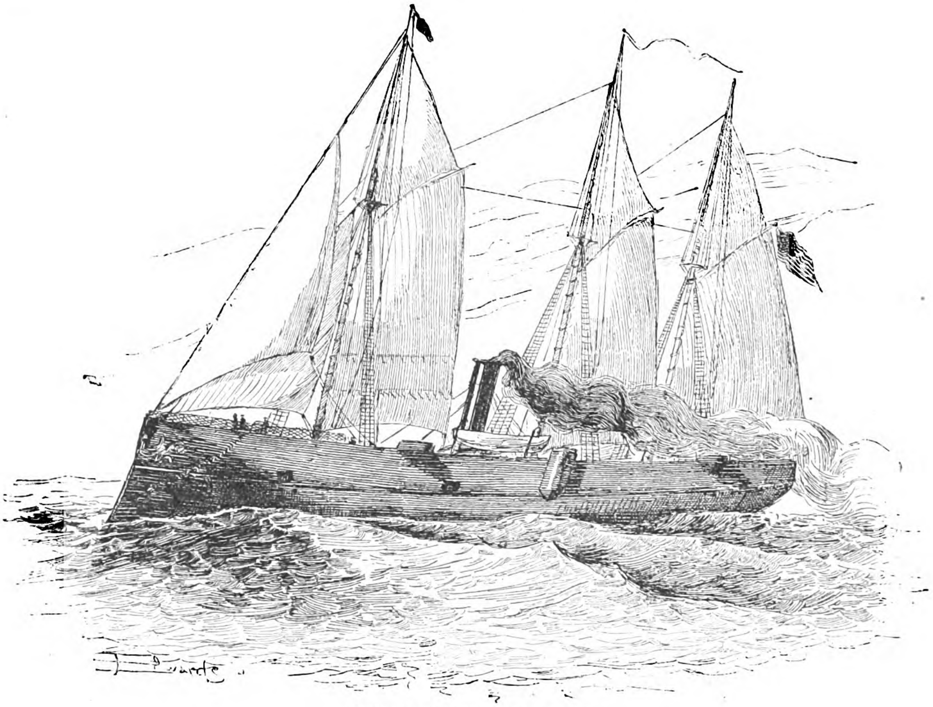
Deck Plan of the "Charleston," showing Battery.



Deck Plan of United States Gunboat No. 2, showing Battery.



Ten-inch Breech-loading Steel Rifle, in process of construction at Washington Navy Yard, D. C.
Cutting Screw-thread for Breech-closing Apparatus.

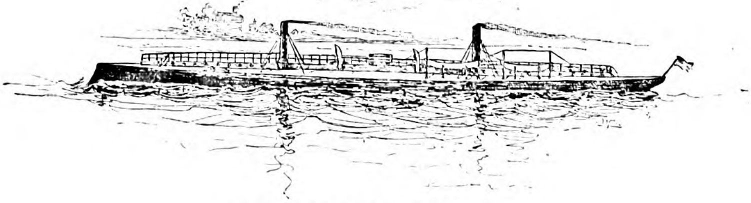


United States Gunboat No. 1.

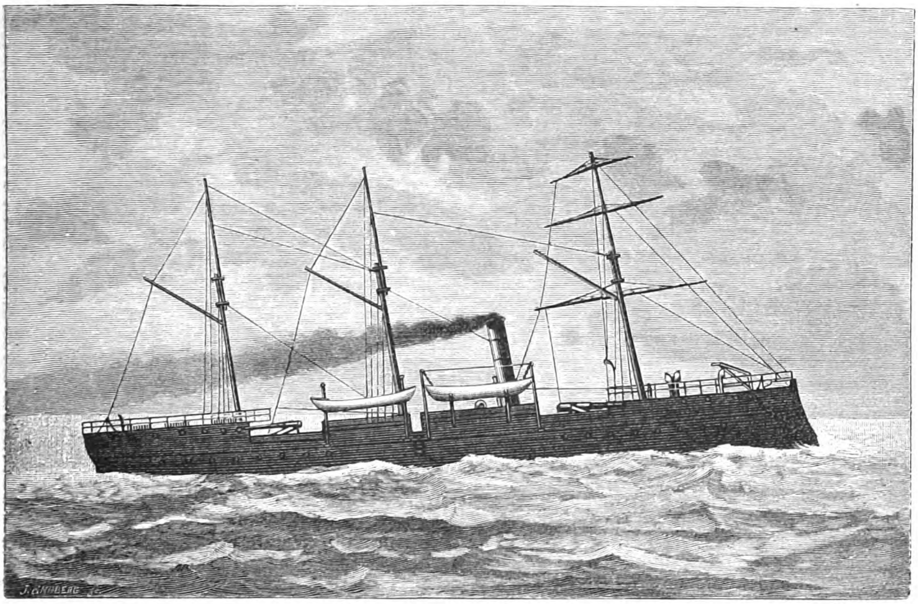
of Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, and four launching-tubes for torpedoes. The two 10-inch rifles are mounted on the upper deck upon pivot carriages, one forward and the other near the after end of the ship, and are provided with hydraulic machinery for revolving the guns so as to fire in any desired direction. The 6-inch rifles will be mounted in broadside, as shown in the accompanying deck-plan of the vessel.

"Gunboat No. 1" will be 230 feet long, 30 feet wide, with a draught of 14 feet of water and a displacement of 1,700 tons. She will carry a crew of 150 men, is expected to attain a speed of 16 knots per hour, and will be armed with six 6-inch steel rifles, in addition to four Hotchkiss cannon and one Gatling gun. The rig will be that of a three-masted schooner.

"Gunboat No. 2" will be considerably smaller than her companion, the length being 175 feet, width 31 feet, draught of water 11 feet 10 inches, and displacement 870 tons. The complement of men will be 100, and the speed about 12 knots per hour. Her battery consists of four 6-inch steel rifles and four Hotchkiss cannon. The rig will be that of a bark-



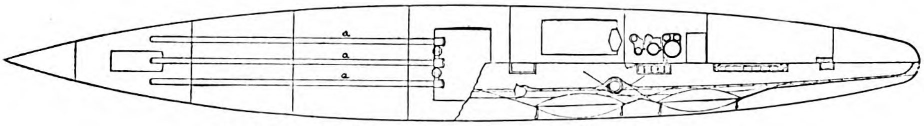
United States Dynamite Cruiser.



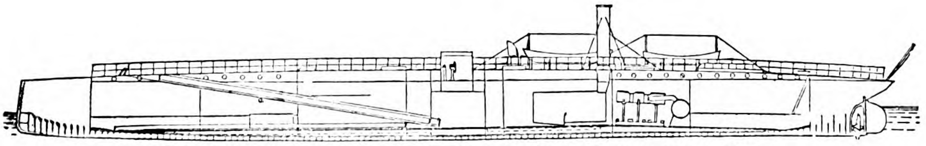
United States Gunboat No. 2.

entine. The batteries of the gunboats will be mounted in broadside.

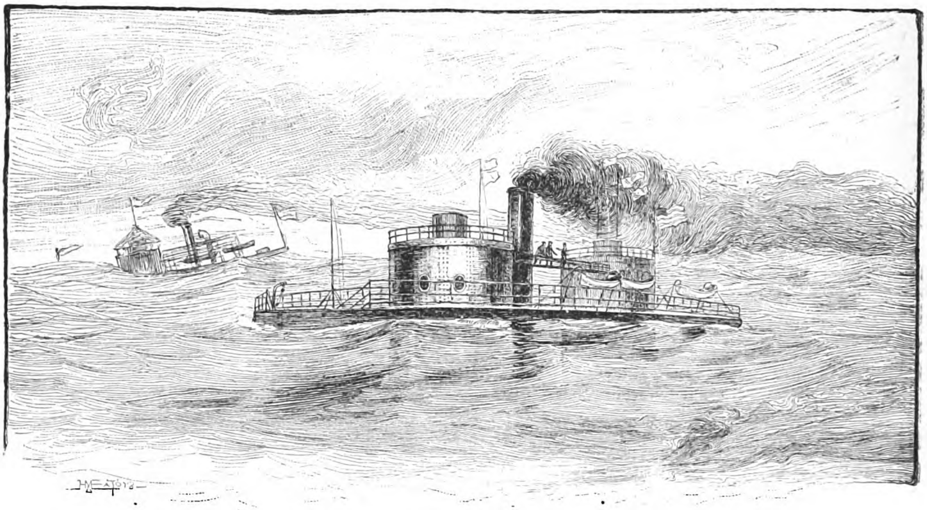
Within the limited space allotted to this paper little more can be said than to touch briefly upon the main features that will characterize the ships of the new navy. There is another class of vessels, as yet unmentioned, which, although comparatively old in design, will constitute an important factor in the new navy. They are the five double-turreted monitors, "Terror," "Puritan," "Amphitrite," "Miantonomoh," and "Monadnock," about whose completion Congress so long hesitated in spite of urgent recommendations of the Naval Advisory Board that they be promptly finished. These vessels were begun in 1874–'75 and launched in 1883, but before the completion of their turrets and while otherwise in an unfinished state, work upon them was stopped for want of the requisite appropriation of funds. By a recent Act of Congress this obstacle has been removed, and they will be, consequently, soon completed and ready for service. One of our illustrations shows the "Puritan," the largest of these ships, as she will appear when finished and equipped for sea. Her turrets are to be of steel 16 inches in thickness, while the sides of the vessel will be protected by 12 inches of the same metal, and she will be capable of attaining a speed of 13½ knots per hour. The remaining four monitors will have 11-inch turrets



Deck Plan of Dynamite Cruiser. *a a a*, Dynamite Guns.



Longitudinal, Vertical Section of Dynamite Cruiser. *a*, Dynamite Gun.

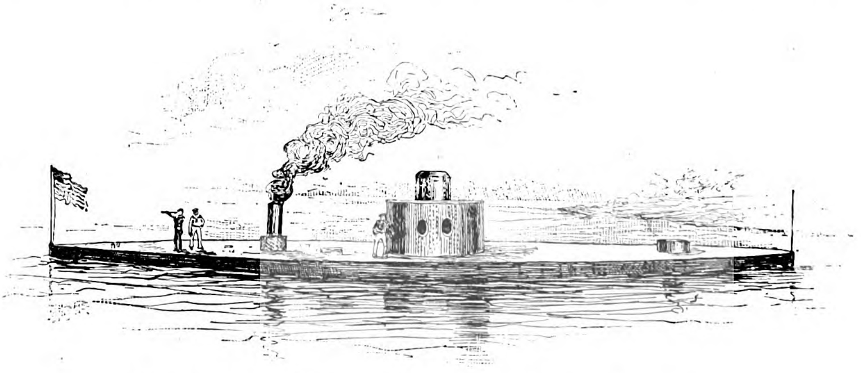


United States Double-turreted Monitor "Puritan."

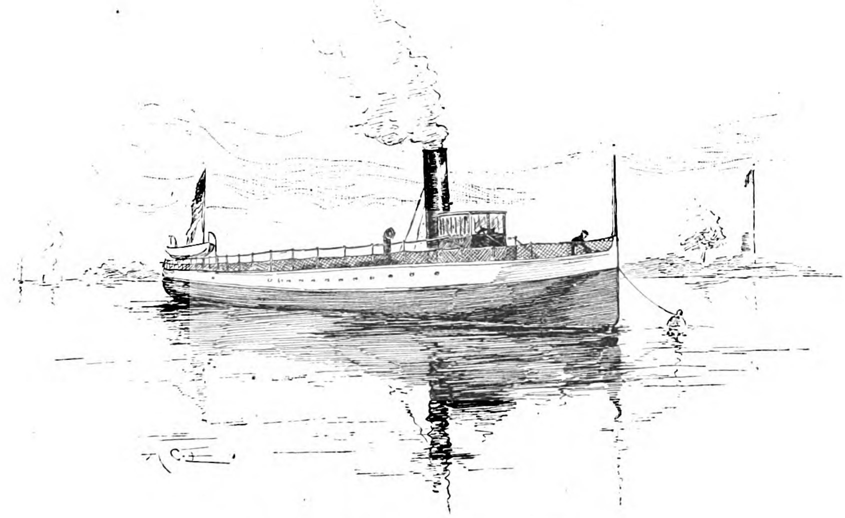
and 7 inches of side armor, with a speed of about 10 knots.

In August, 1886, the building of five additional ships was authorized by Congress. They are to consist of two seagoing armored vessels of about 6,000 tons displacement, capable of maintaining a speed of 16 knots per hour; one partially armored cruiser of between 3,500 and 5,000 tons, to attain the highest practicable speed; one torpedo-boat, and a "pneumatic, dynamite-gun cruiser."

Only the last named vessel has yet been designed. The contract for building this remarkable craft has been awarded to Messrs. Cramp, of Philadelphia, at a price of $350,000. The vessel will be 239 feet long, 26½ feet wide, with a draught of 7½ feet of water and a speed of 20 knots per hour. The chief peculiarity lies in the proposed armament. This will consist of three pneumatic, dynamite torpedo-guns, of 10½ inches calibre, each capable of throwing a torpedo charged with 200 pounds of dynamite a distance of at least one mile. The largest of these novel pieces of ordnance yet constructed is of 8 inches calibre and has a range of 2¼ miles, so that the inventors confidently expect that the proposed 10½ inch guns will easily exceed the stipulated range of one mile. The guns will be placed side by side in the forward part of the vessel, as shown in one of the accompanying plans, and each will be capable of discharging a torpedo



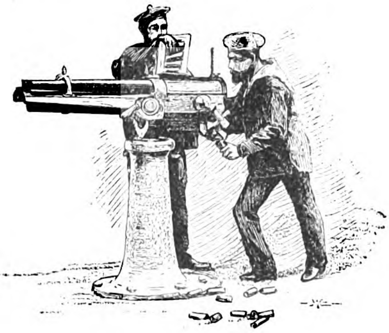
United States Single-turreted Monitor, with deck cleared for action.



United States Torpedo-boat "Stiletto."

once in two minutes. They consist of tubes, or gun-barrels, made and lined with brass to give a smooth interior, each upwards of 60 feet in length. The rear, or breech end of the gun is connected with an air reservoir kept under great pressure by a steam air-pump. The gun is loaded at the breech. The projectile is a steel torpedo provided with either a fuse which causes the explosion upon impact with the enemy's ship, or with an "immersion-fuse" which requires to be moistened before igniting the charge, and thus explodes the torpedo after it has sunk below the surface of the water. The discharge is effected by means of a "firing-lever" which opens the connecting valves and permits the highly compressed air to enter the gun-barrel behind the torpedo, and as the latter leaves the muzzle the valves close automatically.

One of the final acts of the last Congress was the passage of a law, March 3d, 1887, authorizing the building of four more new vessels. Two of these are to be steel cruisers of about 5,000 tons each, and are to attain a speed of 19 knots; the remaining two are to be gunboats of 1,700 tons, capable of attaining a speed of 16 knots per hour. The designs for these vessels have not been fully decided upon, but it is probable that the cruisers will be similar to the "Newark," and that the gunboats will be closely modeled after the "Gunboat No. 1" already under construction. This same act of March 3rd, 1887, authorized also the purchase of the famous steam yacht "Stiletto" with the view of transforming her into a torpedo boat, and the purchase has been recently effected at a price of $25,000. The "Stiletto," already so widely known for her phenomenal speed, has thus acquired the added distinction of being the first United States torpedo



Hotchkiss Revolving Gun.

boat of anything like a modern type. She is built of wood with iron braces; length 94 feet, width 11 feet, draught of water 3½ feet, speed 26½ miles per hour. The armament will consist of a number of automobile torpedoes, and perhaps one or two Hotchkiss revolving cannon. The torpedoes are designed to be carried on board the boat, whose great speed would enable her to overtake the fastest iron-clad, and upon coming within their effective range they are to be discharged at the enemy. The torpedoes are launched from the boat through guide-tubes arranged for that purpose, after which, upon reaching the water, they are propelled by their own engines and explode upon impact with any solid body like the hull of a ship.

It is probable that in the event of war an auxiliary navy would be called into service from the regular lines of American steamers. These would be armed with a few of the small, high-powered modern guns and turned into "commerce destroyers." With the object of ascertaining the number and speed of such merchant steamers as could be quickly transformed into lightly armed cruisers, a series of investigations has been recently made at the instance of the Government. The results show that there are now sixty-nine vessels that would be available as an auxiliary naval force. Of these, eleven are capable of maintaining a speed of 15 knots per hour; fifteen, a speed of 14 knots; sixteen, 13 knots; eleven, 12 knots, and sixteen a speed of 11 knots per hour.

The subjoined tables, prepared in the Office of Naval Intelligence, at the Navy Department, give a *résumé* of the vessels that are to compose our new navy. A comparison of their numbers with those of other nations, as shown at the bottom of the table, will indicate that we have as yet taken only the first steps towards the defence of our coasts and the protection of our ocean commerce.

SYNOPSIS OF THE NEW NAVY.

ARMORED VESSELS.	Present Condition.	Material of which built.	Displacement.	Length, ft.	Width, feet.	Draught of Water.	Speed.	Horse Power.	ARMAMENT. (In addition, all have Hotchkiss and Gatling Guns.)	Armor on Sides.	Armor on Turrets.	Estimated Cost.
Puritan	Completing.	Iron.	6000	280	60	18	13¼	4100	4 10½-in. Guns.	12 in. Steel.	16 in. Steel.	$2,300,970
Miantonomoh	"	"	3887	250	56½	14	10½	1426	4 10 " "	7 in. W. I.	12½ in. W. I.	1,637,110
Amphitrite	"	"	3887	250	56½	14	10	1600	4 10 " "	" Steel.	12½ in. St'l.	1,590,930
Monadnock	"	"	3887	250	56½	14	10	1600	4 10 " "	" "	" "	1,592,849
Terror	"	"	3887	250	56½	14	10	1600	4 10 " "	" "	" "	1,891,077
Armored Cruiser, No. 1	Not design'd	Steel.	6000	..	..	..	17	..	4 10-in. & 6 6-in. } Tor.	....	....	2,500,000
" " " 2	"	"	6000	..	..	..	17	..	2 12-in. & 6 6-in. }	....	....	2,500,000
UNARMORED VESSELS.												
Chicago	Completing.	Steel.	4500	315	48	20½	15	5000	4 8-in. & 8 6-in. Guns.	None.	None.	$1,576,854
Boston	Commiss'n'd	"	3000	270	42	18½	14	3500	2 8-in. & 6 6-in. "	"	"	1,031,225
Atlanta	"	"	3000	270	42	18½	14	3500	2 8-in. & 6 6 in. "	"	"	1,031,225
Dolphin	"	"	1485	240	32	14¼	15	2300	1 6-in. Gun.	"	"	460,000
Charleston	Building.	"	3730	300	46	19½	18	7500	2 10-in. & 6 6-in. } Torpedoes.	"	"	1,017,500
Baltimore	"	"	4413	315	48½	21	19	10500	4 8-in. & 8 6-in. }	"	"	1,325,000
Newark	Not begun.	"	4083	310	49	20½	18	8500	12 6-in. }	"	"	1,300,000
Gunboat No 1	"	"	1700	230	36	15	16	3300	6 6-in. }	"	"	455,000
" " 2	"	"	870	175	31	12½	13	1300	4 6-in. }	"	"	247,000
Cruiser No. 1	Not design'd	"	5000	..	..	..	19	..	....	"	"	1,500,000
" " 2	"	"	5000	..	..	..	19	..	....	"	"	1,500 000
Gunboat No. 3	"	"	1700	..	..	..	16	..	....	"	"	550,000
" " 4	"	"	1700	..	..	..	16	..	....	"	"	550.000
Torpedo Boat, 1st cl	"	"	108	..	..	..	23	..	....	"	"	100,000
" " 2d " (Stiletto)	Completed.	W'd.	35	..	..	..	..	..	....	"	"	25 000
Dynamite Cruiser	Building.	Steel.	..	239	26½	7½	20	3200	3 10½-in. Dynamite.	"	"	350 000
Floating Batteries, etc	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....	....	....	2,000,000

NUMBER OF VESSELS OF THE PRINCIPAL FOREIGN NAVIES.

NATION.	Armored.		Cruisers.		Torpedo Vessels.		Torpedo Boats.	
	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.	Complete.	Building.
England	51	12	62	13	3	15	81	59
France	49	13	64	10	2	10	68	60
Russia	25	4	26	3	1	2	123	13
Germany	23	..	23	6	3	1	58	32
Italy	15	7	8	4	1	10	55	28
Austria	12	2	10	..	5	2	28	10

THE MILITARY SYSTEM OF CANADA.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

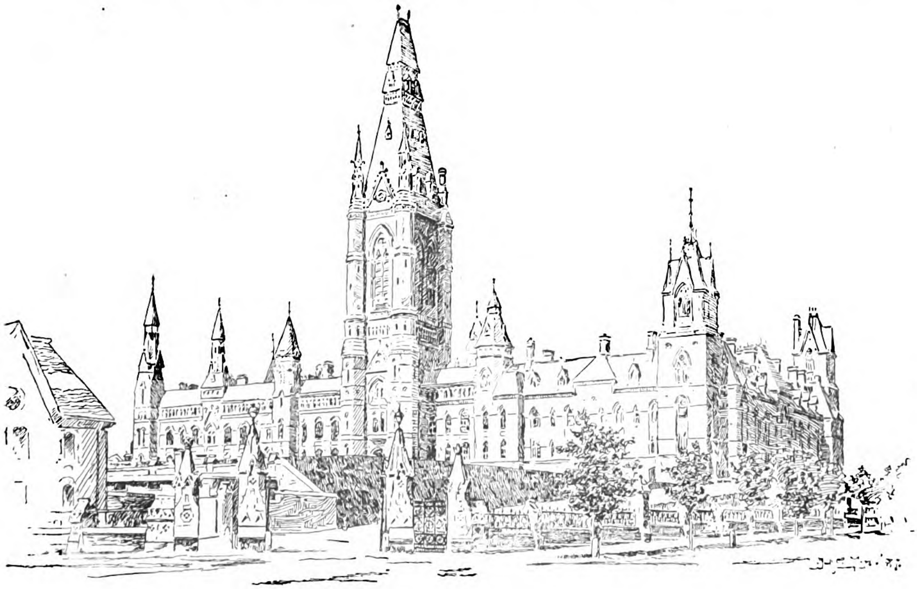
THE Canadians are not naturally a war-loving people. The vast majority of them are far more expert at handling the pen or the plough than the sword or rifle, and would very much prefer driving a good bargain over the counter to winning a brilliant victory on the tented field. But, for all this, the warm blood of England, Scotland, Ireland and La Belle (may I not say, *bellicose*) France has not turned to gelid milk since it crossed the ocean from the motherlands; and, as past history proves, should any foe, rashly presuming upon this practical peace-loving temper of the nation, "cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war," the unanimous vigor with which the Canadians would put into effect the famous jingo song :

We don't want to fight,
But—by Jingo ! if we do,
We've got the men, and we've got the might,
And we've got the money too.

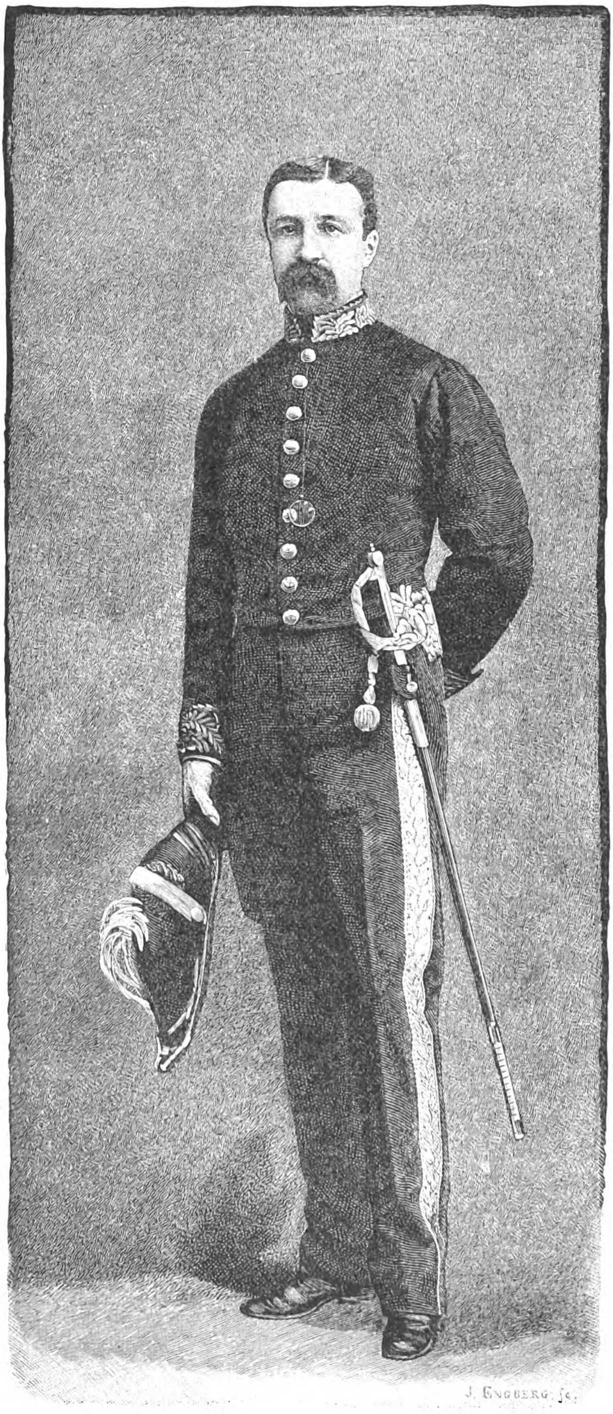
could hardly fail to convince their assailant of the sound wisdom taught by the old adage, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

The foregoing words may perhaps have a boastful sound, but that it is not by any means an empty boast let the brief review of the military system of Canada, which it is the purpose of this article to present, bear witness.

Previous to the confederation of the Canadian Provinces into one Dominion, the British Government assumed almost entire responsibility for the country's defence. It held fortifications, barracks, and military and naval reserve lands, and maintained garrisons in each of the Provinces, while every Province had a more or less efficient volunteer militia as an auxiliary force. At the same time it has always been a part of the Imperial policy to urge upon the Colonies in all parts of the world the importance of providing so far as possible their own means of defence—by land at all events ; and one of the chief reasons why the British authorities took so hearty an interest in the scheme of confederation, was that when thus united together under one government, the Canadian Colonies would be in a far better position to provide adequate means



DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE, OTTAWA.



J. Engberg. sc.

SIR ADOLPHE CARON, K. C. M. G.,
Minister of Militia and Defence.

of self-defence than when they were simply a chain of independent provinces.

It was in 1867 that Confederation was consummated, and the newly formed Dominion of Canada evinced a commendable alacrity in accepting the responsibility of looking after herself, by passing two years later Cartier's famous Militia and Defence Act, upon the lines laid down in which statute the present very creditable and complete military organization has been gradually built up.

From the outset the Imperial authorities afforded every possible assistance by lending the services of experienced officers, furnishing supplies at cost price, and otherwise giving facilities ; and these important privileges are still continued. Moreover, when carrying out the work of evacuation, they performed it very gradually, in order to give the people time to accustom themselves to the new order of things, so that it was 1871 before all the garrisons were withdrawn, with the exception of two, namely at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Victoria, British Columbia. Those two ports, being the key to the British possessions on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, are still maintained as strongly fortified military and naval stations. The year 1871 therefore marks the beginning of Canada's military independence. Thenceforward she was in the main to be her own champion, although it need hardly be said that in event of any serious complication arising, the mighty arm of the mother country would be as much round her as before.

While of course it was very flattering and delightful to feel that they were now to be permitted to go alone, so to speak, the withdrawal of the British troops was much regretted by the Canadian people. Particularly was this felt by the fairer portion of the population, for whom, ever since soldiers sported red-coats, that special style of habiliment has had more potent attractions than any other kind of masculine garment; and by the shopkeepers, who had found Captain De Boots and Tommy Atkins very liberal purchasers, if not always very good pay. But in due time, with the exceptions above noted, the British soldiers were all gone, and the ladies, the shopkeepers, and the country generally had nothing better than homemade warriors wherewith to content themselves.

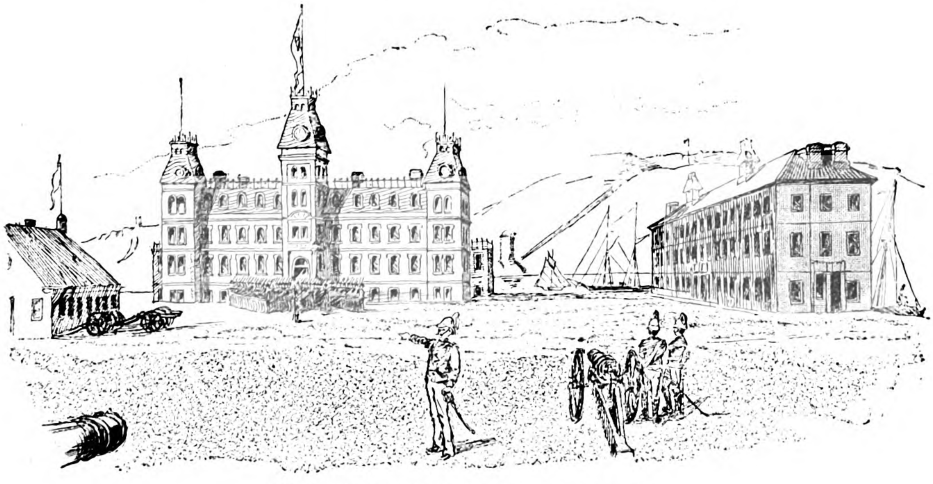
The present military system of Canada may be thus summed up:

1. A Permanent Departmental, or Administrative Organization, located at Ottawa, and presided over by the Minister of Militia and Defence, who holds a seat in the Cabinet, and in many respects corresponds to the Secretary of War of the United States.

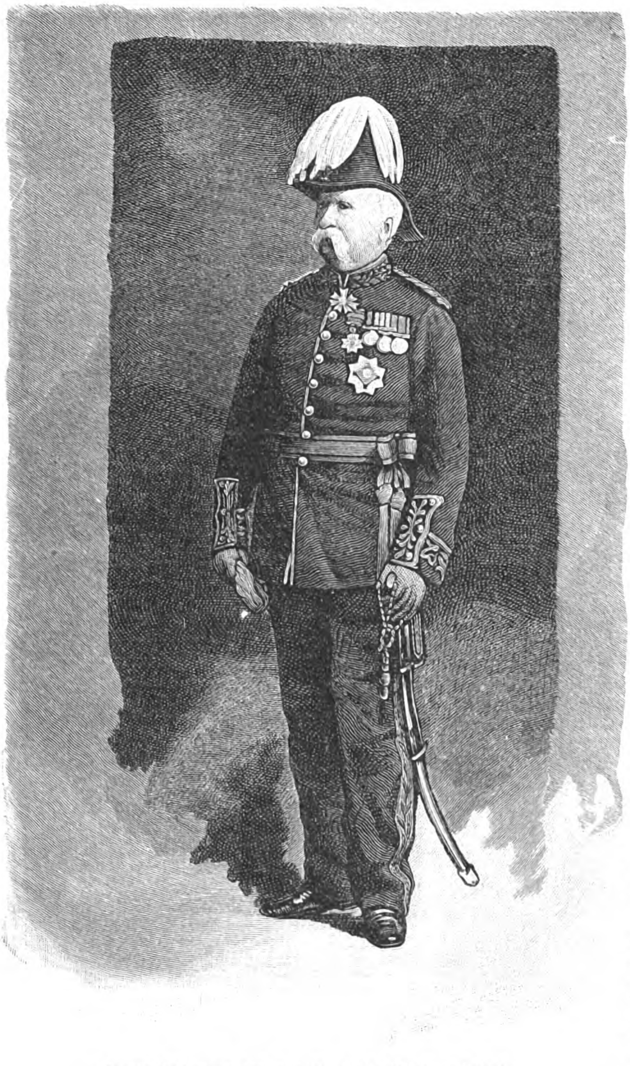
2. A Permanent Military Staff at headquarters, presided over by the general officer commanding the forces, who is always some distinguished officer of the British Army lent to Canada for a period. There is also a small permanent staff in each of the twelve military districts into which the Dominion is divided.

3. A small number of Permanent Corps, whose members enlist for three years' continuous service under pay; and while doing garrison duty, and available at a moment's notice for field-service, their organizations form schools of military instruction, to which officers and non-commissioned officers of the volunteer service can attach themselves for courses of training and study, under pay, in order to qualify themselves for commissions in the militia. A more thorough and elaborate course of study is further provided by the Royal Military College at Kingston (the Canadian West Point), where a four-years' course for cadets under a highly organized staff is obtainable.

4. The Active Militia, consisting in round numbers of 37,000 volunteers, are citizen soldiers in the truest sense. They are armed and equipped by the Government, but paid only for the short periods of annual drill required by the regulations, or when called out by the Crown for the defence of the country from invasion, or for the suppression of rebellion, or when ordered out in aid of the civil power upon requisition of magistrates—as, for instance, in the event of actual or apprehended riots.



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDK. MIDDLETON, K. C. M. G.,
In Command of Canadian Militia.

The law provides for the maintenance of a due strength of active militia by ballot, should that be necessary. But it is not. On the contrary, to so large a degree have the people inherited the martial spirit of their ancestors, that the Militia Department has continuously had applications for permission to organize volunteer corps, much in excess of the quota for whose proper equipment and training the resources of the department can provide.

5. And last is the Reserve Militia, consisting, as the statute declares, of the "whole of the men who are not serving in the Active Militia," between the ages of eighteen and sixty, with some few clearly defined exceptions. It comprises, therefore, the entire able-bodied male population, liable to military service upon grave emergency, but neither mustered, armed, nor drilled. The strength of this Reserve at present, according to the census statistics, would be about 1,000,000 men, whom the law divides into four classes according to their age and the strength of family claims upon them for support.

In order that the enrolment may be carefully taken, and the Militia organization perfected for purposes of command, the whole country is divided into Military Districts, sub-divided into Brigade Divisions, again into Regimental Divisions, and lastly into Company Divisions. So as to interfere as little as possible with ordinary routine, the limits of these regimental and company divisions are made as nearly as practicable identical with the limits of the territorial divisions for electoral and municipal purposes.

The heart of the entire system is, of course, at Ottawa, where one of the most extensive and important government departments is that devoted to militia and defence. It is presided over by Sir Adolphe Caron, K.C.M.G., who has been Minister of Militia for the past six years, and has shown himself to be possessed of every quality requisite for a successful discharge of the duties appertaining to that responsible office. A lawyer by profession, and a politician by preference, the battles in which he has been engaged have, it is true, been fought out either at the bar, the hustings, or in the House, but he has, notwithstanding, had full scope for the display of those administrative abilities which are not less necessary than strategic genius in the head of a great military system. His knighthood he owes to the remarkable energy, resource and resolution shown by him during the trying and troublous times when the Riel Rebellion threatened to split the Dominion asunder.

Next to him in importance, from the military point of view, comes Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B., who is the general officer commanding the militia of Canada. He bears the honorable reputation of being one of the best and bravest soldiers in the British army, having served with great distinction against the Maoris in New Zealand and the Sepoys in India, and having been present at the relief of Lucknow, and in the campaign in Oude. He was again and again mentioned in the despatches, and was twice recommended for the Victoria Cross. Altogether he has had his full share of fire-eating and has everywhere displayed the highest soldierly qualities. Canada has enjoyed the benefit of his experience since 1884, he having been Commandant of the Military College in England previous to his assuming command of the Canadian militia. So brilliant was his management of affairs during the Riel Rebellion that Her Majesty was moved to confer the honor of knighthood, while the grateful Canadians voted him the sum of $20,000.

The administrative work of the Militia Department is divided into two branches, which may be called the Military and Civil; the latter, under the direction of the Deputy Minister, Colonel Panet, holding the purse-strings and attending to all questions of property, material and supplies; the former, under the Adjutant-General, Colonel Walker Powell, having the management of the men, and generally of everything that pertains to the drill, efficiency, and development of the different corps scattered over the country.

As Adjutant-General, Colonel Powell takes command whenever General Middleton is away from headquarters, and may therefore to that extent be considered his assistant. His position during the rebellion was one of extreme responsibility and anxiety, for the burden of providing and organizing the forces fell chiefly upon him; and although he had not, like General Middleton, the opportunity of winning glory in the field, he did not fail to obtain the admiration and respect of all by the energy and tact with which he met and overcame difficulties.

Reference was made in a preceding paragraph to the military spirit of the Canadians, as evinced by the fact that there were always more wanting to enlist than the annual appropriations would permit. This fondness for the pomp and trappings of war is found particularly throughout the English provinces. In the French province it is largely confined to the cities, the rural population caring little for such things. From the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific the blare of bugle, the roll of drum, and the measured tramp of marching feet may be heard in every city, town and village during certain portions of the year.

In addition to the drill done at their own homes, the City Corps, which number about 10,000 men, and the Rural Corps, comprising the rest of the 37,000 on the Active Militia roll, are drilled in camps of exercise for a period of twelve days, the former every year, the latter once in two years. This camping out is very thoroughly enjoyed by the men, combining as it does some of the experience of actual campaigning with the pleasant phases of a huge picnic party. The strictest military discipline is of course maintained at the camp, and the officers in command, naturally enough, lose no opportunity to assert their power over those under their martial sway. Indeed, if the stories that sometimes stray into civilian circles from these military gatherings be true, there are those who when dressed in a little brief authority, play such fantastic tricks as to make their fellow-men laugh very heartily, even if angels do not weep. We all love to exercise a little tyranny, and human nature will reveal itself even through the disguise of a huge busby, a red coat richly bedizened with gold lace, broad-striped trousers and a clanking sword.

One of the most potent attractions that enrolment in the militia holds out to the young man with strength enough to handle a rifle, and nerve enough to shoot straight with it, is the system of firing competitions, which is about as complete as it well could be. It begins with each company in a regiment having its annual competition, which is confined to its own members. Then the whole regiment unites for a competition on a larger scale. Then each province gathers its riflemen together into one general contest, at which substantial prizes are held out to the successful shooters. Finally, the Dominion authorities every autumn summon to Ottawa the picked men from each province, and these compete with one another on the Rideau Rifle Range, Ottawa, for really splendid prizes in the form of trophies, cups and money, the latter ranging from sums like two hundred and fifty dollars down to five, while the former comprise some costly works of art.

Tempting as these prizes are, however, there is an honor which the contestants value more highly than the best of them, and that is to be among the top twenty in the grand aggregate; for this means being one of those lucky fellows who will the following year be sent by the government across the ocean to try their skill in marksmanship against the riflemen of Great Britain, India, and Australia, upon the historic Wimbledon Common. Naturally therefore a position on this Wimbledon team is very eagerly coveted, for it means a delightful trip under the pleasantest possible auspices, a jolly good time in merry old England, an opportunity to compare notes with some of the finest volunteer forces in the world, beside of course the chance to win both glory and gold by doing well at the butts.

The Canadians have, as a rule, done well too. It is a poor year in which they do not carry off many more prizes than are proportioned to their numbers compared with the total of competitors, and in some years they have fairly covered themselves with glory.

They have for instance several times carried off that much coveted trophy the Kolapore Cup, for which Mother England competes against her colonial children.

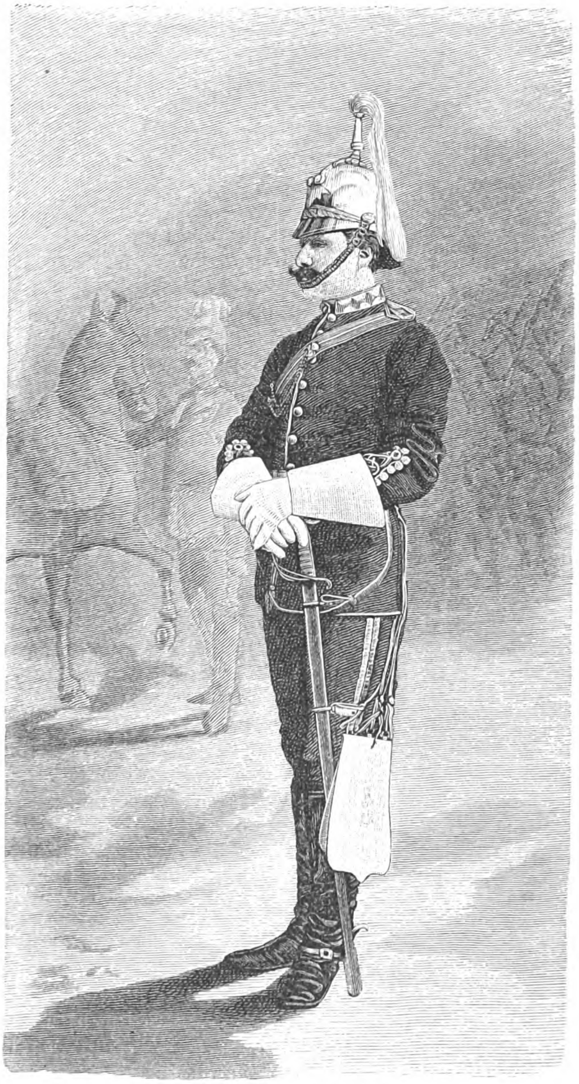
Another trans-Atlantic competition in which the heroes of the Canadian forces engage is in the management of artillery and heavy ordnance. This takes place annually at Shoeburyness, and a team of artillerymen whose brawn is equalled only by their skill, is carefully chosen from the different batteries and sent over. The success of this team has been nothing short of phenomenal. Year after year it has swept everything before it, winning almost every prize for which it entered, and causing the highest opinion of Canadian means and methods to be entertained by the military magnates of Great Britain.

It would be a very pleasant, and surely profitable thing, if some friendly competitions along similar lines could be arranged between the picked warriors of Canada and the United States. Now that so hearty and amicable a rivalry has developed between the two nations in the arts and sports of peace, it might surely be extended to the operations of war. We would like to see something come of this suggestion, for the scheme if wisely carried out could hardly fail to prove mutually advantageous.

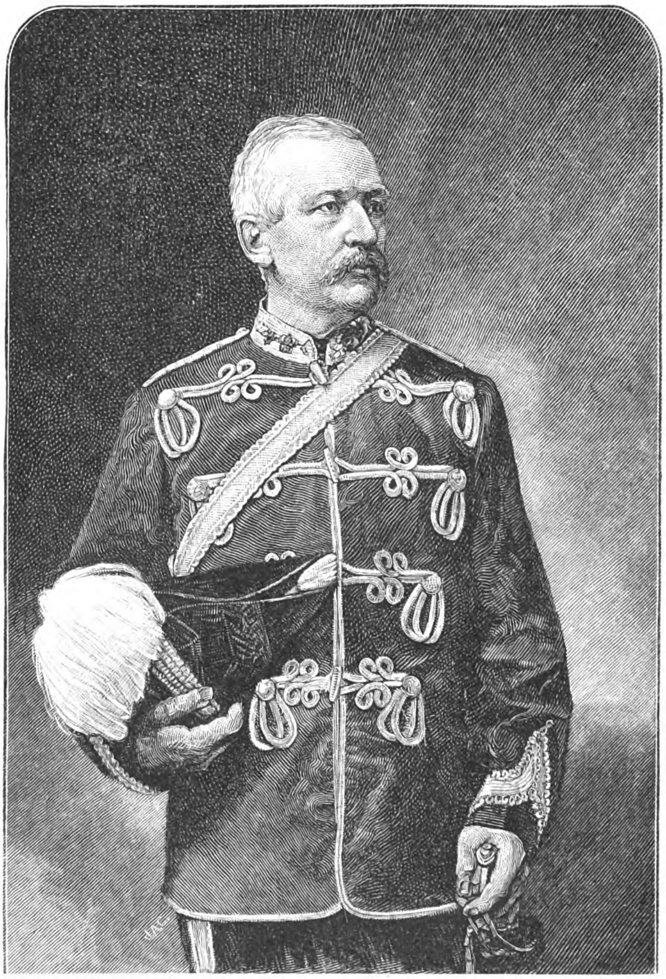
The Canadian authorities fully recognize that it is not sufficient to have plenty of men willing to serve in their militia, and abundance of equipment for them when enrolled. An equally important matter is that they should be provided with well-trained and competent officers, who will command their respect and obedience. Accordingly, a very excellent system for the instruction of the officers (dating from the year 1864, when apprehensions were entertained of serious international trouble arising out of the Trent affair), has been arranged, whereby military schools are maintained in nearly all of the provinces. Thus the ancient citadel of Quebec, although no longer garrisoned with the red-coated infantry and blue-coated artillery of old England, has in their place a permanent corps of Canadian militia, known as B Battery, and also a troop of cavalry, the duties of both including the training of officers who come there for courses of instruction. At Kingston, Ontario, A Battery, and at Victoria, British Columbia, C Battery, have the same work to perform: while infantry school corps have been established for a like purpose at Fredericton, New Brunswick; St. John's, Quebec; Toronto and London in Ontario; and finally there is a school of mounted infantry at Winnipeg. There are thus nine schools in all, so located as to afford officers desiring to make themselves thoroughly conversant with their drill and duties the opportunity of doing so without having to go very far from home.

The apex of the Canadian system of instruction in martial matters is to be found at Kingston, where the Royal Military College, established in 1875, has been steadily growing in prestige and success. The object of this institution is to impart a complete education in all branches of military tactics, fortification, engineering, and general scientific knowledge in subjects connected with and necessary to a thorough knowledge of the military profession, thereby qualifying officers for command and for staff appointments.

As I have already remarked, it is the Canadian West Point. There are, however, certain differences to be noted between the two institutions. Thus the number of cadets admitted each year must not exceed twenty-four, that is two for each of the twelve military districts into which the country is divided. Those who make the highest marks at a searching competitive examination are chosen, without reference to the district from which they come, so that one district may get half-a-dozen candidates in, and others none at all; whereas the cadets at West Point are appointed on the recommendation of Members of Congress, and a comparatively low standard of educational test is applied. Again the subjects taught at West Point have exclusively a military bearing, and the graduates as a rule pass directly into the army; but at Kingston, much attention is paid to subjects of direct value in civil life, and very many of the graduates return to private spheres, taking with them, however, a knowledge of military matters that would render their



LIEUT. FRANCIS GOURDEAU,
Commanding Officer Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

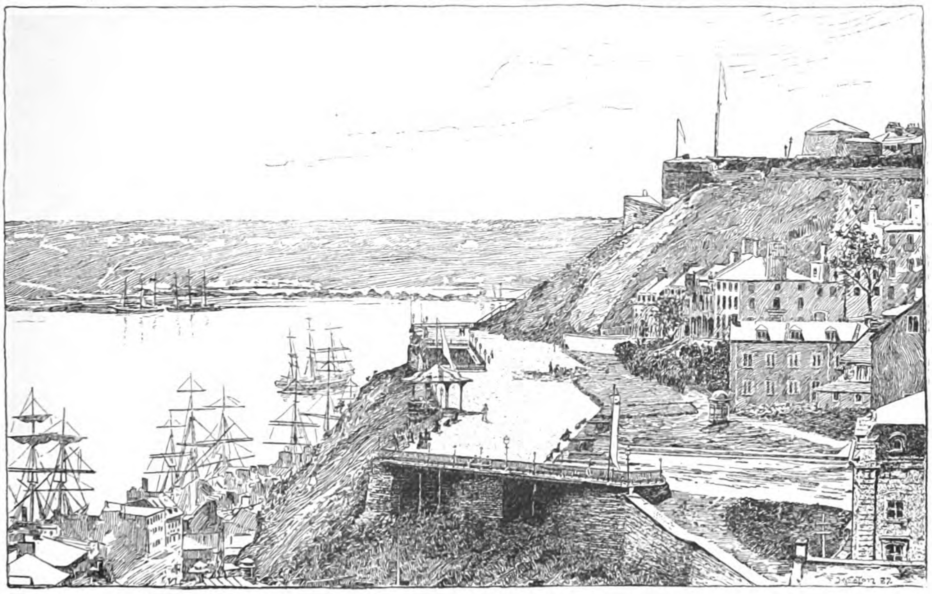


COL. WALKER POWELL,
Adjutant-General of Canadian Militia.

services of special value should any emergency arise.

The course of instruction provided at this college covers a period of four years, and is very complete. The professional staff is not surpassed in ability or experience by that of any other educational institution in the country, and in addition to a thorough military training the cadets acquire a knowledge of civil surveying and engineering, physics, chemistry, and other subjects which cannot fail to be of great service to them, and to render them very useful in after life, even supposing they do not take commissions. While at the college the cadets are subject to the Army Discipline Act, and the Queen's Regulations, so that they have to mind their p's and q's as if they were in the regular army. Many of them do go into the regular army too, the Imperial Government offering a certain number of commissions every year; and in this way there are now some three-score Canadian youths serving in the cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry of the mother country.

Other graduates of the college have been appointed to the mounted police, whose duty it is to keep the Indians of the North-West in good behavior, and others still to the teaching staff of the



CITADEL OF QUEBEC, FROM THE EAST.

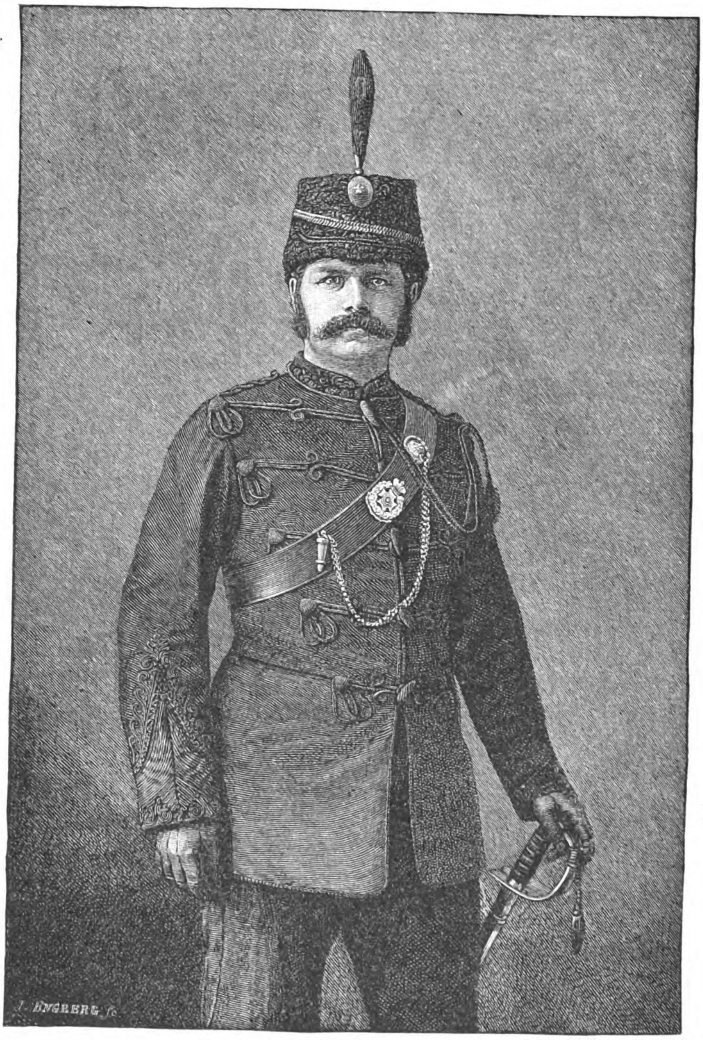
different schools, and of the college itself. Of the cadets who have not obtained military appointment the greater portion have become civil engineers, and their services as such have been much appreciated, not only in Canada, but in the United States also.

Besides attending to the education of the cadets, the college staff carry out every year a three-months' course of instruction in military engineering, strategy, tactics, surveying, etc., which militia officers have to undergo in order to qualify for long-course certificates.

So large and important a class as the military element of the population of Canada now constitutes, could not in these days of multitudinous newspapers be without its own special organ; and accordingly we have an excellent journal, by name *The Canadian Militia Gazette,* which is edited by Major Anderson, one of the biggest and best-informed officers in the service, and is held in high estimation by those for whose instruction and entertainment it is particularly intended.

From the foregoing details it will be seen that the Dominion of Canada has by no means neglected the shrewd advice: "When at peace, prepare for war"; and although the possibility of her domestic fire-eaters ever being called upon for active service, either on the frontier or outside her boundaries, is, happily, at present very faint, still, there is nothing better than being forearmed. Indeed, there have been events in the quite recent past of her history which plainly showed not merely the advantage, but the absolute necessity of her maintaining a military establishment in good working order, ready to be called out at an hour's notice. The country would have been in a sad plight in the year 1866, when the Fenians loomed up on the United States frontier in threatening masses, whose exact proportions and capability for harm-doing it was impossible to estimate, if they had not been met at Ridgeway by a little army of volunteers, which, though much smaller in numbers, showed so stern a front that the invaders were glad to take to their heels; not, however, before they had suffered severely themselves, and had succeeded in killing and wounding a good many of their opponents.

And again, in 1870, that pompous pretender, General O'Neil, had all his brilliant schemes brought to naught by the handful of brave volunteers that put his Fenian hordes to ignominious flight at Eccles Hill.


J. ENGBERG fc.

MAJOR W. P. ANDERSON,
43rd Rifles, Editor "Canadian Militia Gazette."

But the most important military service the Canadian volunteers have yet had to perform was the crushing of the Riel Rebellion in the year 1885, when nearly six thousand of them were engaged in active operations for a period extending from March to June ; six encounters with the rebels and their Indian allies taking place, and no less than twenty-six men being killed, and over a hundred wounded in these combats. Never before in the history of the Dominion was so severe a strain placed upon the resources for self-defence. The situation for a time was indeed very grave. If the rebellion were not checked at once, it would infallibly spread from the Half-breeds to the Indians, and then the whole North-west would be deluged with blood and fire. Every nerve had to be strained to get troops in sufficient numbers to the scene of action. When it is remembered that those troops were chiefly men from the offices, stores, and factories of the different cities—one battalion coming all the way from Halifax, on the Atlantic coast—the fortitude, spirit, and bravery shown by these citizen soldiers proved them to be made of sterling stuff, and equal to any demand their country might make upon them. They endured all sorts of hardship with the utmost composure, went into battle without the slightest signs of flinching, chased the Indians over the prairie until they fairly ran them down, and altogether did honor to themselves and their country ; returning to their homes and taking up their ordinary occupations again just as if they had only been out for a summer's holiday.

The preceding outline, for it is little more than that, is enough to show clearly that the development of appropriate means for self-defence, which is naturally not rapid in countries the chief energies of whose people are concentrated upon the struggle for comfort and competence, has made progress in Canada to a greater degree than might reasonably have been expected. While, no doubt, the present military system would prove altogether inadequate for offensive action, it is as complete for defensive purposes as the circumstances of the country or the possibilities of the future render necessary. The strength of that system lies not so much in the educational and instructional facilities provided, as in the fact that the law under which the force is maintained applies uniformly to the whole Dominion. Service is compulsory either for drill, maintenance of internal order, or purposes of defence, whenever volunteers do not come forward for enrolment in the required number; and finally when at drill, on service, or in uniform, both officers and men are subject to the same discipline that governs the soldiers of the Imperial regular army.

(Lieut. C. F. Winter, of the Governor-General's Foot-Guards, whose portrait is the frontispiece of this number, has seen more service than his youthful appearance would suggest. He went through the Egyptian campaign of 1882 in the British army, winning the Imperial medal and clasp for Tel-el-Kebir and the Khedive star. He also served during the Northwest Rebellion, being severely wounded at Cut Knife Creek, and receiving the medal and clasp granted by the British Government.)

KEEPING THE TRYST.

Next year, you said, will see us stand,
God willing, here upon the shore,
And I will hold my true love's hand
And look into her eyes once more.

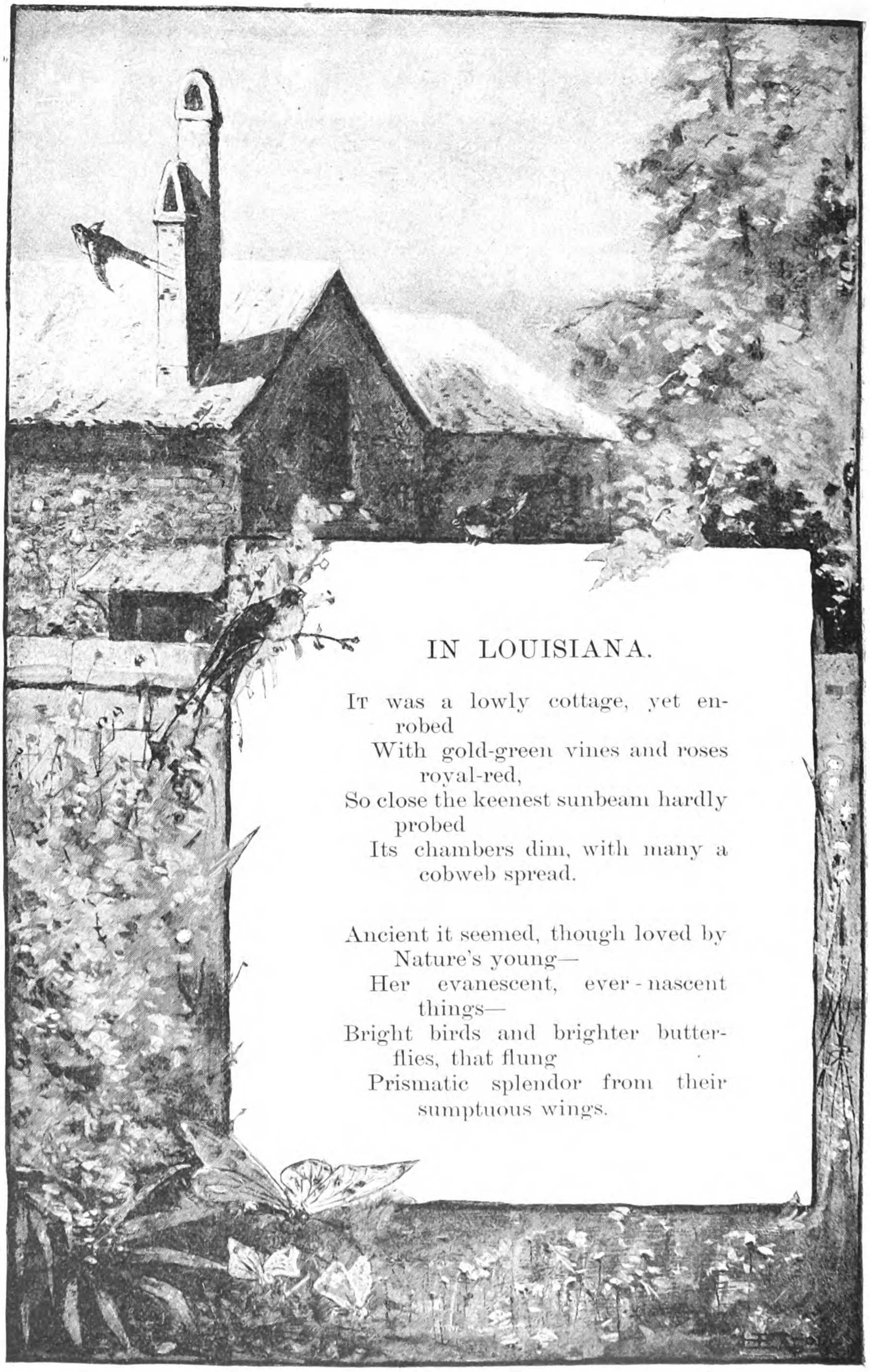
Dear heart, He has not willed it so:
I keep the tryst, to-day, alone,
And wonder if you do not know
The hour is come and you are gone;

And if the fields of Paradise
Are greener than this strip of land;
If you remember, still, my eyes,
And the light touch of my warm hand.

All foolish fancies: well, I know
You are a saint, and dwell with saints,
Who reck not of the world below,
Whose ears are closed to our complaints.

And yet, this is our tryst: I pray,
Lord, if such thing could ever be,
Give *him* a human heart *to-day:*
A wish to come to me.

Ruth Hall.



IN LOUISIANA.

It was a lowly cottage, yet enrobed
With gold-green vines and roses royal-red,
So close the keenest sunbeam hardly probed
Its chambers dim, with many a cobweb spread.

Ancient it seemed, though loved by Nature's young—
Her evanescent, ever-nascent things—
Bright birds and brighter butterflies, that flung
Prismatic splendor from their sumptuous wings.

In the quaint court, the opulent orange trees,
  With bud and bloom, with fruitage green and gold
Commingling, from the wooing of the breeze
  Turned coyly, as rich dames from suitors bold.

Oh! lovely is that land, on which the sky
  Leans like a lover; where the golden hours
Leave a delicious music as they fly,
  While night but deepens the perfume of flowers.

And in that land of love, a man might well,
  In passing, fancy that some maiden sweet
Must in that lowly cottage surely dwell,
  So shyly hidden from the staring street.

But one day from its cool shades came a cry,
  Keen as a woman's at her first-born's birth;
A piteous long-drawn wail of agony,
  That chilled the passers-by, and stilled their mirth.

And so they entered with expectant thrill
  For something strange: and, on a snow-white bed,
They found a woman lying stark and still—
  A poor old negro woman cold and dead.

The large, white curtains fluttered in the breeze
  Like flapping sail upon the billowy deep,
And a caged bird, on high, sang little glees,
  As if to coax its mistress from her sleep.

But, prisoned in her arms, her master's son,
  A fair, white child, she held with clasp so strong
That to unloose him it took more than one
  Of the stout men among that wondering throng.

Yet still he clung to her, with sobs and tears
  Calling her "bonne maman": and it is said
That stern men wept, who had not wept for years,
  Thus to behold the living love the dead.

* * * * * *

Now, to some hearts the meaning of all this
  May only be the pathos of man's wild
Attempt to bridge the infinite abyss
  With love as feeble as a little child.

Yet to my soul, a butterfly of dreams
  And flowery thoughts with morning radiance rife,
As in this picture, so forever seems
  Death—like a fond, black nurse embracing Life.

Henry W. Austin.

A WOMAN WHO FAILED.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

WHEN Molly Graham married Irving Tracy, they lived for a time in picturesque poverty. Now picturesque poverty is not a bad thing to live in; it is not uncomfortable, and is very apt to be jolly. It is as different from true poverty, as that in its turn is from squalor. They are all steps in the stairway which leads from absolute starvation to millionairedom. The trouble with picturesque poverty is that it rarely lasts. It is apt to make progress into the next step of being well-to-do, or to sink slowly into the region of real want. The latter direction threatened the Tracys at the end of the second year after their marriage.

Irving Tracy was a doctor, who had apparently every requisite for a successful career. He was young and strong, devoted to his profession, and more than ordinarily clever. He was full of enthusiasm and energy, and looked "upon the world as his oyster," which he was determined to open as speedily as possible.

He was called "a very promising young man," by the elder citizens of Greenville, whither he had come about three years before his marriage. During that time he had succeeded in gaining a considerable practice. He had a frank, pleasant way, which soon made him popular, and the older doctors had been very cordial to him, even while they laughed a little at his very progressive ways and modern sanitary notions.

Every one in Greenville was glad when he married Molly Graham, for she was as popular in her way as he was in his.

She did not live in Greenville, but had come there for several summers, to visit her old school-mate, Anna Carter. She was an orphan, with a little sum of money, which had been enough to clothe and educate her, and she had stayed at her boarding-school after she was graduated, teaching the younger classes. She was very pretty, though with a delicate, undecided sort of prettiness, that might possibly develop as she grew older into real beauty, or might on the contrary, disappear entirely. She was a great favorite and had many friends and at least two lovers in Greenville, but though John Carter was financially a much better match than Dr. Tracy, Molly had not hesitated a minute between love and money. Her marriage was for her as full of sentiment as any romance that the poets sing about. She told Anna Carter that she would rather marry Irving Tracy and live in a hut on the prairie, than marry any other man she knew. And Anna was not unkind enough to remind her that she knew few men any way, and had never even been in, much less lived in, a hut, or on a prairie.

Irving loved her in the intense, whole-hearted devoted way, that is just at present, a little out of fashion. She was for him "the world's one woman." He could no more have analyzed his emotions concerning her than he could have criticised Molly herself. That she should love him, seemed to him as surprising as it was beatific, but that loving him she should marry him, not only willingly, but gladly, in spite of his poverty, did not seem to him strange at all.

"I'm afraid we'll be poor, Molly, for a few years," said he, "but if I only have you, I have every thing in the world I want," and he meant every word he said.

In fact, Molly and he were so much in love with each other and seemed to care so little about their slim purses, that older people, who had, some of them, tried the experiment of living on bread and cheese and kisses, watched them with pity and envy.

Irving rented a small picturesque cottage, painted red, with olive green blinds, and drew upon his slender store to furnish it. Molly took a part of her money, too, and together they made the little home very bright and cosy.

She gave pretty little dinners, and jolly little luncheons. At her first dinner she forgot to have the legs of her turkey tied down and it kicked wildly into Judge Carter's very face, but the spray of golden-rod beside his plate, ought to have made up to him for that. The macaroni was badly burnt too, but it was served in the scooped-out half of a cheese, and the guests eyed it suspiciously and ate it warily. When guests act like that, a hostess always feels that she has at least furnished a novelty, and Molly regarded the macaroni as a success, in spite of its burnt flavor. So the law of compensation prevailed in Molly's household, and the young people of Greenville found it charming. A few of the older ones thought it would be just as well, if it were not quite so free and easy, and Mrs. Scofield, the wife of the Presbyterian minister, plainly said it would be better if Molly knew "more about cooking and less about decorating." She said this spitefully, in nasal tones, for she had taken an awful cold at Molly's last dinner, from sitting near the pantry door. There was a small Japanese screen in front of it, which did not keep out the draught, and Mr. Scofield at the same time contracted bronchitis, from being backed up against the grate where his back was nearly broiled. Molly's dining-room was small, but she did the best that she could with her guests, and seldom injured two members of a family at one time.

Irving was very proud of her, and thought her a wonderful housekeeper and manager. He was as much in love as when he married her, though, to be sure, he had detected a few weak spots in her character. But he treated them as a good skater does thin ice, glided over them as soon as possible, and tried in each instance not to go near that place again.

At the end of the second year things began to wear out in the Tracys' home. Many of the wedding-presents, which had done so much toward beautifying it, were broken, and others had lost their freshness.

The pretty cretonne, which Molly had used so lavishly for curtains and upholstery, had faded, and the colored Canton-flannel, which had supplemented cretonne, looked even more forlorn. It had faded and fuzzed up too. The carpets were beginning to be a little shabby, and the cheap furniture, which had been so pretty when new, looked rather banged and marred. A good deal of the damage was due to the baby, who was of a particularly destructive variety. He loved to try to pull himself up by the small tables, which he only succeeded in tipping over on top of him with all that they held. He was large and active, and kicked things a good deal, and for a child who was kept reasonably clean, it seemed as if he left the most extraordinary number of dirty finger-marks around. He was always under-foot, for they could not afford a nurse, and Molly had attempted to take care of him herself.

They were still poor, and seemed to grow poorer. Irving Tracy had not succeeded as well as he hoped. It was not his fault; he had worked early and late, but two new physicians had come to Greenville, and there were so many there now, that practice was very much divided. Then, too, he worked a great deal among the poor, where he got little or no pay; and although many a time he resolved that he would not give away his services again—that he owed it to himself not to do thus—yet he found, when some poor Irishwoman sent for him, in her hour of trial, or some day-laborer on the railroad broke his leg, that he forget his resolutions and took as good care of the sufferers as if they were the best-paying patients on his books.

He had a brother in Missouri, a farmer, whose farm was mortgaged. This brother was sick for a long time and could not pay his interest, and his farm was threatened with foreclosure. He wrote to Irving about it, and he and Molly agreed that they must help. It was a hard pull for them, but if they did not do it, the brother would lose everything.

Then, spite of Molly's managing, all the household expenses had been larger than they had expected. All these causes had kept them poor, and at the end of two years Irving Tracy felt like a strong swimmer who is getting a little tired struggling against the tide, or like a soldier who has fought for hours and finds the combat as thick around him as though just begun.

Molly had grown very quiet. The gloss was wearing off more things than the furniture. She was disappointed, and in her heart she blamed her husband.

She still loved him, but it was not, as she herself had found out, with the love that "feareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things."

It had been rather pleasant to manage her little home at first and contrive pretty effects on a small outlay, with her girl friends as an admiring audience and Irving as a humble, adoring subject. But the pinch of poverty seemed to have tightened into a steady grip. Then the baby was a great disturber, for Molly was not fond of children. She had not the knack of systematizing and ordering her household so that things fitted in. The baby did not fit in anywhere, or with any thing else. Molly had, as she said, "just to let things go and take care of him." This "letting go" was not a very satisfactory process. Molly gave fewer dinners now, and those she had were apt to be rather jerky and spasmodic. The baby woke up during one once, and screamed so that he had to come to the table in his night-gown.

Molly cried after this dinner and said she would never give another. She said there was "no use in trying to do anything or be anybody," and then she thumped the baby rather hard, and immediately repented and kissed him, while Irving watched her, feeling like a guilty thing, and as if he were personally responsible for it all.

She sat waiting for her husband one night. She was ripping up an old dress and doing it with as little noise as possible, for the baby was asleep in his carriage in front of her. She had a long string tied to the handle of the carriage, and if he moved or cried she shoved the carriage to the other side of the room and drew it back again by the string.

Irving's supper was keeping hot and drying up, on a plate in the heater, and his place was set on the dining-room table. He had gone to a medical convention, but she expected him home tonight.

Presently she heard his step, and the front door opened with a bang.

"Well, Molly," he began, as he came in, but she said "hush," and held up a warning hand, and sent the baby on a flying trip across the room.

When one comes in out of the cold, prepared to give or receive a cordial greeting, there is something very subduing and depressing in a hushed voice. One cannot be hearty in a whisper.

He came around the table and kissed Molly quickly.

"You have n't had your supper, have you?" she asked softly. "I will get it for you."

She left the room, and soon motioned for him to come. She sat down beside him while he ate.

"Well," she asked, "how did the convention go?"

"Oh, well enough," he tried to answer carelessly, but she instantly detected the effort.

"Did anything happen?" she asked quickly.

"Yes," he answered doggedly, "I had a row with Dr. Porter."

"Oh, Irving!" she gasped, "what about?"

"Well, it was the old feud between the old and new code. The discussion broke out fiercely. I cannot believe as they do; I will not be bound by their prejudices. Dr. Porter called me a name and spoke to me in a tone he had no business to use, and I answered him. I cannot help it if he is the oldest, most influential doctor in the State; I cannot let anybody scold me as if I were a schoolboy."

"Oh, Irving!" she said again.

"Yes, I know it was injudicious and all that; but, Molly, you want me to speak the truth, do n't you? If I cannot believe a thing, you do n't want me to sit still and pretend I do, just for the sake of my practice?"

"No, Irving," she said, sadly, "I want you to do always what you think is right." But there were tears in her eyes and a quaver in her voice when she spoke.

"Poor little Molly!" he said, gently; "you have had a hard time, little girl, and I'm sorry for you." He put his arm around her and smoothed her hair. She began to cry softly, for she was one of those women who cry easily. He had thought it very touching and pathetic at first, but it tired him a little now.

They went back into the room where the baby was, and sat down. Molly took up her ripping again. Her husband looked at her earnestly.

"Molly," he said, "I wish you did n't feel so blue over this. It won't hurt me much if I am *not* on speaking terms with Dr. Porter."

She did not answer.

"Come," he said, cheerfully; "we 've had an awfully tough time, Molly, I know; but we 've got each other and the little fellow there, and if we only keep close together, I 'm sure we 'll pull through yet."

Molly had found a thread that ripped, and was pulling it out intently. She did not answer, but her lip quivered.

"If you would only have a little faith, Molly, you do n't know how it would help me."

"Have faith in what?" she asked in a low voice.

"Why, in everything—in our life, in our love, in *me*. I'm not going to grub along like this always. I'm sure to succeed some time. Any man who tries as hard and as faithfully as I do, will. I shall be able to make a place in the world for myself and for you, too, Molly. Some time I shall give you all the things you want—money, position and a beautiful home."

Her sad face brightened a little. "Oh, you really think you will?" she asked.

"Think? I *know* it," he said, with decision; "but you must help me, Molly."

"How can I help you?"

"Why, by loving me, and being always sweet and cheerful. If I could see your face as bright as it was when I married you, it would be worth everything to me."

He was silent a minute, and then added:

"I don't know; perhaps I'm a weak sort of man, after all; but you can do anything with me, Molly. When I feel that you are happy and have faith in me, I am strong and full of courage—I can slay my thousands, like David. But when you get blue and sad and hopeless, I feel as if life was n't worth living. I love you too much, little girl; that's the trouble."

Molly smiled; she liked to be adored. "I will try, Irving," she said, "to have more faith and hope."

She meant to try, and for a while she did, but she was one of those women who see plainly what is right, and yet have not the strength to do it. Her theories and ideals were the highest and purest, but she seldom was able to translate them into everyday action.

In a moment of enthusiasm, Molly Tracy might have gone to the stake as a martyr, but she could not master and control herself enough to be always a pleasant person to live with. She looked back upon her girlhood and wondered if it were possible that she was the same woman; she was so different from what she had thought she would be. She was disappointed in herself, and the consciousness that she had not succeeded was a constant source of depression. She had meant to be an ideal wife, but the character was more difficult than she thought. She had meant to be an ideal mother, but she had not counted on the hundred little daily acts of patience and unselfishness that it implied. The poor little baby was sometimes jerked and twitched, not that Molly did not love it, or that she meant to be unkind, but she was nervous, impatient, and often very tired. She gave Irving a curt, sharp word now and then, but oftener, she was stonily silent with him.

Molly believed that no character stands still, that every success strengthens, as every defeat weakens it, and it was with shame and despair that she saw quite clearly that she had not only fallen short of all her aspirations, but that she was growing daily to be a poorer sort of woman, less and less capable of ever reaching them.

She and her husband had had many such talks, and they always ended as this had done, in his trying to help and encourage her. He felt vaguely that his married life was not all that he had hoped, but he comforted himself with the thought that when they had once passed beyond these troubled waters and had come to smoother sailing all would go well.

But in spite of his most earnest efforts he did not get on. His quarrel with Dr. Porter affected his practice; conservative people were a little shy of trusting the care of their health to a young man who had openly placed himself in opposition to the oldest practitioners in that part of the State. Then, Irving's manner, which had formerly been so pleasant, was now sometimes objectionable. There is no profession that depends so much upon a man's personality as that of a physician. He must be always attentive and sympathetic, always encouraging and cheerful. He must never seem to think of himself or to have any interests outside of his patients' symptoms.

Irving, while he was brave before Molly for her sake, had many an hour of discouragement and gloom, and was apt when despondent to turn off uninteresting cases with the few curt words which were all that seemed absolutely necessary.

His patients complained, not that he did not cure them, but that he seemed to take no interest in them.

It was about three years after their marriage, and when the second baby was only a few weeks old, that the bank in New York in which was Molly's little fortune failed suddenly. Irving did not let her know at first, but when she was stronger he told her as gently as he could.

It was a great blow for poor Molly, and she cried until the soft head of the little baby in her arms was quite wet.

"Molly," said her husband, "suppose we move away from Greenville; we've had bad luck ever since we've lived here. Suppose we leave it behind, and try again in a new place."

He said this partly because he really thought that they might better their fortunes by moving, and partly because he fancied that since they had grown so poor, Molly shrunk from meeting her old friends, and that old associations gave her more pain than pleasure.

"Where shall we go?" asked Molly hopelessly.

"Suppose we try Pittsburgh; it is a larger, busier place, and I have friends there. Molly, I think you would like it better."

"It is all the same to me," said Molly. "I only wish I could go to my grave and be done with it."

"Oh, Molly, how can you talk like that!" he said; "you don't know how you hurt me."

"I don't mean to hurt you," she said, wearily; "but I am tired out. It is struggle, struggle, struggle, and I don't see any light ahead. It seems as if there were a curse resting on us. I am sick and tired of it all, and I wish it were ended."

He turned very white. When a woman says such things as these to the man who loves her, she kills not only his happiness, but his love.

"Don't talk like that, Molly," he said, huskily; "it is the same as saying that you wish you had never married me."

"Well, I do," said Molly, desperately.

He looked at her sadly. "Poor Molly!" he said, and then, after standing silent for a few moments, he left her. He did not kiss her when he went, and she did not miss it.

They moved to Pittsburg and rented a little house there. It was not as pretty as the one in Greenville, and their furniture did not look as well in it. The walls were shabby, and in one room discolored; but the landlord would not fix them, and Irving could not afford to. Their carpets did not fit, and were eked out here and there with strips of oilcloth. They did not have curtains at all the windows, and Molly did not take very much pride in arranging things. She was as she had said—"tired out." She economized, but it was the uncompromising economy that simply goes without things—not the cheerful kind, that takes second and third best, and so manipulates and disguises that it seems to make the best out of them.

Molly moved in a very gray atmosphere. She woke with a heavy sense of depression, that hung over and clung around her all day. She felt that Fate had somehow played her a malicious trick, and she had moments of blind rage, in which she hated life and everything in it. Nothing was as she wanted, but the bitterness of it lay in her own conviction that, after all, the defeat was in her own character. She had always thought that in any crisis she would be a brave woman. She believed, even now, that she could have endured a sharp, keen sorrow, like death, with heroism. The trouble was that her crisis was a prolongation.

She was young and well; her children

were lovable and attractive; her husband loved her, and if the flame of his love burned faintly, she knew it was she herself who had dimmed it, and she knew, too, that she had the power to fan it into brightness again. She felt that a stronger, truer woman would have taken the despised material of her life and woven it into a fabric, bright and beautiful. She knew that many another woman who had all for which she yearned would have envied her.

"Yes, I have all the essentials of happiness," she said wearily to herself, but yet she was very miserable. She indulged in vague day-dreams of what her life might have been if she had married some one else, and then she would rouse herself with a shock and realize that in thought she was untrue to her husband.

Meanwhile the success which Molly had given up expecting did not come to them in Pittsburgh. Irving grew thin and haggard. He worked hard, but it was with the energy of a desperate man, and no longer with the zeal of a hopeful one.

He and Molly never quarreled, but rarely talked to each other at all. She went her way and he his, each silent, gloomy, depressed. Now and then he tried to break through the ice floes which seemed to have drifted close around and frozen up his soul, but Molly never responded to these efforts and they grew less and less frequent.

He had ceased to expect help or encouragement in his home. The very thought of his wife dragged on him sometimes like a ball and chain; and yet he had not acknowledged to himself that he no longer loved Molly. He was very sorry for her and bitterly self-accusing when he thought of all that she had suffered.

He did not drink, as some men would have done, but once or twice when his mental distress was aggravated by physical pain, he took opium. "I shan't have that young Dr. Tracy again," said one young mother to another. "He came yesterday to see Ethel's sore throat and gave her some medicine in a glass, and after he'd got away out to the gate, he came all the way back to see if it was right. Now, a man that's as absent-minded as that is n't fit to be trusted with children."

"No, indeed," said her hearer, "and he asked me yesterday how my little *girl* was. I should think if any one ought to know that the baby is a boy, he ought."

"I do n't believe he treats his wife well, either; she's the glummest-looking thing!"

There were many such talks as these, and though they were but idle breath, they blew Irving Tracy no good.

He came home one night, tired and pre-occupied. He had a very sick patient, a young girl, who was the only daughter of the most prominent merchant in Pittsburgh.

Molly was unusually quiet, but she said to him after supper:

"Irving, I want to talk to you. Can you stay a little while?"

"Yes," he said, listlessly, and sat down.

She came beside him.

"Irving," she said, "John Carter was here to-day."

"Well, what did he want?"

"He came to see me." She paused and twisted her fingers nervously. "I am telling you this, Irving, because it is right that you should know. He was in love with me, before we were married, you know, and he said things to me to-day—I let him say them—that no man has a right to say to another man's wife."

Irving looked at her fixedly. "What are you talking about?" he said.

"Oh, Irving, do not look at me like that," she cried. "I have been a weak woman and a poor, unworthy wife, but I am not wicked." She looked at him pleadingly, but he took no notice of her, and after a few seconds she went on, nervously:

"He told me to-day, that if I had let him shape my life, he would have made it very happy, and that all my poverty and hardship had made him suffer whenever he thought of it, because I was not fitted or made for it. I let him say it; I did not answer him, but afterward when it was too late, I knew that I had done wrong; knew that he had no right to speak to me like that, and I thought at least I could be true enough to tell you, and let you know just how bad I am." She stopped tearfully.

She could come to her husband with

such a confession as this, for she was not afraid of him, and it required but the one effort of self-abasement; but she had not been able to keep out of her mind the daily vision of what life might have been, if she had married another man.

Irving had listened as if he scarcely heard her. He was surprised that he did not seem to care. It only showed how far apart he and Molly had drifted that he did not mind more.

"Well, Molly," he said with a sigh, "I guess he was right. It's all been a wretched bungling business, but we must try to make the best of it, for the children's sake."

He started to leave the room.

"Oh, Irving," she sobbed, "don't go. Tell me that you forgive me—tell me that you despise me!"

He laughed a hard little laugh.

"Which do you prefer? I can't do both."

But Molly did not answer. She had thrown herself upon the sofa and was crying bitterly.

He looked at her gloomily, and a little contemptuously; then, without speaking, went out in the hall and put on his overcoat. At the hall door, he hesitated, turned and came back.

"Come, Molly," he said, touching her shoulder, "don't despair. I've had a faint ray of light to-day. The *Medical Gazette* is going to take my article on diphtheria, and pay me for it. I think luck is going to turn, and we'll be happy yet."

His voice was hard and hopeless, and she knew there was no heart in what he said. So he left her. She lay still and cried miserably for a long time. It was late when he came home, but she had not gone to bed. He seemed nervous and excited.

"Miss Simpson is dead," he said.

"When did she die?" asked Molly.

"She was dead when I got there to-night; they had just sent for me; it was very sudden," and he walked about the room restlessly.

The next morning, as Molly sat at the sewing-machine, Irving came home. It was an unusual thing for him to do in the morning, and she was surprised when she heard his step. He came straight to the room where she was, and stood before her. He held a newspaper in his hand.

"Molly," he said, and his voice was husky, "Molly, they say that I killed Ida Simpson."

She looked up at him with heavy, doubting eyes. If she could, even then, at that late day, have gone to him and thrown her arms around him, if she could have shown him by look or word that her love would never believe anything against him, whatever the rest of the world might say, she might have saved him. But she could not; she waited stolidly.

There were beads of perspiration on his forehead and his hands shook, as he tried to find the place in the paper.

"See, there it is. They say I gave her too much morphine," and he looked at Molly beseechingly.

She took the paper mechanically. Here then had come the last cruel blow of fate. She glanced over the paragraph. It was an inflammatory article denouncing Irving Tracy and accusing him of having heedlessly caused the death of his young patient. It was evidently written by a physician, and was very bitter and scathing in tone.

Molly read it hastily. "Oh, Irving!" she cried—and the paper fell to the floor—"why did you do it?"

He staggered as if he had received a blow. "My God!" he gasped, and put both hands to his eyes. He took them down and looked at her once, and opened his mouth as if he were going to speak. Then he left the room and went heavily down the stairs.

He had come to her in this, the most terrible moment of his life, forgetting all that lay between them, and only feeling in a blind way that it is to his home and to his wife that a man goes at such a time; and she had failed him. She had sided with his accusers; she had believed them; she had not even asked if what they said was false.

He walked down to his office as if he were drunk. He sat down by the window and gazed stupidly out for some time. Then he took a little key from his pocket and went to his desk. He opened a lower drawer and took out a small, bright object, as pretty as a toy. It was a revolver. He bowed his head on his arms over the desk, and sat there with the cold handle of the revolver gradually growing warm in his palm.

He did not think of Molly, or of his children, with their heritage of shame. His mind was full of shuddering dread and horror of what he was about to do. He was a brave man, but this death was terrible. He turned in the shadow of it, and looked at his life. It lay before him, darker and more hopeless than the grave. His grasp on his revolver tightened. He was nerved and ready. There came a knock at the door. The daily habit of welcoming eagerly the few patients who came to him was so strong, that he put down his revolver, and hastily replacing it in the drawer, opened the door. A woman stood there, who spoke quickly as soon as she saw him.

"Oh, Dr. Tracy," she said, "I have come across from father's office to offer you our sympathy in this cruel, unjust attack that has been made upon you, and to tell you that if you are going to take counsel, father would be glad to give you his services as a friend."

Irving looked at her wildly. He could not understand. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry and parched. He knew her, but it seemed as if he had met her in another world. She was Miss Spalding, and her father was considered the best lawyer in Pittsburgh; but why had she come to him now with this voice of pity? What was she talking about—sympathy? for him?

He tried to find a voice.

"I beg your pardon," he said hoarsely. "I did not understand." Then, in the same dazed way, he added: "Will you come in?"

She hesitated a moment and then entered. There was a little confusion in her manner now, and the color came in her cheeks.

"My father, Mr. Spalding," she began, "is very sorry such an attack has been made upon you, and he will act for you if you want to bring suit. He wanted me to tell you that he, that we" —her voice faltered—"that we respect —oh, it is too bad, I am so sorry, so sorry!"

The tears stood in her eyes, and she looked at him appealingly. It seemed to her as if he were made of stone. He watched her without moving.

"Are you crying for me?" he asked, curiously.

She looked up indignantly, but in his haggard face and dull, sad eyes, she read the man's utter desperation. She saw the gleam of the revolver in the drawer, which was not entirely shut. She took in each detail of the poorly furnished office, and the tragedy of his life lay bare before her.

"Yes," she said gently, "I am crying for you." Then she smiled a little through her tears. "It is silly of me, is n't it, but I feel as if I knew you very well—better than you know me. I know how hard and faithfully you have worked, how good you have been to the poor and helpless. It is almost enough to make a man lose faith, is n't it, when after working as hard as you have done, he gets such a reward as this?"

She stopped a moment, and then said simply:

"I have a brother in New York who is a doctor. I love him very dearly. and I know how it would hurt him if this had happened to him. I should tell him just as I tell you, not to be discouraged. It may seem very dark and gloomy, but it will surely come out right. God never forsakes us, you know. Just trust Him a little longer, and hold His hand tight, and everything will be well."

He watched her intently, but his face was as expressionless as if he had not comprehended a word. He had, though, and he had a wild desire to fling himself on his knees before her, and bury his face in her lap and cry. Hers was the first voice of sympathy that he had heard in years. She had spoken mere platitudes, but even a hopeful word was sweet to him. She might be feeding him on husks, but he liked the taste. She looked at him a moment, and said lightly:

"Why, I believe this has made you very down-hearted!"

He nodded his head—he could not speak.

"That is a pity," she said in the same cheerful tone, as if she were coaxing a child to forget its bumped head. "Why, I'm not sure but it will be a good thing for you after all. Father wants you to bring suit for libel; he is sure that he can recover for you, and think how much free advertising you will get!" she ended with a smile.

Then she rose and held out her hand.

"Don't go," he said, "I want you."

He still looked dazed, but it was the bewilderment of one who is waking and who should recognize the things about him.

"I must go," she said gently, "but you will come and see father; he is a good friend of yours, and you have many others—more, I think, than you know—who will all fight for you if you will not fight for yourself."

Then she left him and he closed the door after her. When he came down from his office an hour afterward, he looked tired and old. He had picked up the burden of life and bound it on his shoulders, It might crush him, but God helping him, he would never try to throw it off again.

Later in the day he saw Mr. Spalding and soon afterward began his suit for libel, not in a spirit of rage or anger, but with a sort of patient dignity. His good name had been blackened; he had determined to have it clean again.

Molly and he lived outwardly just as before. He never spoke to her unkindly, he even tried to cheer and encourage her. They never talked about his suit, nor the many cruel things that were said of him; but he knew that Molly did not believe that he would ever clear his name or win his case. He felt that she looked upon it all as a waste of time.

In due course it was conclusively proved that Miss Simpson had died of heart disease and not of the small dose of morphine which the doctor had given her; and the newspaper that had been so violent in its attack upon him was forced to pay him $5,000.

Nothing succeeds like success. He thought a little bitterly, that if one-tenth of the men who came up and shook his hand warmly, and congratulated him when the verdict was declared, had offered him even the scantiest sympathy when so many tongues wagged against him, he would been more grateful. Before the proof they had all eyed him coldly and with suspicion.

Molly was glad in a subdued sort of way. She treated this little gleam of success like a bubble which might burst at any moment. She had distrusted happiness and her husband for so long that she seemed to have lost the power of belief in either.

Irving was asked to write again for the *Medical Gazette*, and his articles received a good deal of attention. He had a number of encouraging letters from prominent physicians. These he showed to Molly.

"Yes," he said, "luck is turning. We are going to float off from our sand-bank yet."

Molly smiled sadly, and shook her head. "*You* will, Irving, but I shall not."

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "don't you see? 'To him that overcometh, will I give a crown of life,' and it's true of all things. It is those who overcome who are rewarded. I never overcame anything; misfortunes always overcame me. If I had been steadfast and true and had stood shoulder to shoulder with you in all our trouble, then I might hope for something better, but my love has never helped you in sorrow; why should it share with you in happiness?"

"Molly," he said kindly, "you are morbid," and yet he knew that she spoke the truth. The love that has been helpless in an hour of need, can never be much of a comfort to a man when life is pleasant.

"No," she said, quietly, "you know it is true. I do n't know whether I could have helped it or not. Sometimes I think I could n't. Things seemed to crush me and take the life out of me. Then again, I think if I had only tried a little harder, tf I had only struggled a little longer, I might have succeeded. What is it they say about an actress? 'She was overweighted with her part.' That's it, Irving; I have been 'over-weighted' with my part."

"Molly," he said, not impatiently, but with decision, "there is no use in talking like that. We have both made mistakes. I have never blamed you, but we must let the dead past bury its dead."

"It will bury me with it," she said, under her breath.

They were idle words, and Molly uttered them in no spirit of prophecy, but they came true, for not long after this talk she became ill. It was only a bad cold they thought at first, but it speedily developed into acute pneumonia. She was not sick many days, and was unconscious most of the time.

Irving took care of her, tenderly and anxiously. His early love came back in a great tidal wave. He forgot everything else, and only remembered how much he had loved her, and how much she had suffered.

Something happened then that at any other time would have filled his heart with joy and thankfulness. Now he hardly had room to think about it. He received a call to come to Philadelphia and take the chair of surgery in the Medical College there. It was a fine position, with a good salary, and was an honor seldom offered to so young a man.

He told Molly of it in one of her few conscious moments.

"Darling," he said, "when you get well we are going to be so happy."

She smiled fondly and pressed his hand, but the success that she had never believed in came too late for Molly; and when he stood by her bedside after she died, and closed the eyes that had cried so much. it seemed to Irving Tracy as if it had come too late for him too.

He moved to Philadelphia and took the position in the Medical College there. He became well known after a while, and Fortune, that had frowned so long, grew to be a very smiling goddess. He wondered at it sometimes; wondered why it was that when he struggled so desperately, and would have bought success with his heart's blood, he could not win it, and now, when he did not try, or even care much, everything prospered with him.

He was devoted to his children, and they were a great source of comfort and diversion, while they grew up with the deepest love and admiration for their father.

Sometimes the thought of marrying again entered his mind, but it seemed to him a sort of disloyalty to Molly. She had borne the burden and heat of the day, unwillingly, complainingly, rebelliously, perhaps, but still she had borne it. It did not seem fair that another should share the reward. He looked around his comfortable home and longed for her to enjoy it with him. He thought they would have been *so* happy if she had lived.

As for the little woman who had come to him that terrible morning, and by her words of sympathy and good cheer saved his life, he sometimes thought of her wonderingly. But everything that had happened then looked strange and distorted in retrospect. He was not even sure that he remembered the facts aright.

It was long before he saw her again, and when he finally met her it was with the start of surprise that we meet one whom we have thought dead. He had not thought her dead, but as unreal, belonging only to that one time when she had come into his life. She had never had any living personality for him.

After a while he said:

"I have never thanked you for the help you gave me once. I do not believe you know how much you did for me."

She smiled brightly. "Did I? I am very glad," she said.

He looked at her and thought what his life might have been if he had had all through it the warm, true love of a brave woman. He did not need it so much now. And yet he was young—he was lonely—perhaps if she—and then his thoughts went back to Molly, and the dismal ending of his life's young dream. No, he could not dream again.

The woman who had failed stretched her hand from the grave and robbed him of this possibility of happiness also. He never married again.

JEWISH PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY DR. A. S. ISAACS.

THE traveler abroad who is at all familiar with history will find sad associations connected with the Jews throughout Europe. There is scarcely a city of note from which in olden days they were not expelled, after being first plundered and outraged; hardly a king or prince of any prominence who regarded "his Jews" in any other light than that of chattel; not a land whose statute-books did not abound with the cruelest and most odious discriminations against the Jewish people.

The mediæval atmosphere—it would almost appear, judging from Russia and Roumania, that the dark ages have not wholly passed—has left its impress upon the Jew and his surroundings. Up to recent decades, proscribed as an alien and restricted in his choice of trade and profession save at the cost of his traditional faith, the amount of social and political disability he has had to endure has not paralyzed his energy, it is true, but has checked his development to a large degree. The new light that has dawned after a century of patient waiting gives him more hope, even in lands where his fathers were religiously tapped by rulers and statesmen to provide coin for the realm.

But the possession of equal rights cannot make him forget the past. The little cemetery, often within the heart of a German town, which contains the remains of his martyred sires; the old synagogue, with its low windows and quaint architecture, that served as fortress as well as house of worship when the mob stormed at its gates; the hymns recited on certain occasions, which were written in those centuries of martyrdom—these recall the past, if every musty chronicle with its fatal record of crimes against his race were blotted from existence. He knows that only a few centuries ago the bell that strikes the hour from the *Dom* was the signal for onslaught. The stream flowing so smoothly, the sloping hills, the peaceful valley, each had a different tale to tell when the Jew was hunted from town to town. And the ivy-clad castle, so picturesque in the moonlight—which seems to breathe of love and romance—ah! it sounds a harsher note to those who know the practices of "robber barons" and their associates, when the Jewish home and private sanctity were never secure from knightly violence.

The Jew in America has a different environment. He looks ahead and around; he cannot look back. There is little Jewish history to record in connection with Hebrews in the United States. A few months ago the suggestion was made that American Israelites commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by publishing a memorial history of the Jews of America. It was favorably commented on at the time, and may be undertaken in earnest; but such a history will be incomparably tame—it will be but a record of settlements in the different colonies prior to the Revolution, a story of private enterprise in various fields. It will be uneventful, spiritless, uninteresting—contrasted with the history of the Jews in a German principality, which can point to the stake, the cell, the harsh statute, the sentence of banishment. The American record will be but a chain of successive emigrations from the West Indies, and from England, Holland, and other nations of the Old World. It will tell of the gradual growth of the community with that of its adopted country. It will reveal no peculiar features; its statistics will keep pace with those of other denominations, Catholic and Protestant, that flourish on the American soil.

At the first glance, then, the history of the Jews in America is disappointing. There is not a single massacre to recount; not one instance of Jews being led to the stake on the charge of slaughtering Christian children for Passover; no diverting incidents like Jews having their teeth pulled out to gratify a President, or their scrolls of the law burnt, or their synagogues despoiled, or an entire congregation being ordered to dance to death, as happened at peaceful Nordhausen only a few hundred years ago. What an absurd state of affairs for an amateur historian! How can he describe the subject with any pretence to dignity! Where are his flowing periods, his wealth of illustrations, his historic parallels, his pen-pictures of noted men, his sketches of stirring events, wreathed in battle smoke?

The real growth of the Jews in the United States is of recent date. The German Revolution of 1848-9 was the pivotal point—almost contemporaneous with the Irish famine of 1846-7, which landed hundreds of thousands of Irish immigrants on these shores. In the German landslide to America, the Hebrew shared, and soon those of German nationality outnumbered the small but select body of coreligionists who could point with pardonable pride to a family residence here of nearly two centuries. The original Jewish settlers belonged to the Sephardic branch, of Spanish and Portuguese lineage. They rapidly Americanized themselves in manners, dress and character, while remaining inflexible in their attachment to the traditional forms and usages of the synagogue. They soon took an active part in the affairs of their time, hampered somewhat by local restrictions. Flourishing communities sprang up in the South and East—New York, Savannah, Newport, Philadelphia, Richmond, Charleston can point to their old congregations. Chief Justice C. P. Daly has begun a history of the Jews in America, written in a genial spirit and abounding in interesting information. Some scattered essays have been published from time to time on the subject, but the complete history of colonial Judaism is a task still to be undertaken. The early pioneers among the Jews of America numbered men and women of note in their day; but their influence was limited, and certainly the names of no great scholars, poets, scientists, etc., have come down thence. They counted, however, merchants of wealth and probity. Some of Newport's Jewish inhabitants in stately colonial days left their permanent impress upon the town, and the name of Touro will always be regarded with pride. Like Julius Hallgarten, who when he died a few years ago, in his bequests to educational and benevolent institutions without regard to creed, thought of the colored people, so Touro gave his benefactions to all classes, Jew and Gentile alike. The city of Newport preserves his memory as well as his ashes.

In 1845 the total Jewish population of the United States did not probably exceed, if it equalled, 50,000. To-day it has reached 500,000. New streams of emigration from Europe have succeeded the German contingent of thirty years ago. Hungary, Russia, Roumania, keep pouring their thousands of all characters and conditions. The German brought with him energy, skill, economy, endurance. He did not long remain in the Atlantic cities, but pushed West. He was a pioneer in California and amassed wealth in San Francisco. He started a small store in the suburbs, waited his opportunity, increased his goods, transferred his business to a city lot and prospered. He did not object to any kind of honest peddling. The pack on his shoulders became a money-bag in after years of honorable toil. By thrift and enterprise the modest clerk grew into the merchant of importance. The town which he entered as a peddler invites him to a seat in its chamber of commerce. Dissatisfied with the limited field in the West, he drifts towards the East again, and soon swells the list of New York's millionaires. The qualities which made him successful were not peculiar to the Hebrew. The same story is generally repeated in each instance of a rise from lowly beginnings to local or national fame.

The prominence of the German element in American Judaism was maintained by the settlement of German rabbis of established reputation, who preached in German, which became the language of the synagogue. The last decade, however, has witnessed a general call for sermons in English, even for what were deemed German congregations. The younger generation is American to the core; and it is hardly possible that the German influence will be so paramount that the general public will hereafter assume every Jew to be a German and every German a Jew.

For some years before 1882 there had been a gradual increase in the number of Russian Jews. The persecutions in that year caused a startling exodus, and since that date there has been a steady flow from the lands of the Czar, as well as from Roumania and Hungary, to the extent of about 15,000 yearly. Attempts have been made to begin agricultural work for the newcomers; few of the colonies started prove successful, because the settlers are usually handicapped by want of means and the requisite preparatory knowledge. When the proper agencies have been established to divert the stream of immigrants from the large cities, and organize on a systematic plan agricultural schools and colonies, a powerful impetus will be given to Jewish development.

The growth of American Judaism is not to be measured by mere statistics. The stately synagogues in the chief cities, that vie with the places of worship of other creeds ; the institutions for charity and education, orphan asylums, hospitals, homes for the aged, industrial schools, tell of a genuine growth. New York Judaism can boast of a chain of institutions second to none in the world—the Mount Sinai Hospital, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, on a commanding height overlooking the Hudson; the Montefiore Home for Incurables, the Home for Aged, the United Hebrew Charities, the Hebrew Technical Institute, the Hebrew Free School, with 2,500 children in its classes, industrial, normal and kindergarten.

The Mount Sinai Hospital is unsectarian; the Montefiore Home, when its new edifice is erected, will admit a percentage of non-Israelites. In the success of the Hebrew Technical Institute, where one hundred boys of needy parents are taught the science of eye and hand, and graduated as skilled artisans, the new education is recognized. Philadelphia Israel can point to a goodly number of well-equipped institutions. Chicago has its Michael Reese Hospital ; Cleveland, its Orphan Asylum and Home for the Aged ; New Orleans, its Widows' and Orphans' Home ; San Francisco, its Orphan Asylum ; Baltimore, its Jewish Hospital ; Cincinnati has its Hebrew Union College, whose graduates fill positions of trust throughout the country.

The attractive Home for the Aged at Yonkers is public testimony to the benevolent workings of the Order of Benai Berith. The Aguilar Free Library is a recent addition to the charities of New York, owing its inception to Jewish young men. The Maimonides Library, under the auspices of the Benai Berith, of New York, will challenge comparison with libraries older and better endowed.

Jewish young men are on the teaching staff of the Johns Hopkins University, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia College, New York University, the College of New York, and other institutions of learning throughout the country.

In literature, it must frankly be confessed, the growth has not been satisfactory. Attempts have been made to develop a higher taste, but they were sporadic. There exists no publication society, but few weeklies of any literary merit, no general magazine or quarterly of wide circulation. It is likely that within the next few years, now that there are several American-trained young men in university positions, there will be a revival in this field. Among the rabbis in America, too, are men of recognized ability, who are abundantly equipped to appear more often in print. Within the past two years, the published works of the Rev. Dr. Jastrow (Talmudic Dictionary), the Rev. Dr. Szold (Book of Job), and Prof. Dr. Mielziner (Jewish Marriage Laws), have been favorably noticed in the press.

It is not to be denied that the rapid increase in the Jewish population has its dangers. The diverse elements—particularly the infusion of emigrants fresh from European bondage—add to the difficulty of the situation. So heterogeneous is the population, English, German, Dutch, Russian, Roumanian, Hungarian, etc., that the production of an American type seems retarded. But I hardly think that the Jewish outlook is less hopeful than that of the country in general under the play of similar conditions. The children of the immigrant soon become Americanized. There is now a large contingent of American-born Hebrews who will maintain their preponderance, and gradually form a homogeneous mass Against them the tide of foreign immigration will strike in vain. The period of American supremacy has begun, and it is not too soon.

Time was when the Israelite was exclusively associated with certain trades. Oppressive laws had restricted him in his choice of occupation. He could not own land or enter the professions. The charge, then, that Jews are traders rather than producers is not without its basis of truth. Happily the reproach is being rolled away in America and in all lands where emancipation prevails. In our own country the Jew follows every pursuit. He is not banker or trader only: he is manufacturer, farmer, mechanic, lawyer, scientist, painter, college professor, physician, engraver, civil engineer, architect, inventor. His powers have free vent, and the results compare favorably with the exhibit made by men of other denominations. He is not boastful and claims no more than is justly his due.

A recent writer in *The Westminster Review*, in an article on "The Roman Church and the American Republic," refers to the great spectacle which that Church presents in America of assimilating to novel conditions and adapting its spirit and usages to the American idea. The same forces are at work in American Judaism, although modified by the circumstance that the Jewish congregations are independent bodies, and there exists no hierarchy or synagogue government. Each synagogue is a law to itself. The adaptability of Judaism is an element of growth. In every fresh settlement of the race, the Jew manages to assimilate to the new conditions. He is at home wherever freedom and progress are at work.

His dispersion has been a powerful stimulus to his activity, and given him a strength that has defied time and circumstance. The poor, footsore emigrant, greeted with scorn and obloquy, has his compensation in his descendants, who belong to the aristocracy of wealth, culture and position. Will America influence its Jewish population, as undeniably it has been influenced in other lands? The American spirit is already at work, but not in Jewry only: all creeds feel the effect of American conditions. The foreigner arrives here with his traditional stock of usages—good, bad and indifferent—his lares and penates, from insignificant towns abroad. These soon lose their interest and importance as he acquires wealth and an American culture. The second generation regards them with coldness; the third is almost ignorant of their meaning.

The past few decades have witnessed rapid changes in American Judaism. There has been a rattling of old armor, and a good deal of ancient scaffolding has fallen to pieces. The essentials of Judaism, however, are still untouched; upon the whole, there is a more intelligent spirit manifested than ever before. Naturally the Hebrew is influenced by prevalent tendencies of the age, and his spokesmen in pulpit, platform and press can be as liberal and defiant as their competitors. Occasionally, it must be confessed, these utterances lack insight and spiritual grasp, for which no prodigality of liberalism will atone. They hover dangerously near the chasm of agnosticism, and would resolve Judaism into a flabby and nerveless morality, without history, prophecy, law, or a Lawmaker. Such men are but apostles of reaction—their extreme radicalism soon evaporates.

One feature that illustrates genuine progress cannot be omitted. It is the kindly relations which exist between church and synagogue. In crossing the Atlantic a few years ago, I had a Catholic priest as companion. We chatted often about our respective religions and showed the best points of each. On parting I said to him, "I shall certainly never decry the Catholic; do you think kindly of the Jew as well." It is intercourse alone which promotes the genial temper. If the chief rabbi had invited Torquemada to a game of whist, there might have been no expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The fact, then, that here in America, Christian and Jewish ministers frequently interchange pulpits indicates the American influence. When an Episcopal church in this city was burnt, the Temple Emanuel was tendered for the use of the congregation. The offer was accepted, and on a Sunday was presented the novel sight of the Rev. Arthur Brooks' church-members worshipping in the temple above, while, in the school rooms below, the religious classes of Dr. Gottheil's temple were receiving their usual instruction. When the Cincinnati University was partly destroyed by fire, the Hebrew Union College was placed at the disposal of faculty and students. Frequent instances have occurred of synagogues being offered to Christian societies that were unable to worship in their own edifices. Upon Thanksgiving Day, Christian preachers are often invited to occupy the synagogue pulpit—a joint service of Jew, Protestant and Catholic was held a few years ago in a Western town on such a holiday. There seems to be a special sympathy shown the Unitarians on the part of progressive Israelites, and rabbis in their individual capacity have attended meetings of the Free Religious Association and love-feasts of the Unitarians.

America is affording a broader field for the fellowship of sects than humanity has yet witnessed. The Israelite shares in the good work; his pulse is quickened by the atmosphere. I believe that here it is the spiritual, not the materialistic, forces which are the more powerful. Brain, not steel, spanned the East River with the Brooklyn Bridge. Under these continued influences, Judaism is likely to attain a breadth and strength hitherto unknown. It will make progress as a religion of humanity for humanity. Its texts: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "Love ye the stranger," cannot be outgrown. And the Jew, if he be true to himself, his faith and his history, will prove as powerful a factor in the world of American religion as he has become in the world of American trade.

HUNTING KU KLUX.

BY RICHMOND WALKER.

THE reconstruction of the Southern States was attended with much friction. That is not surprising. It worked one of the most radical revolutions of modern times—more radical than that forced upon Alsace and Lorraine at the close of the Franco-Prussian war—something more than a change of government. Not only was the South required to submit to a conqueror, but its political and social institutions were changed against the indignant protests of its people. The bottom rail was literally put on top.

The most violent manifestation of this friction was the Ku Klux Klan, an organization which spread over the South with wonderful rapidity in 1870 and 1871, was guilty of some of the most atrociously barbarous deeds imaginable, and was as suddenly suppressed in the last named year by the conviction in the United States courts of a number of the leaders and their imprisonment in Northern penitentiaries. The Ku Klux was the only one of these organizations that extended throughout a large number of States, although for several years afterwards sporadic outbursts of crime intended to prevent the negro from exercising his political rights were denounced by a portion of the Northern press under that name. For political ends, also, exaggerated accounts of these crimes were published, and sometimes stories appeared of those that never occurred.

It is concerning some of these exaggerations and inventions, and of a correspondent's adventures in investigating reports of them, that this article is written. The most prolific period of the year for the prevalence of the so-called Ku Klux raids was a few weeks or months preceding an important election. Sometimes there was actual fire as well as smoke. The white people, impatient under the prolonged local rule of carpetbaggers and negroes (which was, in the nature of the case, rarely considerate of the best interests of the community, and was often thoroughly corrupt), engaged in a system of terrorism and violence with the unconcealed purpose of preventing a continuation of the obnoxious power. Sometimes a murder or a whipping, that had no connection whatever with local or national politics, was made to do duty in rousing Northern indignation, and sometimes there was nothing but fiction in the report.

In the summer of 1874 Western Alabama was represented to be in a terrible state of demoralization and terrorism. It was published in Northern newspapers that the murder and whipping of negroes was the daily occupation or pastime of one or more bands of desperate young men, and that, unless something was immediately done, the entire Republican vote would be suppressed at the approaching elections and the execution of the laws entirely suspended.

I was at Montgomery at the time, and the centre of the disturbance was reported to be at Livingston, Sumter County, on the western borders of the State. It was a railroad town, that is, a line extending from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Meridian, Miss., passed through it; but the previous winter a freshet in the Tombigbee river had carried away a bridge, and the operation of the road had been suspended. To reach Livingston from Montgomery, therefore, it was necessary to secure a private conveyance from the nearest point on the railroad from Selma to Meridian, and that was twelve or fourteen miles. This I did by telegraphing to Livingston.

The train was a "mixed" one, jogging along at a leisurely rate, stopping at cross-roads and cotton plantations to deliver or receive freight, and giving the passenger almost as good an opportunity to examine the country at his leisure as if he had walked. The conductor, or "captain" as he was called, repeated the stale joke of saying that his predecessor had resigned because he was unwilling to walk ahead of his train and keep the cattle off the track; and that he himself had applied to the company to have shoes included among the articles of regular train equipment. One felt a great deal safer riding over that road slowly in those days; it was very thoroughly worn out. After dark I remember that the negroes in some of the places at which we stopped were enjoying themselves with that happy abandon characteristic of the race. Sometimes an old banjo furnished the music for a lively dance, and loud peals of laughter rang out on the night air. I certainly was not yet in the Ku Klux country.

The place where I left the train was a "forge in the forest"—that is, the only signs of human occupation of the country were a tumble-down, old blacksmith shop by the side of the road, and a raised platform to facilitate the loading of cotton into freight trains. The night was dark, and as I saw nothing of the princely equipage I had ordered to meet me, I began to look about for accommodations for the night. The air was cool, the dew was falling, and the outlook was not encouraging. I placed my portmanteau on the platform and started up the sandy road on an exploring expedition.

I had walked, perhaps, an eighth of a mile, when, passing around a turn in the road, I saw a light ahead, and at the same time met a negro man, barefooted and clad only in a coarse shirt, a dilapidated pair of trousers and a remnant of an old straw hat.

"Is yo' de gemman Boss Reynolds 'specting?" he asked, as we stopped opposite each other in the road.

"Who 's Boss Reynolds?" I asked.

"Don' yer know him?" was his reply. "He runs de hotel up ter Livinstun."

"And he sent you down here for me?" Where 's your team?"

"De ole mule 's up yon at Uncle Jake's."

He started up the road again at a lively gait. After some effort I made him understand that I had a portmanteau down at the railroad that was too heavy for me to carry up to "Uncle Jake's," and that he would either have to go back with me for it or drive down there with his mule. He chose the latter alternative, and I returned to the railroad, where it seemed as though I waited more than an hour before that negro appeared with his mule hitched into an ancient, much-bespattered open buggy.

For a mile the road was sandy, bordered on either side by cotton fields in which the crop was ready to pick, or by worn-out lands in which the old field pines had got a good start. My driver told me that there were a "heap o' deadfalls" about there, and that the crops were mighty uncertain. A "deadfall" was a store kept by some unprincipled white or black man, in which were sold whiskey, tobacco and a few coarse groceries, payment being received in cotton in the seed brought after dark. A temptation was thus provided to dishonest negroes to steal cotton from the fields on moonlight nights, and stealthily sell it at the deadfalls. "Here," I thought, "is a possible key to the reported Ku Klux troubles in this neighborhood."

The suppression of deadfalls had been a very serious problem with the planters of Alabama. The subject had been before the carpet-bag legislature of the State, and a bill making it a crime to purchase or receive cotton in the seed after sunset and before sunrise, had been defeated. This had been followed by the shooting of a good many negroes discovered in cotton fields after dark, the killing of some and the wounding of others. The deadfalls were subsequently suppressed; and, since the introduction of the share system of working plantations, the negroes themselves having an interest in the crops, the deadfall species of dishonesty is no more prevalent or pernicious, I believe, than its equivalent in other agricultural districts.

A mile after starting we entered a dark forest which Bill, the driver, told me was the Post-oak Woods. I suppose there must have been some post-oaks scattered among the cypress and other trees, to have given the name. The soil was clay, and the road through the woods—eight or ten miles—had once been constructed of "corduroy," or logs of wood laid together at a right angle to the direction of the road. This particular piece of corduroy was the remains of a former civilization. Some of the logs were decayed in the middle, and ever and anon our unambitious mule would go down into a hole, until I sometimes feared that he would disappear altogether.

Then there would be a hole on the right side, into which one of the front wheels of the buggy would drop with the suddenness of a trip-hammer, while the other one would keep along on its own hook; but, being governed by a law of physics, instead of going ahead, it would describe the arc of a circle, throwing the shafts violently around to one side. As the space between the shafts was wide and the harness loose, every time this occurred the mule would get a whack on his ribs that would send him staggering to the other side of the road, where, recovering his equilibrium, he would stop and wait patiently for further orders. Sometimes Jerry (that was the mule's name) would, by a great effort, pull the wheel out and start us ahead again, and sometimes we were obliged to alight and help him. There was a hole of one kind or another about every rod of the road all the way through these woods, and between them our buggy went over the logs—ker-flump, ker-flump—in a way that was anything but soothing to one's nerves.

I improved the time of the journey to begin the investigation I had come to make; but I soon discovered that I was fishing in barren waters. Bill, the driver, knew nothing about Ku Klux, or at least said he did n't. He had not heard of anybody's being killed, or whipped, or otherwise hurt. The Yankees—Federal soldiers—were up at Livingston, but he did n't know what they were there for. He knew nothing about the election. He had heard of Mas'r Grant and Mas'r Lincoln, but every other Northern name was "Greek" to him. He had never heard of Mr. Sumner or his civil-rights bill; never of Greeley (although Mr. Greeley had been the Democratic candidate for the Presidency two years before); of Garrison, of Phillips; never of any of the statesmen of the North, who were then struggling to place the freedom of the negro upon permanent basis. His dense ignorance and stupidity were past comprehension. But to one thing I made up my mind. Affairs at Livingston and in Sumter county must be moving pretty much in their accustomed grooves, or even this stupid negro would know of disturbance.

All journeys come to an end, and mine was no exception. We drove into town an hour after midnight, and I was ushered into the office of the hotel. It was a long, narrow, barn-like room, which served also as wash-room, baggage-room, and porter's dormitory. On one side was a little shelf on which lay the register. The proprietor was waiting for me. A single glance showed him to be "a character." He was long and lank and raw-boned, like the typical Uncle Sam. His cheeks were hollow, and his skin yellow from the effects of swamp-fever. He wore an ancient swallowtailed coat, very long in the skirts, and very short in the waist and sleeves. His tall silk hat was made "befo' de wah," and by constant usage had lost a large part of its nap. Short, gray trowsers and old carpet slippers completed his costume.

As soon as I entered he began to kick what appeared to be a pile of ragged old bed-quilts upon the floor, and, after a time, a woolly head protruded, followed by a burly negro as ragged as his bed. He showed me to my room, and I retired at once to dream that I was sleeping on the top of a picket-fence. I subsequently discovered that the upholsterer who made that bed of corn-shucks had very economically put in the cobs.

I was awakened about sunrise by the roll of a drum. Looking about my room, I found that I was lodged at the end of the house, and that a typical Southern chimney, built on the outside, had once formed the greater part of the side wall. This chimney had disappeared—blown down, I suppose—and left a broad opening to the outer air. The opening had been partially closed by some loose boards set up against the house on the outside, but there was open space enough left to afford ample ventilation and to allow me to look through and see the white tents of the United States troops that were pitched in the court-house yard on the opposite side of the street.

I took a mental inventory of the furniture of my room. The bedstead, which might have originally cost two dollars, was narrow and rickety; the bed was as hard as the floor and not as smooth; the linen was scanty and not very clean; there was one rheumatic, old-fashioned, splint-bottom chair; a shelf a foot square supported by a brace, and on it a tin basin and a piece of yellow soap; beneath it stood a bucket of water, while over it a broken piece of mirror was nailed upon the wall, with a towel a foot square hanging by its side.

I did not linger long at my toilet, but hastened down to breakfast, not having eaten since the previous noon. The dining-room was a low, dark, dismal apartment, its walls black with the smoke and fly-specks of many ante-bellum years. The table was covered with a red cloth, in which had been stored the odors of weeks of greasy meals, and the crockery looked as though it had been bought in job lots of single pieces at country auction sales.

"What have you for breakfast?" I asked of the single waiter, the porter of the night before, whose greasy rags fluttered in the breeze that came in at the open window.

"Meat an' greens, sah," was the reply.

"But I do n't eat meat and greens," I said; "what else have you?"

"Sorry, sah, but dat 's the breakfast."

Looking around, I found that the two or three other "guests" were struggling with the same repast.

"Meat and greens," I ought to explain, perhaps, is a distinctively Southern dish that is prepared by boiling smoked bacon and cabbage-sprouts or other kind of greens together. The grease and the flavor of the smoke permeate the greens, and a plateful is warranted to upset the strongest Northern stomach. I made my breakfast that morning from corn-bread, coarse, underdone and soggy; muddy coffee constructed from field-peas, over-roasted and served without milk; and an egg, which was the only thing I could obtain that was fit for a civilized man to eat. There was no excuse for such living, for the country is rich, producing in profusion a great variety of fruits and vegetables; and mutton and chickens were plentiful, to say nothing of the abundance of wild game. But decent food and passable cooking would have destroyed the harmony of things in that hotel.

I began my work immediately after breakfast by calling upon the officer in command of the troops. He was very polite, invited me into his quarters, offered me a cigar and other refreshments, and when I made my mission known, expressed a desire to assist me in any way he could. His force consisted of parts of two companies, one of cavalry and one of infantry, and a more disgusted set of men I never met than those soldiers. "Political service," as they called it, was very distasteful to them. There was no possible glory in it; it made their residence among the Southern people disagreeable, and, the captain told me confidentially, it was entirely unnecessary. His force had been at Livingston several weeks, having been ordered there from their comfortable barracks at Atlanta. Sent at the height of an exciting political campaign, the people, white and black, looked upon them as a part of the machinery of the "Radical" party to carry the election. Officers and men abstained from all participation in politics, refusing to discuss the subject with citizens, but the white people hated them in spite of their efforts to make their stay as little obnoxious as possible. The Captain told me that he had seen no evidence of lawlessness or disorder; people were attending to their ordinary business.

But the Captain gave me one clue. A colored mail-agent, he said, on the railroad between Chattanooga and Meridian was assassinated several months ago, and some United States detectives from Washington had recently arrested two young white men, a few miles from Livingston, whom they accused of having been concerned in this murder, and had taken them to Mobile for examination before a Federal commissioner. For all the particulars of this case, with which he personally had had nothing to do, the Captain referred me to the detectives who had an office in the courthouse.

This building had been constructed on the same model as hundreds of other court-houses in the South. It was in the centre of the village, and surrounded by a yard containing perhaps an acre of ground. A street extended along each side of the yard, and another started from the centre of each side and extended at right angles out into the country. The building itself was of wood, square, thirty or forty feet each way, two stories high, with a roof sloping from a central point to each of the four walls. A post stood by the door upon which there was a bell much smaller than that of a locomotive. No paint had ever adorned the building inside or out, and the wood-work and rude furniture of the small rooms into which the greater part of the court-douse was divided had been carved and hacked by the jack-knives of idle loungers, and darkly stained by the expectorations of many generations of tobacco-chewers.

On the door of an upper room in the court-house I found a piece of cardboard on which was written:

> OFFICE.
> UNITED STATES
> DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.
> SPECIAL AGENTS.

My knock was answered by an invitation to enter, and I opened the door. The room was similar to others in the courthouse. It was lighted by one small window, the little panes of glass in which were obscured by the dust and cobwebs of many a decade. The furniture consisted of an old painted pine bedstead and a wooden chair. A board resting upon two barrels served as a desk, and on it some loose papers were scattered. A gun stood in each of two corners of the room, and upon the bedstead hung two ammunition belts, well filled, to which were attached some holsters containing navy revolvers. Two riding saddles with bridles and a pair of mule-harnesses lay in a heap upon the floor, and a barrel of whiskey and several boxes of tobacco were standing near the door.

In the bed was a thin, sickly-looking man, whose flushed face showed that he was suffering from a severe attack of fever and ague; and before the fire built on the hearth was squatting a more robust fellow, brewing some herb tea, the smoke from the green wood filling the whole room. I at once recognized these men as old Washington acquaintances.

Their story was an entertaining one. They had started from Washington to catch the Alabama Ku Klux. In an adjoining State they had purchased a wagon and pair of mules, a barrel of whiskey and three or four boxes of tobacco. Removing all traces of the payment of the Internal Revenue taxes, they started out. They camped each night near some village or cross-roads, and when the young fellows, impelled by curiosity, came around they treated them generously until they got their tongues loosened. Then the detectives would begin to boast of their success in managing the negroes in the "Old North State," explaining how they cut down the Radical vote, etc. Their object was to gain the confidence of these young men, stimulate their pride and tempt them to recount their own exploits and boast of their own spirit.

The plan bore no fruit until the detectives reached the neighborhood of the Ivy assassination. Ivy was the name of the colored mail-agent whose murder has been mentioned. They had no difficulty in learning all the particulars of that affair. The train had been flagged in a lonely place in the woods, and as it came to a stop and Ivy appeared at the door of his car to learn the cause, two or three men shot him from behind an embankment. He fell inside the car, and the train went on to Meridian taking his body. The detectives claimed to have evidence that the murder was a political one, but the white people of Livingston and Sumter county assigned other reasons.

The detectives remained in the vicinity several days, not disclosing their identity, of course; and then arrested two young men whom they accused of being Ivy's murderers. These were in jail at Mobile, and when I visited Livingston the detectives were waiting for the preliminary examinations before the United States Commissioner. I may as well add here that the prisoners were held for the action of the Grand Jury in the United States Court, but no indictment was ever found. After that time, the detectives had no more business in Alabama. They closed up their "office," sold their effects and returned to Washington.

But the Ivy case was only one of a dozen about which Northern newspapers had had much to say, and I spent a week in making further inquiries. They were fruitless. A few examples will suffice. It was reported that a "mail-train" had been stopped between Livingston and Belmont, and the mail-agent maltreated. There was no railroad between those two points; therefore there could be no "mail-train." A negro boy on a mule carried the mail from Livingston to Belmont once a week. He probably was annoyed by some white men on one of his trips, but he had not been injured or long detained.

The negroes, it was said, in one part of Sumter county did not dare to sleep at home, but congregated each night at the cabin of one of their number, where they had been repeatedly fired upon. Some of the negroes near the place where Ivy was murdered had been alarmed for a few days after the occurrence, and had spent two or three nights together. But they had not been molested, and since had regained their composure. There had been no alarm for months before the report was published.

Apparently the most important of these stories recounted the floating of a raft down the Tombigbee river with the bodies of five murdered negroes upon it. In this case the date, names of witnesses and many startling particulars were given in detail. I went to the place; I interviewed the witnesses named and many others, and devoted a great deal of time to the inquiry. The story seemed to have been made entirely out of whole cloth. Nobody had even heard anything about it. It was invented expressly for political effect in the North.

This ended my hunting for Ku Klux in Western Alabama. I heard soon after my return that the United States troops had been ordered back to Atlanta, and I believe that no soldiers were ever afterward sent to Alabama on similar "political duty." Since 1874 the State has enjoyed continued quiet, and is now experiencing a period of prosperity in which the whole country rejoices.

A SIN NOT TO BE FORGIVEN.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

I.

It is not my purpose to exonerate Allan Halsey. Doubtless, he richly deserved the punishment which he brought upon himself, but his fault at the first was an inconsiderate one; and the system of hypocrisy in which he found himself entangled was entered upon from the good-natured impulse of shielding his friend. That friend was Andrew Steele. They had been chums throughout their college course, but their paths had diverged widely during the four years which had elapsed since their parting under the shadow of Alma Mater. Steele had studied for the ministry, growing gentler and more melancholy, narrow-chested and possibly narrow-minded, but always pure of soul and tender of heart as he bent over his books. Halsey on the contrary had plunged at once into the world. His aim in life was to become a journalist. He could adapt himself easily to circumstances, and when he found that the highest prizes were beyond his reach he lowered his ideal, and accommodated himself to the actual, and at the end of four years was quite content with what he would have spurned at the outset, a regular position as pulpit reporter of one of the leading newspapers.

"I think a little of my experience would do you good," he said to Steele, as they sat together in the summer on the clover under the old orchard trees of his friend's home. "It would give you a chance to improve your style, by a comparison with that of the most eloquent and scholarly men of the day. It would broaden your theological ideas, and give you points in composition and delivery. If you will submit to taking a few hints from me I can put you up to a thing or two. There are certain dodges that these great guns are not above using, which are remarkably killing, and I doubt whether they are ever taught in the seminary. If you are going in for divinity you might as well be at the top of the heap, a regular doubly-distilled D.D., and the pastor of a wealthy city church. I have come to the conclusion that the ministry is a better field for a smart man than journalism, and I almost regret my choice. You see you have less competition; nearly all the brilliant fellows take to the law, the regular digs to medicine, the long-headed ones to politics or business, those mistaken beggars who care more for glory than gold hang on to art or literature, while only the chaps without any particular vocation are left for the ministry and the book agencies. Now do n't flare up. Can't you see that it is the luckiest thing in the world that it is so. If you have a clear idea from the start what you mean to accomplish, you can just sail in like a whale among the fishes."

Andrew Steele answered quietly: "You do not understand my aims. I am physically unsuited to lead the career you have marked out for me. I have not sufficient health to carry out what I wish, and that is to teach the suffering to endure."

Halsey scanned his friend anxiously. "You do look a trifle used up," he said. "I am glad I accepted your invitation to spend a fortnight with you, for I am going to take you in hand. We will pass a week or more in the woods; hunting and camping will soon give tone to your mind, as well as to your complexion, and you will bid good-bye to morbid self-abnegation as soon as you land a four-pound bass."

But Halsey found that he had a difficult task upon his hands. His friend's melancholy was deeply rooted in a frail physique. The dark woods and mountain solitudes seemed to increase his gloom. He took no interest in sport of any kind, and it was evident that some settled trouble was preying upon his mind.

"What is it, Steele?" Halsey asked one evening as his friend sat moodily and dejectedly regarding the smoldering embers. "Is there a lady in the case, or is it money? Out with it like a man; the very telling of the annoyance will make it seem less. I 'll warrant you that I 've been in a dozen tighter places."

"It is my health," the other replied. "I fought for it all through my college course, but it was of no use. Two years ago I broke down utterly with nervous prostration. I left the seminary, and was recommended to put myself under the care of a Dr. Corcoran of ———. It was a most providential thing. He took me into his family, and his good wife nursed me like a mother. I was so weak that I could only lie still like a little child and watch the leaf shadows of the maple playing upon the wall. I was with them three months, and they treated me like a son. You have guessed that there was a lady in the case. Before the three months were over I had fallen in love with Miss Corcoran."

"Very natural and quite the proper thing under the circumstances. I suppose she brought you your gruel and read aloud to you, fanned your fevered brow and all that. I only wish such a piece of good luck would fall to me."

"You are quite wrong. In all that time I never saw Miss Corcoran."

Halsey whistled.

"'Whom having not seen I love,' I used to repeat to myself again and again in those days. Miss Corcoran was in Philadelphia completing a course of medicine which she had begun with her father. They told me that she was fitting herself to go out as a missionary, and she wished to make herself useful among the women and to gain admittance to the harems as a physician. Dr. Corcoran's family was a large one, there were others staying in the house and I was given her room. I have never known much about women, and all the dainty fittings of that room were a revelation to me. It seemed to bring me very near to her, and, as I told you, I used to lie and study one object and then another, and it seemed to me that I could imagine from them just how she looked as well as her tastes and mental characteristics. There was a cabinet desk beside the window and the carpet in front of it was more worn than before the dressing table. That told its story to begin with. The decorations of the room were of an Eastern character. An India shawl was draped to form a curtain, a Tunisian prayer rug was spread beside the bed and a Daghestan one in front of the grate. There was a Moorish plaque over the mantel, and boxes of Japanese lacquer, a bamboo easy chair from Calcutta, Turkish embroideries and scarfs, and other suggestions of the Orient scattered about. This was not the indiscriminate gathering of a fashionable devotee of bric-à-brac; there was a consistent method in all and it indicated a fixed purpose. All the trend of her mind was to the East, and the books in her small but well selected library showed the same taste. As I improved in health I read them through, and sometimes returned to make a note in answer to the penciled queries upon the margin. She had been studying Arabic, but seemed interested in all Asiatic literature, and had secured everything that could be had through translations from the "Arabian Nights," and the "Koran" to Matthew Arnold's works, and the poems of Omar. There was a portfolio of photographs and engravings, reproductions of the works of French oriental painters, views from Doré's Bible, photographs of Palestine and Egypt, the bazaars of Cairo, the gardens of Damascus, and the minarets of Constantinople, and the library showed that she had read and studied of all. She was one of those women of whom it could be said that to know her was a liberal education."

"I should think so," Halsey replied. "Do you know, my friend, that it strikes me that so much knowledge suggests a rather mature person, and not exactly the frivolity of sweet sixteen?"

"No, she was not very young—twenty-three, I learned by consulting the family Bible, and I saw her portrait in her father's study when I became well enough to walk about the house. A sweet, girlish face it was, enough to steal any man's heart away; but I loved her before I saw it, for the beauty of her mind."

"And have you never seen her, or told her of your affection?"

"I have never seen her. I went back to the seminary, completed my course, doing double work in the following year in order to make up for lost time. But in the midst of my work I thought continually of her. I wrote to her, told her something of the interest with which she had inspired me, and begged to be permitted to correspond with her. She replied courteously, giving her reasons for declining the correspondence. I wrote again and again, but she would not reply. After graduation I visited Dr. Corcoran, and told him everything. He heard me very kindly, but was inclined to treat the whole matter as entirely imaginary. His daughter was still away from home, and would remain so for a year longer. He talked to me very seriously about my health, and told me I was in a fairer way to be buried than married, and he should disapprove of his daughter's becoming interested in me solely on that ground. 'Go home for a year or more,' he said; 'rest and exercise; make a sound, healthy man of yourself; and when you have done that, come and see us again, and I will introduce you to my daughter.' "

"Why in the name of common-sense have n't you followed his advice?"

"I have done so, Halsey, as far as it was possible. I have put myself in training as though I were going to row with a prize crew; but you cannot realize the difficulties of my position. I am a minister without a parish, and so belong to everybody. I have done more work the past winter than any regularly settled pastor of my acquaintance, and I have had before my mind always my own personal, private desire to fit myself for a foreign field, so that some time if I win Miss Corcoran—and if I gave up that hope I should give up everything—we may go out to our life work together. We have a returned missionary at Sunderland, and I am studying Turkish with him. I want to have some acquirements which will recommend me to the Board, so that I may not have to waste a year on the field in preparation."

"You appear to have carried out Dr. Corcoran's advice in regard to rest, to the letter," Halsey remarked dryly. "I wonder you have n't engaged some rabbinical old clothes-man of the Bowery to instruct you in Hebrew, and taken a dip into Chinese by way of pastime."

"I studied Hebrew at the seminary," the other replied, not perceiving the irony in his friend's remark. "I think I have made the most of my opportunities, but now, just when I need it most, my brain fails me. I must preach at Ramoth Gilead next week, and my head is in a whirl. I can 't settle on a train of thought, or collect two consecutive ideas on anything but the unpardonable sin; that is uppermost in my mind the whole time, and it it was while puzzling over that subject that I fell into the state of ruin from which Dr. Corcoran rescued me."

"Steele," exclaimed Halsey, "you have acted like an idiot. If you want to marry Miss Corcoran and sail away to Joppa, which I consider a very sensible idea, as the sea-voyage would build you up and foreign travel is just what you need to top off your education and fit you for a shining position, a candlestick on a hill and not a city under a bushel, you know—if this is your little game, I say why in the name of common sense do you pay any attention to side issues? Why don't you say to Ramoth Gilead: 'Gentlemen, you may go to Jericho. I have other fish to fry'?"

"Simply because Ramoth Gilead lies in my way. It was the birthplace and early home of Dr. Corcoran. It was through him that I received this call, and he writes me a very pleasant letter apropos of the subject. This is what he says:

> MY DEAR STEELE: It is a long time since we have heard from you, and I trust you have improved the time by laying in a good stock of health. I have some little influence with the Board, am in fact their health inspector, and I happen to know of a mission which I think you would like, and for which I think you admirably qualified. I won't ask you to come to us on an uncertainty: as I can arrange for an examination a little nearer your present residence. The church at Ramoth Gilead will give you a call as candidate in a few days. I have a number of trustworthy spies in the place and if they send me a good report of your physical condition (I have no doubt in any other particular), I will send your name in to the Board and they will probably make you a proposition soon. This does not compromise you in the least, for you need not accept the offer when it comes. Before you refuse however, we would like to have you make us a visit and let us talk over the matter together.
>
> Faithfully yours,
>
> GIDEON CORCORAN.
>
> P. S.—Mrs. Corcoran unites with me in this invitation, and my daughter who heard much of you and will be with us, will be happy to meet you.

"There it is—the opportunity of my life slipping from my hands. If I were to see Miss Corcoran to-night I could talk to her of nothing but the unpardonable sin."

"O, come now," Halsey replied, cheeringly, "you have given me a tolerably connected account of the whole affair, and I daresay you will make your way with the young lady. What bothers me is, what sort of an impression you will make on those Ramoth Gilead farmers as regards health. It's a pity you have n't a physique like mine; but never mind, all will end well, and we will meet again some day in Ispahan or Babylon—you the patriarchal head of a numerous family, and I the war correspondent of the *Daily Shouter.* You must write up your experiences, and I will bring them home and see that they are well brought out, and that you get a pretty penny out of the affair. Or you may get yourself lost, and I'll enact Stanley to your Livingston, and we'll advertise each other from Dan to Beersheba. You must put this unpardonable sin nonsense out of your head, and put your best foot forward generally. Do n't bother about thinking up a new sermon; give them one of your old ones, but put a lot of vim into it. Beat the dust out of the pulpit cushions. Let them know that you are alive."

Steele shook his head sadly. "I want them to know that I am a strong, well man, and I feel a lassitude creeping over me which makes the lifting of that fish-rod a difficult task."

"Cheer up! cheer up!" exclaimed Halsey. "You will be rested in the morning; it is all that confounded Japanese and Turkish study: all you need is a little muscular Christianity. Take a leaf out of Charles Kingsley's book; buy a pair of boxing-gloves, and I'll pummel faith, hope and charity into your poor little shriveled body."

The next morning Andrew Steele was delirious. It was with great trouble that his friend conveyed him home. On the morning after their arrival the sick man had a lucid interval. He regarded Halsey with wistful dry eyes. "It has come," he said. I've broken down. If I could have held out three days longer—"

"You are all right, old fellow," Halsey replied, cheeringly; "give up to it completely; let the disease do its worst, instead of trying to fight against it, and it will spend its force all the sooner."

"But I must send a supply to Ramoth Gilead," he murmured; "I promised to preach for them to-morrow, and there is no time to secure any one else."

"I will go for you," Halsey exclaimed, impulsively, "and read one of your sermons." His friend was sinking into unconsciousness again, but he grasped the idea partially, and a smile of unutterable relief chased the torture from his face.

"You will take my place," he said in a tone of perfect confidence and profound gratitude; "you will do everything for me better than I could for myself. I can endure anything now."

In a few moments he was quietly sleeping. "I must not betray his trust," Halsey said to himself, as he rummaged through his friend's desk; but the drawer which probably contained the sermons was locked, and he could not find the key. He glanced at his watch; he had barely time to catch the train. "Never mind," he thought, "I have a dozen of good ones by the ablest New York divines in my shorthand note-books. I will read one or two of them." Hastily throwing the note-books and a few necessary articles into a hand-bag, he set out for Ramoth Gilead. The station was merely a platform in the wilderness. The little settlement lay three miles away, around the spur of Mount Haystack. An elderly man was waiting upon the platform and shook hands with Halsey, remarking: "You are Mr. Steele, I s'pose. Dr. Corcoran has written us all so much about you, that the whole parish feel as if they knew you, though there is n't one of us that has ever set eyes on you."

Up to this moment all that Halsey had intended was to explain the situation, and to offer to supply his friend's place by reading some of the sermons with which his shorthand note-book was abundantly supplied. Now the idea struck him that he might do his friend a good turn by actually personating him. The deacon had just shown him that this was possible. Why not do it? His self-esteem told him that he could make a favorable impression upon these country people, and that a report would be sent to Dr. Corcoran of the athletic appearance of the Rev. Andrew Steele, which would secure his friend the position he wished. Personally, the whole thing appeared to him in a ludicrous light. It would be another racy experience of life, and would make a good story for his Bohemian club, "The Free Lances." There was a risk of detection, but that only added fascination to the enterprise. His decision was made in a twinkling, and he shook hands with the deacon with quite a ministerial air.

II.

"I am going to take you to our house," the deacon remarked, as he led Halsey to his horse and buckboard, which were hidden in a group of sycamores at a little distance from the track. "You see, it rather tires the Doctor to have company put up at the parsonage."

"I am glad of that," thought Halsey, wondering how he would have stood the two days' scrutiny of a doctor of divinity, adding aloud: "I am sure I shall enjoy myself with you, and I hope you will tell me something about your people, and what kind of preaching you like up here."

"Well, young man," the deacon replied, "we like the gospel. Some of the oldest amongst us are fond of points of doctrine, but the most part are spiritual babes and have to be fed on milk. They can't stand stronger meat than free agency and fore-ordination. We are mostly plain people too. We like plain living, plain dressing, and plain speaking. We do n't take much stock in a man who quotes Shakespeare in his sermons or that wears jewelry, or that is over particular about his victuals."

Halsey stole a hand furtively within his linen duster and removed a diamond stud of which he was not a little vain. He had bought it at a bargain of an acquaintance who was obliged suddenly to raise a sum of money and it had only been a perfectly safe investment of a little spare cash, but people here could not understand this, and it was just as well to suppress its glitter for the present. He was glad that he had chosen a black necktie that morning and was still more thankful that he had not thrown away his last white one after wearing it to Mrs. Delano's German at Narragansett Pier.

The good deacon was evidently pleased with the young man's deference in asking his opinion, and he gave it liberally. "We all think a sight of the old doctor," he said; "it 's almost more than some of us can bear to think of his being set aside from this pulpit. The more you can show the people that you have n't come to take his place, that you look up to him as your Father in Israel, that you consider yourself put here only to stay up his hands as Aaron and Hur did those of Moses, the more you will please them. He will sit in his pulpit on Sunday, and of course you will ask him to make the longest prayer."

"All of them, all of them," Halsey exclaimed, eagerly. He had not before considered the contingency of being obliged to address the Supreme Being in mock devotion, and he was glad to be relieved from this act of hypocrisy.

"I suppose you 've not been ordained yet," the deacon continued, "and it will be the doctor's part to pronounce the benediction. Any other little attentions which you can show him will better your chance with this congregation." The deacon seemed to take it for granted that Halsey's supreme aim in life was to settle down as assistant preacher in this obscure town, and the young man laughed inwardly, scornfully reviling the notion; while he replied with the utmost deference, "I will endeavor to bear your advice in mind."

They passed scattering farms, and on one of these the deacon pointed out a man clad in russet overalls, faded blue shirt and flapping straw hat, who was engaged in breaking a yoke of oxen, as an important magnate in the church. "That," said he, "is Brother Slocumbe. He was a Methodist before he joined our communion, and there's nothing now that he likes better than a rousing camp-meeting. He 's a hard worker and generally sleeps through the morning service, but he gets considerably refreshed in mind by evening and he can be depended upon to occupy the time if he 's wanted. He 's fond of a pretty lively kind of preaching, with a good deal of thrashing around. The doctor 's getting too weak-lunged for him. He likes to have a minister come out strong on everlasting punishment and the danger of falling from grace, and when a man preaches he wants him to preach all over."

Halsey made a mental memorandum to give to Brother Slocumbe one of the strongest sermons he could find the next evening, and he listened eagerly for further suggestions.

"We 've a sprinkling," said the deacon, "I 'm thankful to say it 's only a sprinkling, of folks who think more of culture than they do of religion. The Pearce girls rather lead here on matters of education. They read German and attend the summer school of philosophy at Concord. When they don't find fault with the minister we all take it for granted that he 's *some.* It would be a grand thing if you could show them that you know as much as they do, but you don't look as if you were equal to it, and you needn 't put yourself out for them. There are the Rogers's, who used to be Episcopalians; they 'll be bothering you about a responsive exercise, but don't you give in; we 've fit that for five years, it would cost too much to get it printed, it's too much trouble to get used to, and it looks like going over to Rome."

Halsey rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. Should he give the Misses Pearce one of Felix Adler's lectures before the Society of Ethical Culture or one of Joseph Cook's disquisitions ? If the Rogers family held the traditions of Mother Church he thought he could slip in a selection from Cardinal McCloskey which would please them.

Their ride was over, and the deacon's wife greeted them cordially and welcomed them to a hot supper of fried chicken, "riz" biscuit, and green tea. At the close of the repast the deacon remarked, "There's a prayer meeting appointed for to-night at our house. It is n't very well attended generally, but curiosity may bring some few out to see you."

"A prayer meeting ! Consternation," was Halsey's thought, "what shall I do?" What he said was: "I suppose the doctor will come and will lead the meeting."

"The doctor 's a-coming," the deacon replied; "that 's his buggy coming up the hill."

A well worn and dusty chaise stopped at the gate, a venerable man alighted, accompanied by a sprightly young lady who sprang nimbly to the ground making only a good-natured pretence of accepting the assistance of the courteous old gentleman. Halsey was introduced at the door and received the good minister's rather formal and priestly benediction with a feeling something like that of shame. He turned for relief to the young lady, to whom the Doctor motioned him with a wave of the hand and the rather unsatisfactory introduction, "My niece, Orient." What was he to call her ? Nothing for the present, since they were not upon a footing which would permit the use of her Christian name ; but as he glanced at her bright attractive face with its mischievous smile, he felt that an intimacy which such a form of address would indicate with a bewitching little personage like this would do much to reconcile a man to even this desert solitude. She had a bright intelligent countenance, made piquant remarks, was quick at repartee, and was as completely at home and unembarrassed in his society as a city belle. In chatting with her he quite forgot to prepare his thoughts for the coming ordeal of the prayer-meeting. The people began to gather. The deacon introduced Brother Slocombe—who had exchanged the overalls for his store clothes, but about whose fresh-tallowed cow-hide boots the scent of the stable still lingered. The Pearce girls came attended by a lantern and a dog. They were very plain, and not at all young. Halsey thought discourteously that if the lantern flamed brightly enough to display their faces the protection of the dog was entirely unnecessary. The deacon's wife brought in lamps and a few well-thumbed hymn books. The deacon roused Halsey from his pleasant chat with the remark, "I guess all 's come that 's coming;" and the doctor, handing him a Bible, insisted that he should take charge of the meeting.

"Will some one select a hymn," he asked in fear and trembling, and one of the Misses Pearce started "Sweet Hour of Prayer." At its close he read a chapter from the Gospels chosen quite at random. Having closed the Bible he called upon the doctor to lead in prayer, and endeavored during its slow progress to evolve some train of thought suitable to the occasion. Suddenly the story of Blind Bartimæus, which he had just read, suggested a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher's. His short-hand report-book was in his pocket, and fortunately, the notes were legible. Before the doctor had reached "Amen" he had selected two pages, had read them over twice, and was prepared to repeat them in an off-hand manner, with quite the air of giving utterance to something entirely his own. As he began he noticed that the eyes of the doctor's niece were fixed upon him as though in anticipation of keen enjoyment. "He is going to get into a muddle," they seemed to say; "my attention will add to his embarrassment, and I am going to be very nice and attentive."

Halsey spoke fluently and saw her air of amused superiority fade into one of blank wonder, which said plainer than any words, "I have made a mistaken estimate of this young man's abilities; he is not such a ninny as he looks."

After speaking for twenty minutes, Halsey apologized for occupying so much time, gave out another hymn and called upon the deacon and Brother Slocumbe to fill the remaining minutes with prayer and exhortation.

At the close of the meeting the doctor shook hands with him, with genuine approbation. "The Lord has committed a great talent to your trust, my son," he said to him in the dusk, as Halsey helped him into his conveyance. "Go not out to the battle in your own strength. Remember the admonition of the King of Israel, 'Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off.'" His niece was shyer than she had been before the meeting. Evidently she was impressed with Halsey's superior abilities, and the young man's heart swelled with elation. As he returned to the house the Misses Pearce were just leaving with their smoky lantern, and he could do no less than offer to see them home. The way was long and it was pitchy dark when he returned, but the eldest Miss Pearce had insisted on his availing himself of her lantern. "You can give it to me at church to-morrow," she said, "and you will surely fall into the brook without it." As there really seemed some probability of this, Halsey took the lantern, at the same time reproaching himself for his politeness. The deacon had told him so much of the plain and simple-minded character of his hearers, that he determined to avoid all flights of oratory, and to give his audience a sermon as full of common sense as could be found in his collection.

A lecture by the Rev. Robert Collyer struck him as most likely to be popular. It abounded in incidents of country boys coming to high positions by unremitting toil and determination. He read the lecture well, with much of the hearty manner in which it was originally delivered, for he was a capital actor in amateur theatricals, and was accustomed to amuse his friends by giving "personations" of the different public men with whom he was familiar. While in the full flight of successful oratory, while he felt that every eye in the house was fixed upon him, and that perhaps no one present had ever heard more effective speaking, his eye which ran before his tongue, discovered a danger in the path. Mr. Collyer spoke of his own early experiences, of the cottage in Yorkshire with its floor so white that you might have eaten your dinner from it, with no harm to anything but the floor; and Halsey in his anxiety to escape this trap fell into a worse one, for skipping the description of his English childhood, he launched inconsiderately into particulars of his thirst for study and reading as a youth, how The Pilgrim's Progress and one or two other books were the constant companions of the forge. Halsey's white and shapely hands hardly carried out the assertion that he had been trained to a blacksmith's trade; but his hearers did not stop to consider this. They accepted what he said as true, and listened to the brave, earnest words with kindling enthusiasm.

Halsey finished his sermon in an agony of apprehension. He wiped away the beads of perspiration from his forehead, and during the singing of the last hymn regarded the congregation furtively from behind his handkerchief, expecting in some faces at least to read scorn and denunciation. Instead of this there was a look of pleased surprise and admiration on every countenance. He turned slowly to the right, where the choir sat. There, too, an open-eyed and open-mouthed delight was everywhere displayed. There was one face, however, which he could not see, though he would have given much to have known its expression. The Doctor's niece sat at the cabinet organ, with her back toward him—a lithe, willowy figure, using the pedals with vigor and the stops with a freedom and grace which betokened more skill than was usual with the organist of a country choir. Her auburn hair was knotted in a loose, abundant mass on her delicate neck. Her bonnet was a dainty creation, with a decidedly Parisian air, and her hands, though ringless, were exquisitely modeled. "Take her to the city," Halsey thought, "and no one would detect her country training." Then came a swift conviction that this was no rural maiden; everything combined to indicate the influence of the city. Yes, he was in danger of detection, and it was from this quarter that he must guard against it.

After the close of service the superintendent of the Sabbath-school was introduced, and Halsey was invited to take the Bible Class. He found himself confronted by three seats full of whispering and giggling young misses, who relapsed into apparently awe-struck silence upon his introduction. Prominent among them were the two Misses Pearce, and Halsey remarked inconsiderately: "I have brought your lantern, as you suggested. It is behind the outer door." His announcement was greeted by a violent blush on the part of the older Miss Pearce, and a giggle from her sister, which started a subdued titter throughout the entire class. Halsey dimly perceived that Miss Pearce looked upon his attendance upon her the night before as a romantic secret, which his too public return of the lantern had thoughtlessly divulged. After the opening hymn the Doctor's niece left the organ and took her seat before him. The look of surprised and shy appreciation which he had thought he had discovered in her face the night before, had given place to a puzzled doubt, a grave wonder which showed that something in the morning's sermon had troubled her. Halsey's glance fell before her earnest one—he could not confront those questioning, truth-loving eyes. The lesson of the day told of the early inhabitants of Canaan. As they read the text he asked himself what he knew or could tell them of the Girgashites, the Amalekites, the Perizzites, the Hittites, the Amorites, the Hivites and the Jebusites. At the close of the reading the Doctor's niece asked a question: "The Bible Dictionary says that the descendants of these tribes are the Bedouin Arabs. Will you tell us something of your experience amongst them?"

"Who told you that I have had any such experiences," he asked, smiling, while a fear of detection seemed to numb all his faculties.

"In your very interesting talk at prayer-meeting last evening you described the Jericho road, and incidentally referred to the Bedouins in a way only possible to one who had seen both."

Halsey breathed more freely. He thought he could explain all satisfactorily, though it was certainly unfortunate that he had given Mr. Beecher's description of the Jericho road in the words of an eye-witness. "My Palestine tour was a very meagre one," he apologized. "It was only one of Cook's vacation tickets. I can not presume to any deep knowledge of the manners and customs of the Orientals," and then as he had recently read Bayard Taylor's Land of the Saracen and Warner's In the Levant, he proceeded to give interesting descriptions of imaginary adventures among the Arabs. The Superintendent's bell sounded as he was describing a bazaar at Damascus, and to his confusion he found that he had not touched upon the lesson, or given any ethnological information concerning the Jebusites and the Girgashites. Nevertheless, the fact remained that the class had been vastly entertained. He had ascertained, too, by a roundabout questioning, of which he was heartily ashamed, that however conversant the doctor's niece might be with other cities, she had never been in New York, except to pass from the Grand Central to the Jersey City depot, and had never heard any of the New York ministers.

In the afternoon Halsey walked over to the parsonage, hoping to have a chat with Orient. Instead of this the doctor received him in his study, and talked divinity until Halsey was in a cold perspiration. It was only by the sharpest exercise of his faculties, and by constant deference to his senior's opinions upon all points of dogma, that he escaped suspicion.

After an hour of this ordeal, Halsey issued from the study, feeling that he had undergone the horrors of the inquisition. All sport had vanished from the situation, he was a guilty criminal who had baffled his detectives momentarily, but who would be surely dragged down sooner or later, and that without mercy. He caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror in the hall hat-rack, and was startled by its haggard expression. He had taken his walking-stick, when a burst of song floated out from the drawing-room. It was, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," sung to Abt's sweetest of melodies. The doctor laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "It is our family custom to spend the Sabbath afternoon in a service of song; will you not join us?"

"I do not sing," Halsey replied, "but it would be a privilege to listen." He took a seat near the door; his entrance was so noiseless that the young girl seated at the piano did not heed it. She sang on, hymn after hymn, and a great healing balm swept over his tortured nerves. "Flee like a bird to the mountain," brought the sharp tears to his eyes, for was he not "weary of sin," weary of this miserable subterfuge and refuge of his? Had they been alone, he could have risen and throwing himself upon her mercy, have confessed everything; but the good doctor sat there, beneficent and unsuspecting; and when his niece rose at the close of the hymn and regarded him for the first time, he could only thank her in a choked voice.

"I am a wretch," he said to himself, as he strode along the country road, a little later, striking vindictively at the tall mullein stalks with his cane. "No punishment is too bad for me, and I have brought upon myself the sharpest retribution that man can suffer—that of turning away from the woman he loves, without making an effort to win her."

The deacon met him at a little distance from his own gate. He had evidently walked out to meet him. "You have made a tremendous hit," he said, rubbing his hands gleefully; "there 'll be an outpouring to-night, such as Ramoth Gilead has never known. The people are beginning to gather already. The shed is e'en a'most full of vehicles (he pronounced the word "ve-*hic*-les"), and mother, she 's anxious as can be for fear you won't get a good cup of tea before preaching-time. Brother Slocumbe and I have decided to call a business-meeting of the parish for to-morrow morning, so that you can have our decision before you go. There's a train that leaves in the afternoon, and you must stay over for that."

"I don't think I can," Halsey replied. "I had planned to leave by the early morning one."

"That won't do at all," replied the deacon. "Folks are set on coming to-morrow and bringing their lunches, and having a real fellowship meeting, and hearing you once again, and you must n't disappoint them. There's that limb of a Job Johnson ringing that bell for service, and it lacks a minute and a half of the time, and you have n't e't but one waffle."

Halsey rose from the table, hurried to his room, and turned over his note-book. Here was Rev. Joseph Cook's conversion of German metaphysics into Christian apologetics. No one would understand this but the Misses Pearce who had been to Concord. They would expect him to wait upon them at their home after service, and discuss philosophy with them, and if there was one thing which he was more determined upon to escape than another, it was this knight errantry of the smoky lantern. He turned over the leaves of his note-books rapidly. Here were sermons by Chancellor Crosby and Bishop Coxe, by the Incumbent of the "Little Church round the Corner," and by Andrew Jackson Davis. Here was one preached by Evangelist Moody in Madison Square Garden, and others by young Mr. Spurgeon at the Academy of Music, and Rabbi Gottheil at the Synagogue. "I can not bear to please them any further," he said to himself. "This farce must end at once, and I will end it with my own hand." He deliberately selected a sermon by the Rev. Heber

Newton, which had drawn upon that gentleman the anathemas of his brother clergymen.

"There," he thought, "I shall now be denounced as heretical both by the doctor and his niece. I have had the grace to cut my own throat." It was characteristic of the troubled state of his mind that he had come to consider his own interests at stake and had quite forgotten how those of his friend Steele would be affected by his action. The deacon and his wife had left. The bell had ceased tolling, and, aware that he was late, Halsey hurried along the now deserted road. He had nearly reached the church when he overtook Orient, who was walking rapidly alone, without a hat but with a shawl of China crêpe thrown over her head and shoulders in a way that reminded him of the graceful draperies of the Greeks or the veils of Eastern women. They were both surprised, but she recovered first. "Uncle felt ill," after supper," she said, "and I walked over alone."

"I am glad I overtook you," he replied; "you must let me see you home after service."

"It is not far, and I am not afraid, but I'm glad that I happened to meet you, for I have not had an opportunity to tell you how much I have enjoyed your sermon. When I think that you were a blacksmith's apprentice, and then consider what you have made of yourself, I can not help admiring your genius. Yes, you must let me call it so. That description which you gave us last night of the Jericho road was nothing less. Uncle said so as we rode home. He said it was fully equal to some things of Mr. Beecher's, and I am sure that is a great compliment for a young man. Then what opportunities you have had! I was born in Smyrna, while my parents were spending a year abroad, but they brought me home a baby with only my name as a souvenir of my Old World birth. But I have always been wild to return to live in some one of those Eastern countries which you have visited. I hope you will tell us more about them to-night."

"Orient," said Halsey, in his desperation, for the first time venturing to use her name. "I am a wretch, unworthy to speak to you, and too cowardly to confess the whole truth, for if I did you would spurn me, and I could not bear that."

They had reached the church-door. Orient could not reply, but she gave him her hand with a look which said, "I believe in you, in spite of yourself."

Halsey hardly knew what he read; he spoke vehemently, crushing his own heart and taking a savage delight in the idea that he was destroying his prospects. It was only a poor atonement, but it was something. He strode down the aisle after service, hardly recognizing those who pressed forward to speak to him. He informed the deacon mendaciously that there was a matter upon which it was necessary for him to speak with the doctor that night, and brushing by the elder Miss Pearce who was holding her lantern with a meek air of expectation, he waited among the young men who were grouped by the steps for the appearance of Orient. The lamplight was reflected from her silken shawl, and it seemed to him with a radiance like that from an angel's wing. The young men made way for her to pass, and Halsey drew her arm within his own. "I shall hear my condemnation from her lips," he thought, and he braced himself mentally to endure it, with the assurance that whatever her blame it would be less than his desert. He was silent and she did not speak until they had left all companions and turned into the lane leading to the parsonage; then she said: "I understand what you said to me before church now, and I honor the man who has the courage to stand by his own conviction, even in the face of certain rejection and the ruin of his worldly prospects. It was grand to see you standing there and avowing views which could not agree with those of your congregation. You reminded me of the young confessors before the Roman tribunals in the time of the first persecutions. And I want you to know that whatever may be the action of the church upon the morrow, I admire you and respect you with all my heart."

Halsey's heart gave a bound. This young girl loved him; he was sure of it, and everything else went for nothing. What was the part he had played? Nothing. And before he realized what he was doing he had told her that her good opinion was more to him than that of all the world beside; that with her love he could face contumely and scorn, let it come from whatever quarter, and it seemed to him as he spoke that he was really a martyr for the truth, instead of the poltroon which he had called himself a few moments before. If she would only respond with a like assurance he could make a clean breast of everything. But Orient only replied reassuringly that there would be no contumely, and that even if Ramoth Gilead did not give him a call, her father's opinion of him would not be lessened. "He has a great deal of influence with the Board," she added, "and he has some nice appointment in view for you. He wanted me to come up here on purpose to hear you preach, and he was very curious for me to give him my opinion of you. He seemed to think that you were still an invalid, and he will be glad to know that you are so strong. I suppose it was your sea voyage and foreign travel that benefited you."

A deadly certainty grew upon Halsey's mind. He had never heard Orient's family name mentioned, but he was sure now that this was Dr. Corcoran's daughter, and that he had supplanted his friend. He was not prepared for this, and he tried to put the conviction from him—to believe that it was not so. "Orient," he said, as the clock struck, "can you believe that we have actually been acquainted only twenty-five hours and about the same number of minutes?"

"O, it can not be possible," she exclaimed; "what an imprudently short acquaintance to become engaged upon. But I know your whole life from the time you were a blacksmith's boy to the present, and all your wanderings in Palestine." Halsey winced, but did not interrupt her. "And father knows you so thoroughly and respects you so highly, and both he and mother have talked to me so much about you. When I came back to my room it was full of reminders of your presence. That explanation of the unpardonable sin which you left on my desk was a masterly piece of reasoning. And all the notes which you made in my books were interesting to me, though I confess that I was indignant enough at first to think that you had read my silly jottings. I was not so prim as I seemed to be when I declined corresponding with you, for I was secretly pleased that you had learned to care for me in such an odd way. Oh! indeed I assure you that I would never have fallen in love with you in this disgracefully precipitate way without that long mental preparation."

Clearly it was no time now for Halsey to explain that he had no connection with the past she treasured. He accepted the situation recklessly, with all the advantages which it conferred upon him. "So the actual does not come up to your ideal?" he asked.

"You are very different," she replied, musingly, "not a bit as I had imagined you. You are very worldly-looking. I never would have thought you a minister if I had met you anywhere else; but then you are handsomer than I expected, and so wonderfully talented. I am proud to think you should care for little me. And I, no doubt, am very different from what you imagined. Are you greatly disappointed?"

Of course Halsey protested that he was not, and he parted from her at the parsonage gate with many assurances of his devotion; and, however false their relations to each other, these at least were genuine.

III.

Halsey sat thinking deeply far into the night. He reviewed every possible plan for avoiding confession and for keeping up his assumed character, but he saw that this was impossible. Orient had told him that she was to return home upon the morrow, and he had agreed to accompany her. On the journey the explanation must be made. Every moment of delay made it more difficult, and he bitterly regretted that he had not been more honest with her. However, to have firmly made up his mind to throw off the mask was something of a relief and he awoke the next morning with a hopeful feeling, and his usual confidence that some way things would come out right.

As he was not to lay aside his rôle during the morning, he determined to deepen the good impression which he had made upon Orient, and to select the sermon which he was to preach before the fellowship meeting solely with reference to her tastes. He hesitated some time between "Buddha and his Philosophy of Despair," a discourse of Dr. Newman's, and "The Parables of the Talmud," by the Rev. Charles Eaton, but finally settled upon the first as more complimentary to her intellect. He was a little disturbed to notice, on taking his place in the pulpit, that Orient was not in the choir, the eldest Miss Pearce occupying her place at the organ. All through the sermon he kept his eyes fixed upon the door, hoping to see her enter, but only to be disappointed. He knew, too, from the strong stare with which his hearers confronted him, that his audience did not care a penny for Buddha or the religion of India. Only Miss Pearce seemed in the least interested, for she had just read "Mr. Isaacs," and had, beside, her reputation as a philosopher at stake. The business meeting was called immediately after the sermon, and Halsey, leaving it to its deliberations as to his eligibility, hurried over to the parsonage. He was informed by the servant that Miss Corcoran had left town on the noon train. He was struck with sudden apprehension.

"I understood that she was going on the afternoon train."

The servant believed that she did intend to do so, but had changed her mind. Halsey next asked after the doctor. He had driven his niece over to the station and had not yet returned; he would come soon; would not the gentleman wait? Halsey concluded that he would do so, and was shown into the doctor's study. A volume of sermons by Henry Ward Beecher lay upon the desk, open to the very one which he had abridged for his prayer-meeting talk. The doctor had evidently looked it up from a haunting suspicion that its resemblance to Beecher's style was not entirely accidental. Orient's sudden leave-taking was explained; she had found this, and it was enough. She did not wish to see him again. He rose quickly and left the house, not caring to face the doctor now. He walked across the fields to the deacon's house. It was deserted, for the discussion over his case was very warm and the meeting not yet over. He sat down and wrote an impassioned letter to Orient, making a clean breast of everything and begging her mercy. As he sealed it he noticed that the congregation were dispersing, and the deacon soon after entered the room.

"I'm powerful sorry," he said, "but there was a good deal of feelin', and the motion to give you a call was lost. You see your sermon yesterday evenin' was n't considered quite orthodox."

Halsey wrote the doctor an explanation for the sake of his friend's good name, but he did not feel obliged to confess to the deacon, who conveyed him to the station, and was profuse in his regret over the vote of the church. At the station he mailed his letter to Orient, and returned to his friend Steele, whom he found in a much more hopeful state. The fever had been broken, but he was very weak. "You must help us keep his mind in a cheerful, calm condition," the local doctor said to Halsey, before he went up to his room. When Andrew Steele inquired about his friend's experience at Ramoth Gilead, Halsey told him that he had explained the state of affairs to the pastor and had simply read three sermons; that of course under the circumstances there could be no call to the pastorate, nor did he see how his interests could be affected very much even though Dr. Corcoran must understand that his health was not in so favorable a state as he could wish.

"I made the best of everything," Halsey assured his friend; "it is only a little longer waiting, and they will be willing enough to do that."

"Thank you," Andrew Steele murmured, and closing his eyes he slept as peacefully as a child. When he awoke his mother handed him a letter. "You look as if you were able to read it," she said, "and I suspect it is from your friends, the Corcorans."

It was from Orient; the young man recognized the graceful script at once, though he had only received one letter from her. He opened it with trembling eagerness. But what did it mean? She had always imagined him the soul of honor. She had loved him for his goodness and unworldliness; it was hard to give up her ideal of him, but now everything was changed. No explanation on either side was necessary, he must understand and she could not forgive.

> "Believe me," she wrote, "that my own unhappiness is greater than any you can suffer. To have cherished an ideal as I have done, and allowing to cluster about it all that was holiest and tenderest in my thought is not a slight thing. The discovery that I have been utterly mistaken has given me a shock from which I shall never recover. I have been in a dream, and the awakening has been cruel. I only hope that I shall never hear of you again as occupying the sacred desk. For me at least and against love you have committed the unpardonable sin."

Andrew Steele lay dazed. His mind was in too weak a condition for him to connect his friend's readings at Ramoth Gilead with this letter. It was as if he had received a heavy blow upon the head. He lay stunned a long time, but when Halsey came in he had risen from his bed and was preaching wildly to an imaginary congregation on the sin that hath never forgiveness. Halsey led him to his bed and compelled him to lie down. Then he noticed the letter, read and concealed it. He saw that it was mailed from a way station and had been written on the train, and therefore before Orient had received his letter of confession. Why had he delayed making it when he was with her? All regret was useless now. He laid his hand on his friend's pulse. He had no fever, and his hopes rose, but he was wildly delirious and incoherent, and the mother, seriously alarmed by this new turn in her son's condition, which had been pronounced as very encouraging when the physician last called. "I think we had better summon Dr. Corcoran," she said at length; "he understand's Andrew's case, and cured him once before."

Halsey telegraphed at once, and anxiously awaited the doctor's coming at the country station. The train paused and two passengers alighted. That portly gentleman with the gray whiskers he knew must be Dr. Corcoran, and—Orient had come with him. He stepped up quickly, a great delight showing through the humiliation which crimsoned his face, but Orient forestalled any explanation.

"So," she exclaimed, a fine fire flashing from her indignant eyes, "this was a piece of deception like the rest, and you are not ill with brain fever. I might have suspected as much." She wheeled about and was walking rapidly from him when her father laid his hand upon her arm.

"Orient," he said, "I thought it was Andrew Steele who was ill."

"Who then is this impostor?" she asked, scornfully.

"Did you not receive my letter?" Halsey asked humbly. "It is true that you have been deceived, but not by Andrew Steele." And once more he made his miserable confession.

Orient regarded him with keen, merciless eyes. "I do not see why you should tell me this if it is not true," she said; "it certainly is not complimentary to yourself." She did not speak to him again on their way to the house, and they all entered Andrew Steele's room together.

He was reading from an open Bible, and looked up vacantly, repeating: "Lest by any means when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway."

Orient stepped firmly to his side, and taking Andrew Steele's hands in both of hers, she said simply: "I have made a great mistake. I have learned that I had no cause to write you the letter which pained you. I am Orient Corcoran. Can you forgive me?"

Andrew Steele regarded her with an uncomprehending, expressionless stare.

Dr. Corcoran started violently, and leading Mrs. Steele aside, said to her: "This is worse than I had imagined. It is not brain fever or nervous prostration; it is insanity."

The poor woman uttered a sharp cry. "And he cannot be cured?"

"I did not say so. We will talk it over." And he called his daughter into another room for a consultation.

"They will stay all night," said Mrs. Steele to Halsey. "May I ask you to take your things to neighbor Brown's so that I can arrange your room for the young lady?"

"Yes," he replied, "if I can be of no assistance." He felt that he was set aside as a useless thing, and crushed and indignant he removed his effects. "I will see her in the morning," he said to himself; "and make one more appeal for myself," for now Orient was busy with his friend talking with him, gently and patiently trying to lead him back to the actual. Sore of heart and utterly miserable, he retired to his new room spending the greater part of the night in framing excuses and arguments which might recommend him to mercy. At last, completely worried out, he fell asleep, and, tired Nature asserting her right, it was late the following morning when he awoke and saw that a traveling wagon stood before the Steeles' door, and that "his friend" was being helped into it. He hurried across the fields and saw that Dr. Corcoran held the reins while Andrew Steele, propped with cushions, occupied the back seat. Orient was bidding farewell to Mrs. Steele at the door of the house. He joined her, and taking her bag walked with her to the gate. It was only a short space, but it was his last opportunity, for they were taking his friend to their own home, intending to drive all the way by easy stages.

"Orient—Miss Corcoran," he said desperately, the words tumbling over each other in their eager utterance. "I beg of you not to walk so fast, and to listen to one word. We have heard a great deal lately about the unpardonable sin; tell me in mercy has mine been that?"

She looked up at him with eyes that were full of hope and happiness, "Father is sure that we will save him," she said; "he is confident that when we get him back to my little room, with everything arranged just as it was during his first visit, his mind will go back to that time; his life will start afresh from that point, and all this sad interim be as nothing."

They were just behind the lilac bush now, which shielded them from the view of the occupants of the carriage. "Of course I am glad to hear that there is hope for my friend," Halsey said, "but you can not expect me to be indifferent to my own interests. Is there no space of repentance? Shall you always despise me, always think of me with detestation?"

"Oh, no," Orient replied, forcing herself to think of him for a moment, for indeed all her thought was centered on her patient. "Do not imagine for a moment that I shall cherish resentment, or remember what has happened very long, for I shall probably never meet you again; and what do I know of you? Not even your name? You were only connected with my life by this distressing experience of Mr. Steele's. You are nothing to me."

As Halsey saw the train start he was filled with bitter remorse. He thought he should always consider himself a murderer if his friend Steele should not recover his reason.

After a few days, however, he plucked up courage to call on Mrs. Steele. She received him kindly, and lifted a little of the load from his heart by telling him that her son had shown marked improvement since he arrived at Dr. Corcoran's.

Upon Halsey's return to the city he heard from his friend's mother from time to time, and at last, to his infinite relief, learned that Steele had entirely recovered his reason, and his health was otherwise much improved.

About a year afterward appeared the announcement of the marriage of Steele and Miss Corcoran, and shortly after this they sailed as missionaries to the East. No notice of the marriage, however, was sent to Halsey. He was simply ignored. But he felt that his punishment was far less than he deserved.

IN AND OUT OF A CANOE.

THREE miles south of Orchard Beach, on the coast of Maine and at the terminus of the Beach railway, is a delightful hidden-away nook called Camp Ellis. Its charms are greatly enhanced by a comparative cheapness of living, whether boarding or in keeping house. There is one hotel kept by Mr. Tar, situated at the edge of the Saco river, and commanding a fine view of it and the bay. A quarter of a mile north is another owned by Mr. M. Smith, formerly American consul at Formosa.

At most seaside resorts there is little but the surf and sand and vicissitudes of hotel life, with large bills at the end, but here we had river and ocean, hard sand beaches on each, surf and still-water bathing, delicious long-necked clams for the digging, fresh mackerel and lobsters every morning at nominal prices, good fishing, boating, and most interesting historical associations; and among many other things too numerous to mention, blue berries in unlimited quanties within gun-shot of the door. Our house, spacious enough for a family of ten, was secured for seven dollars a week furnished. On one side of us was the ocean, on the other was the Saco river. Mary Garvin, the heroine of Whittier's ballad, dwelt upon its banks, and as a captive she traversed its purple reaches on her way to distant Canada. The river takes its rise in the White Mountains:

> "From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails,
> Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervales:
> There in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow
> As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago."

Here and there along its shores are still to be seen wooden houses in perfect repair, that were built in colonial times. Just across the river stands a large yellow house erected one hundred and sixty years ago, in which still live the descendants of the men who built it. In early times it was known as Jordan's garrison, and the settlers sought shelter there from the Indians. It was built on the apex of a hill, admirably adapted for defense, and commands a superb view of the coast line, which curves upward, like a well strung bow, with Orchard Beach in the centre, and Cape Elizabeth and the smokes of Portland at the ends. Between it and the river is the merest outline of the old fort erected in 1812. Two miles away, beyond the mouth of the river, is Biddeford Pool, a quaint enough place, on a promontory that a small gale and a high tide might easily convert into an island. It is a place of old anchors that have teased the mud in far-off seas, of lobster crates, and ancient smells of fish; of sea-faring men with tattooed arms and rolling gait; a place given up to the cooling zephyrs of the Atlantic, and where the shrill cry of the mackerel-gull mingles with the festivities of the breakfast table. Here, too, we have the romance of early associations. On the bluff at the mouth of the pool once stood Fort Mary, whose outlines I traced with difficulty. It was built in 1703 by the French and Indians. Here we found the grandest beach we had ever seen, clean and firm, and sloping to the waves at an almost imperceptible angle. Broad enough for an army to march in double column, it stretched away to the south as far as the eye could reach, in one of those curves that fill the soul with pleasure—Nature's Appian Way leading one's thoughts to the Eternal City beyond the horizon.

Four miles up the river, at the head of navigation, are the twin cities of Biddeford and Saco, settled over two hundred and fifty years ago. On the breaking out of King Philip's war in 1675, Saco was chosen for the blow. The settlement was pillaged and burned, and many of the inhabitants were killed. The paddle to Saco is a charming one. The banks in places are bold and rocky, and overhung with dark pine woods. Seals are often to be seen, and it is a famous place for sturgeon, which we frequently saw splashing in the water. On the north shore is an ancient graveyard, where we resurrected on the moss-grown head-stones, six or eight inches below the surface, the following dates: 1732, 1740, 1743, and others.

The bathing at Camp Ellis was all that could be desired, except that on one or two occasions it would have been better for old Neptune to have stirred up his fires and warmed his domain. In walking about the sand dunes one is amazed at the amount of sand, and naturally asks where it could have come from. What eons of time were necessary to transform the primeval granite into this evenly grained powder? Tossed by wind and wave for ages, why is it not round, shot-like? I take a handful and examine it through a glass. Each grain becomes a miniature boulder, beautifully clean and bright. Red granite and gray, scales of glistening mica, and a large part quartz; the more quartz the whiter the sand. The edges of the little rocks are chipped and abraded, but there is nothing like roundness. There are tiny shells—the unaided eye cannot recognize them. What delicate organizations! How infinitesimal the quantity of that we call life, within! In what does this atom of life differ from that in the whale, the elephant, ourselves?

At the mouth of the river on the

north side is a breakwater of gray granite blocks, thrown together in picturesque confusion, and extending far out into the sea. In the spring the seals bring forth their young here. The rocks are covered with barnacles, mussels and various shells. The angle formed by them and the shore is a treasure-house for sea wrack of all kinds. A walk here at low tide discovers many secrets of the sea. What think ye, dwellers in towns, with your window-gardens and puny house-plants, of a leaf eight feet long, with a stem in proportion—a beautiful specimen of oar-weed or devil's apron, with edges elaborately fluted in the laundry of the sea maids? This road, olive-green, rubber-like leaf seems rather a creature of the tropics than a plant from the cold soundings of the North Atlantic. What éclat ten or fifteen feet of dead man's rope, growing on a piece of granite, would lend to your modest conservatory! From the thickness of a lady's little finger it tapers gradually and becomes beautifully less, until it ends in a piece of vegetable piping cord. Here we found purple dulse, and carrageen or Irish moss, suggesting pleasantly, on a hot day, a dish of shivering blanc-mange. Often we found the latter, too, or its first cousin, in a jelly-fish that had come to grief. It is rather startling, when looking for bric-à-brac, to come across an old top-boot, a sort of shell not mentioned in any book on conchology that I know of. One naturally looks around for the animal that inhabited it. Undor ordinary circumstances, there is nothing inspiring in "old boots"; they are given up to puppies of tender age to cut teeth on; but there is a home look about this worn-off heel that touches us. Where is he that pulled himself into this No. 10? In the vasty deep? or does he still cut pig-tail in the forecas'l'? An illustrated diary of the journeyings of this old traveler, in the unhewn style suggested by the cowhide, might well pass through many editions, and earn for it an honored niche in one of our museums. What a unique specimen it would make, properly set up on a slab of mahogany! It would pass into history with the boots of the Marquis of Anglesey, which Barnum exhibited for a long time in the old museum, corner of Ann street and Broadway; or the boot of the amputated leg of the great commander, still shown at the place where the limb is buried, near the field of Waterloo. But I digress, though the digression can hardly be called a bootless one.

Breaking into some of the banks, with a clam rake—and they are about the only banks robbed in this region—we find the great sea, or hen clam. It is written that the Pilgrims ate some of these clams on first landing, and were made sick. I ate some of the medium sized ones and thought them good. The Indians, Thoreau says, used the shells as hoes.

Accompanied by my wife and sister, I paddled in a canoe one day to Orchard Beach. We had to pick our way carefully around the reefs and sand bars, for there was quite a bit of sea. When we arrived opposite the Fisk House we were dismayed at finding a heavy surf. The long lines of foam far up on the shore and the roaring sound foreboded disaster. It was impossible to go back, as there was a stiff breeze and the rollers were coming in from the open sea. There was, in fact, but one thing to do—go in on our nerve and a comber, and trust to luck. Both ladies were good swimmers and canoeists, and knew just what it felt like to tumble out of a canoe with their boots on. A thousand bathers were in the water and along the shore. The piazzas of the great hotels were black with loungers. We were to make our debut into fashionable society under exceptional circumstances. I allowed the canoe to drift as near as possible to where the waves began to comb. We would go up, up, on the top of a roller and catch a glimpse of the hotels and the crowds of people; then we would slide down till nothing was visible but two hills of water and an undulating strip of blue sky.

"Are you ready?" I said.

"My poor dress!" quietly answered my sister, stifling a little sigh, and I knew she was ready. My wife said nothing, but held the broad-bladed paddle across the gunwale in a way that meant business. Now after a certain number of small waves, there are usually three larger ones in succession. We waited one-two-three, and then gave it to her, but we had reckoned without our host; this time there was the exceptional fourth wave bigger than all the rest. I caught a glimpse over my right shoulder of a tremendous, rushing, seething wall of water that gave the sky line a sudden jump of about six feet.

"In with your paddles and hang on for your lives!" I cried, leaning forward so as to ease the stern. The next moment it had caught us up, tossed us into the air, teetered us upon its back, and then shot us shorewards with a speed that fairly took our breath away. We three had run many a rapid where the rocks and logs seemed to be making up stream with amazing swiftness, but I am safe in saying that the Wa-non-ah never made better time than on that comber at Orchard Beach. The bathers had joined hands in a desperate attempt to aid us, but there was no fooling with that canoe. Had they tried to, there would have been a series of dead bathers. How they got away with whole skins I cannot imagine. One bather, either paralyzed or more reckless than the others, stood directly in our way. There was just time to note the slimsy hotel bathing-suit hanging on what looked like a poorly stuffed scarecrow. One thinks quickly at such a time. I knew I must either run him down or put the canoe at a dangerous angle to the wave. A touch of the paddle and the canoe swerved a trifle—a fatal swerve for us; the Wa-no-nah had the bit in its teeth. It rushed broadside on, then changed its course and plunged headlong into the wave, as if in combat with its enemy. There was a pang as I saw for one flashing instant the red trimming on my wife's bonnet gleaming like a half extinguished submarine fire through the four feet of salt water. The gallant little ship never spilled—the last pressure to the paddle, as the wave struck my hat off, prevented that—we simply went down with all on board, foundered body and bones, flat on our keel.

It is a sensation worth having once in a lifetime to be skipper of a craft that won't go, on the bottom of the Atlantic, with your wife as first mate and your sister as chief cook and able seaman. I will not admit that innumerable thoughts and reminiscences forced themselves at this somewhat inopportune moment upon my attention. I do not care to commit myself upon this point. Under the circumstances, with the roar of a thousand freight-trains in a fellow's ears, and a pressure of fifty tons to the square inch on his brain, a little weakness should be overlooked. It must have been seconds, but it seemed minutes, before the wave receded. Sitting higher than the others, the first thing I saw on emerging was a little fist held above the raging waters, then my sister's demoralized hat and shoulders, reminding me of Lord Ullin's daughter, or a miniature statue of "Liberty enlightening the world." With true feminine presence of mind, she had grasped her watch tightly in her hand and held it up so as to give it all the chances of war. The mate was thirty feet in shore, and the cushion she had sat on was bobbing against my shoulder. She has always insisted that she swam there, and would have swum straight ashore, but for the untimely interference of the bathers. Before the next wave a hundred hands had run us high on the sand. The bathed and the unbathed surrounded us and asked more questions than we could answer in two days—Where from? Where going to? How did it happen? Was there a baby in the canoe? If so, where is it? Have some wine? The last question resuscitated us quite. We answered by a triple smile of a reassuring character. Perhaps I should not say it, but we all felt that "three fingers" was not too deep a draught in which to drown all uncivil remembrances of Orchard Beach and its irrepressible surf, and all too shallow to fully express our appreciation of the nondescript assembly who that day watched us as we looked through a glass darkly.

The seals were an increasing novelty and pleasure to us. They must not be confounded with the fur-seal. About five hundred yards out and opposite our bathing-place, there was, at low tide, a long spit, at the end of which was a broader patch where the seals gathered.

Personally, little is known of the seal, and I determined to interview him. One day, in my bathing-suit, I ran along the shore to a point opposite the rear end of this spit, waded out as far as possible, and then swam for it. When halfway across I suddenly remembered that the fishermen had told of seeing some fourteen-feet men-eating sharks out near the islands, the day before—a thought eminently calculated to paralyze one's tendon Achilles. I struck out lustily, and for the remainder of the distance swam for my health. Reaching the sandbar, about three hundred yards in the rear of the seals, I found that the tide was setting in, and in places the bar was but a few feet wide. I had no time to lose, as the sea would before long be rolling over it twelve or thirteen feet deep. Submerging all but my head, I drew myself quickly along the inner side. Occasionally a wave would break over the bar, and, tumbling about my ears, would wash me into deep water. I found the water much colder than it was in shore. It felt about forty degrees. They say the seals always place a sentinel on guard. I looked up and found a magnificent old patriarch taking a focus on me. I was mistaken for one of the family. I let my head sink gently under the surface and tried to open my eyes two or three times their normal capacity. I raised myself on my front flippers—in fact, I acted as near like a seal as an unwebbed animal accustomed to hot dinners could and live. I felt exactly like a seal, and looked like anything but a respectable member of society. All the bathers had gone up on the hot sand and buried themselves to the neck so as to watch my antics with a degree of comfort. Here and there I could detect the glint of an opera-glass—what vain-glorious things a man will do for a little admiration! All the gold in Ali-Baba's cave would not tempt me there at midnight without any one to look on.

I was now within fifty feet of them, and plainly distinguished the various individuals of the phoca vitulina. Some were small and black; others spotted, dark brown, buff, white. The largest seemed, as he raised himself on the back of another to look at me, as large as a white bear, and was a handsome grey. With three feet of water on the bar, he could have despatched me before I could say Jack Robinson. Fore-shortening his nose, by looking straight into his face, he resembled an immense mastiff. But such eyes! Large, mild, intelligent, yet lusterless and suggesting the need of a coat of varnish. As he looked at me, I thought I had never seen so noble an animal. He fairly challenged me with his eyes. I felt a humiliating sense of my utter insignificance. I was an interloper, a tender-foot, the meanest kind of a dry-land carpet-bagger, trying to pass myself off for a respectable hair-seal; an animal in many respects far surpassing the ordinary man; an animal with two good minutes between breaths, even when excited, and in violent exercise; an animal possessed of air and water-tight valves in his nostrils and ears, of such simple and perfect construction that I would respectfully refer them to the attention of our sanitary engineers in the elucidation of the sewer-gas problem. It is possessed of great power, and yet is harmless unless cornered; exceeding swift and graceful in the water, and capable of remaining under twenty-five minutes at a time. Its bill of fare ends where ours begins. It is happy with fish three times a day during its natural life, though naturalists suppose it tops off occasionally on sea vegetables. Laboring under a strange mistake, seals sometimes seem to crave the friendship and protection of man. They have a habit of swallowing large stones, their stomachs being sometimes found half full.

I was now within thirty feet of them. I could see they had my wind, and were getting restless; some were moving down to the water. The ringing of the church bells at Hoy in Orkney brought them in great numbers into the little bay, for they are fond of music. I recalled an old story where shipwrecked sailors enticed seals to their boat by playing on an improvised Jew's harp. I determined to try the effect of music. I tried to whistle "Yankee Doodle," but it was hard work. I could pucker all right, but there was no whistle. Three-quarters of an hour in a semi-Arctic stream only a few days from Labrador, had frozen the whistle. At this moment I heard a low, hoarse moan close by, and turning quickly saw a round black object close to my toes. I sprang up; so did the seals, very much frightened, and such a scampering! The old patriarch moved slowly between me and the herd, and was the last to take the water. Before entering he turned deliberately and gave me one look, after which I felt that if ever I got back to the mainland it would be through the courtesy of that old amphibian, who refused to injure a very sorry and unarmed man.

A. E. Dumble.

A POET AND HIS VERSES.

(A Sketch of Richard Realf.)

BY H. D. MASON.

It was recently my good fortune to find some manuscript poems, most of which, while already having appeared in print in various periodicals at irregular intervals, will be comparatively new to the great mass of readers. That they are worthy of more attention than has yet been accorded them, will I think be conceded.

Richard Realf, the writer of the poems, a brilliant and gifted man, had a sad and romantic history. A native of Lancashire, England, he passed his boyhood there. He began early as a maker of verses, and is said to have been the protégé of Lady Byron and Lady Stafford, the former publishing a little volume of his poetry under the title of "Guesses at Beauty." Of his life in England little is known. It has been whispered, over and over again, that the cause of his leaving England was a love-affair with a lady of rank, whose relatives would not permit their union ; but this is doubtful. It is a subject upon which Realf himself never threw any light, so far as I can learn.

His history, after his arrival in the United States, can be easily traced. Falling in with John Brown, he espoused the cause of the slave, and was made secretary of state in Brown's proposed republic. After that rugged old hero's execution in December, 1859, Realf became a fugitive. At the breaking out of the civil war he entered the Union army, making an honorable record as a soldier. He was wounded while in the service, and when living in the hospital was nursed by a woman who afterward became his wife. This woman proved a poor helpmate. Her tastes were entirely unlike his own ; her nature, inferior and unsuited to him. His married life was one of disappointment and unhappiness.

Several years were spent in the city of Pittsburgh, where he long held the position of city editor of the *Commercial.* He was an irregular contributor to various periodicals. His well-known poem of "Indirection" was, I believe, originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly.* His "Hymn to Pittsburgh" is the best description of that city which has appeared in verse, and rings as with the blows on an anvil.

Of Realf's personality much that is good and pleasing may be said. His handsome countenance and attractive manner made him many friends. Those who knew him intimately, speak of him as affectionate, manly and sympathetic. It was difficult to resist the charm of his presence. His language was pure, forcible and refined. It was a genuine pleasure to hear him read one of his poems. As a speaker, he was eloquent ; his vigorous, clear-cut sentences leaving no doubt as to his meaning. His lectures on temperance, a cause which he aided by tongue and pen, are remembered for their crispness and vigor.

The crowning strength and beauty of his character lay in his love for, and faith in humanity, which breathes through all his verse. He says of himself in his last poem—those manly lines beginning, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," which may be called an epitome of his life—"He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet," a sentiment that was typical of the man.

He died at Oakland, California, October 28, 1878, by his own hand, while yet in his prime. His unhappy domestic relations doubtless led to the act.

"Greatly he suffered, greatly too he erred"—to quote his own words.

To his poetry we must turn for the reflex of his better self, for through it the real man found expression. He has written much that is sad—the natural outgrowth of dark passages in his life—but his verses also abound in bright and hopeful fancies. In one of the sadder fragments he says :

Dead ! Dead !
I shall never die, I fear ;
O, heart so sore bestead !
O, hunger never fed !
O, life uncomforted !
It is drear, very drear !

In another fragment occurs the lines :

Years ! Years !
So long the dread companionship of pain,
So long the slow compression of the brain,
So long the bitter famine and the drouth,
So long the ache for kisses on the mouth,
So long the straining of hot, tearless eyes,
In backward-looking upon Paradise,
So long tired feet dragged falteringly and slow,
So long the solemn sanctity of woe—
Years ! Years !

Contrast the foregoing lines with these from "An Old Man's Idyl" :

By the waters of life we sat together
Hand in hand, in the golden days,
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise ;
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices æolian.

Or with this musical verse from his "Sunbeam and I" :

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into singing at Sunbeam's touch;
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music. There is none such
In the concert halls where the lyric air
In palpitant billows swims and swoons ;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
The calms of the hearts of perfect Junes.

To illustrate his love of children—one of the most pleasing traits in his character—I quote entire his poem on

THE CHILDREN.

Do you love me, little children ?
O, bright blooms that are curled
(Life's tender morning glories !)
'Round the casements of the world,
Do your hearts climb up toward me,
As my own heart bends to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew ?

When the fragrance of your faces,
And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices,
Make glad the sombre street,—
Do you see my soul move softly
Forever where you move;
With an eye of benediction
And a lifting hand of love ?

O, my darlings, I am with you,
In your trouble, in your play;
In your sobbing and your singing,
In your dark and in your day:
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the hovels where you lie;
In the sunlight where you blossom,
In the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;
Not a thistle-barb doth sting you
But I suffer with the wound ;
And a chord within me trembles
To your slightest touch or tone,
And I famish when you hunger,
And I shiver when you moan.

I have trodden all the spaces
Of my heavy years alone;
And have never felt the cooing
Of a babe's breath near my own ;
But with more than father-passion,
And with more than mother-pain,
I have loved you, little children—
Do you love me back again ?

It will be seen that I present for the most part not the widely-known efforts of Richard Realf, such as the "Sword Song," "Hymn to Pittsburgh," or his last sad lines; but his less familiar verses, some of which have not seen the light for years. Among these is the sweet and pathetic poem called

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty, troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling ! when you cling and nestle so,
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith,
I who, with whetted knives of worldliness,
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forevermore,
Like Desolation on a ship-wrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when the apple bough
Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew; Alas! Alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O, moaning life, with life irreconciled,
O, backward-looking thought! O, pain! O, tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore,
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
Woe worth the peering analytic days
That dry the tender juices of the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity ;
What can ye give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

Like Poe, Realf did not produce much verse; but his poetry is what quaint Izaak Walton would have termed "choicely good." In his list of sonnets—a very small collection—occurs the following :

SONNET.

Love makes the solid grossness musical;
All melted in the marvel of its breaths,
Life's level facts attain a lyric swell,
And liquid births leap up from rocky deaths,
Witching the world with wonder. Thus, to-day,
Watching the crowding people in the street,
I thought the ebbing and the flowing feet
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm alway;
And that I heard the yearning faces say
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The autumn leaves
Throbbed subtly to me an immortal tune:
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Soft melodies slid down on me from the eaves
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.

Among the nameless fragments I find these noble lines :

By hands invisible I was caught
Up to a rare and dizzy height,
Hard by the places where are wrought
The miracles of the Infinite.
The springs of the world were set in play
Before me, and I looked far down
The sapphire reaches that stretch away
Through starry spaces to the Unknown;
Felt Earth's fine heart-beats rise and fall,
Had power conferred to apprehend
The immortal longings which ascend
From burdened breasts in hut and hall;
Saw how human instinct shoots
Its loving fibers all abroad,
Firm grappling with its deepest roots
The restful soils ordained of God.

As the foregoing selections might convey an inadequate notion of his poetic power to readers unfamiliar with Realf's finished work, I append what is probably his most widely-known production :

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but the subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing:
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

DENHAM ON THE VAUFLARS.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

I.

SOMETIMES the pressure of intelligence concerning the affairs of our acquaintances is so overwhelming that a little relief of gossip is beneficial in the extreme; and indeed I, Percy Denham, have never been able to discover any better method of consoling my shoulders for the excessive weight of this social burden. To drop in upon a friend, and to transfer a few imaginary pounds of the above commodity to his endurance, is a delightful resource. I have become quite famous, it appears, on this very ground (among my confreres; may fate defend me from becoming famous beyond that amiable circle !).

Now, there are the Vauflars.

You must know that the Vauflars have been in town for a few weeks. (They were probably in town all summer, as they did not appear anywhere on shore or mountain; and nobody knows, except upon their own evidence, whether they came from abroad this autumn, or in the spring.) And we all feel precisely as if the Vauflar family was a combination of acrobats, poising upon credit and luxury as if these factors were a table and chair; and ready to fall, upon my word, with a bang, if sheer skill does not kindly save their necks. Whenever I have called, Mademoiselle Vauflar has moved towards me with astonishing grace, but with a slow deliberation which has rendered me most nervous; and I have been tempted to exclaim: "Gracious! Is there a tight rope?" I stagger, sink into a chair, nearly upsetting the little table of cups; and I feel my arms to discover if I have broken my bones by a fall into the arena of urban existence, whence, as it were, I have just ascended to pay the young lady my respects.

Nothing had been seen of Monsieur Vauflar, the distinguished scientist, until the evening of his wife's reception, which seemed to have created noise enough to wake him up and set him wandering among his guests; and, upon my honor, he looked as if he were accustomed to feed off men, and could with difficulty refrain from setting a tooth in our hearts. I am sorry that scientists should always look dangerous, unsatisfied and inhuman. It was a relief to turn to Madame Vauflar herself, supported on each side by those ladies of wit and wisdom, our charming Mrs. Glenn and the white-haired Mrs. Balliol, the latter in all her diamonds. We many of us looked at one another with inquiring glances. Was it possible for the Vauflars to have such an appearance of wealth and favor upon the basis of a vacuity at the bank? Had the lovely Mrs. Glenn, at a wild guess, and the stately Mrs. Balliol, too, hired these foreigners as puppets for a series of special performances, in order to amuse themselves and their friends at the opening of the winter? It certainly is awkward to draw up the social curtain upon an empty stage; to have nothing to wonder at in the amateur representations of which life is composed. The Vauflars have already done a great deal towards filling the rôles for which they appear to have been booked. Of course these agreeable French people (Professor Vauflar's mother was an Englishwoman, and they have visited London every season) are perhaps of the crême de la crême (this itself may have come a long way from the dairy, with the usual vicissitudes of water), and I should be the first to admit it if the assertion could be proved. It is most unpleasant to doubt anybody's right to their pretensions. But it is such an old, old story, to which that of love is a mere novelty, that people are not, unless you know them well, what their carriages and servants indicate, what their airs and graces would have you to suppose. Society being warfare, without the personal danger, it would be asinine to overlook the spies who invade the kingdom of the élite, pranked out in stolen uniform.

But at this fine reception, given by the Vauflars, my dear boy—beg pardon, kind reader—a little extra surprise was sprung upon us. All at once a question shot from one person to another as follows: "What! Did not you know that Miss Renée has studied at the *conservatoire*, and has shown marvelous ability? The Professor forbids her finally going on the boards; and this is the principal reason for their visit to America, as a diversion. She is going to recite the harangue of *Constance* in 'King John.' Hush!"

To everybody's unlimited perplexity, the recitation was remarkably good. Of course it was a pity to see a fair young girl like that in the ecstasies of mature grief, especially as the most fevered imagination could not have suggested that she was more than eighteen years of age. It spoke well for *Constance*, however, who, one could now realize, might have been very sweet after all. "Miss" Renée, as they call her, was evidently perfectly enchanted with the praise she got for her exhibition of rare talent, and glowed and tossed her head with merry laughs, and fanned herself in a stately manner, and anon grew very grave, and went and sat down in a corner. Meantime Professor Vauflar perambulated about, frowning, and hitting the ladies with his elbows; whereat he would turn, with paralyzing suddenness, and ask their pardons. He trod on my toes, I remember, and simply glared. A few of us *understood*, and compared notes over the salad. It was all a capital advertisement. That is to say, it could not have been better *as* an advertisement. We were open to conviction; and, if the winter passes off without Mademoiselle Renée's name being placarded for any of the theatres, we shall alter our opinions concerning the motives of the Professor in frowning at his daughter's recitations, while Madame, her mamma, informs every one that the girl came off with honors at the shrine of dramatic culture.

It is almost a crime for the Vauflars to be rich, and then mystify us all as to the source of their affluent means. It is fully established, now, that human numerical abundance confers a right to know the individual person's secret, however profound. Whether Vauflar is the son of a wealthy family, or whether he married a fortune, who knows, I should like to hear? Everything is asserted; but one report kills another. And it certainly would be a sin for them to keep up their palatial residence without plenty of invested property. For it costs a great deal to live handsomely in New York. I would n't dare to say how many men pay down a solid instalment of honor at the outset, as a boy tries to make up the sum of his indebtedness for a good jackknife with his superfluous buttons. And we none of us want to see this little foreign family collapse in mid-season. Who likes to watch a man's back when it meets the sawdust in a fall from the proud trapeze? Strong constitutions faint in such a presence. And yet, how are you going to ignore people whom you meet at the Balliols'? So I go to call upon the ladies Vauflar as regularly as upon any one else. Up to this date, I must say, they do n't grow pale or thin with anxiety. As for Miss Renée, we have none of us offered ourselves to her; but that does not prevent us from being very much in love, superficially.

People knowing that the professor could not bear the thought of his daughter's going upon the stage, and at the same time sympathizing with every wish of so lovely a creature as this young French belle, ingeniously decided that a harmless way out of the whole difficulty would be to invite her to take the leading part in some amateur theatricals, which were got up, as usual, in aid of the needs of a lot of young ladies or gentlemen, as well as for a Hospital for the Blind.

I will tell you precisely what they say the Professor remarked to his wife when he heard of this very urgent invitation. No: I can't here repeat it verbatim, as it was reported to me; but the little conversation is not without its intensity, even after careful revision.

Mrs. Glenn, escorted by Brandon, having brought the apple of discord in person, sat upon the sofa near the statue of Joseph Jefferson, while Madame Vauflar stepped into the library for the purpose of finding her husband, in order to obtain, if possible, his consent to the matter. Miss Renée was not at home; but her sentiments upon the subject were sure to be of the most favorable character. The voice of the Professor rose among the elegancies of the house with unbecoming barbarity. I know he has eaten somebody, when younger.

"Renée act? Renée assume a rôle?" he bellowed. "How often am I to have this insane question put to me, unnatural woman! Is the child so perfect that you long to cast a flaw upon her, out of sheer mischievousness? Are all her qualities to be merged in the inferior ones of a fictitious creature, who is not worthy to be named in the same sentence with her? Is the girl to be ogled and handled and courted and smacked at on a stage, by a pack of these idiotic —[think of it!]—dandies about town? Do not you want Renée to grow up into a matchless rose of womanhood, free of their disgusting ballet-gauze of a sham propriety, which allows the ordinary girl of fashion to pretend she is a person of refinement, when she is plainly a gourmand of popularity? Is Renée to marry a man of real mettle, and settle down in a home of bliss; or is she to become one of the caterers to everybody who makes his home in a pit, and marry the man who can pay the most for her keep? What did we come to America for, you miserable little goose? Was it to take the shortest road to a theatrical life which you could possibly find for her? or was it for the reason you kindly gave me when you proposed the thing—namely, to make our daughter forget this mad desire of her genius? I shall take staterooms for our return to France on next Saturday."

"Can you never remember," purled Madame Vauflar to this tirade, in her engaging voice, "that you are not at present inhabiting our solitary villa, '*Nuit-des-Ombres*'? We have guests in the parlor, who most likely hear every word you scream. Pray listen to one who has had a little more acquaintance with the demands, the absolute requirements of society, than yourself. It would most deeply offend —"

"Is there any reason why I should care what would offend *society*? Was I, or any other person of serious intent, born to supply the artificial demands of people who are choking themselves by a yoke of their own making, and yet who turn even more purple in the face, with fury, when anybody refuses to pull the cart of custom in the same stupid harness with them ? *Society ?* High-mighty Ridiculousness, as it is called in the Book of Life ! Bah !"

"Do n't let us talk communism ; but return to the invitation sent to Renée. Have you no sympathy for the blind ?"

A breath's silence ensued; after which, Professor Vauflar's voice again startled the tapestries and Venetian glass.

"I deal with no one else ! To say that I sympathize with my kind is equivalent, oh undiscerning female, to saying that I pity people who can 't see an inch before their noses !—Renée shall not act, upon any stage, as I am a man !"

Mrs. Glenn, as you may imagine, was very much displeased at having been treated to such a plush-portière lecture as this, and rose as soon as Madame Vauflar re-entered the parlor.

"Pardon me ! I have kept you waiting too long ; but my husband is so obstinate upon this one subject," cried Renée's mother, laying her hands upon Mrs. Glenn's wrists, and gently urging her to be seated again. "But," in a consolatory tone, "I have at last persuaded him, for just this once. Renée shall assuredly accept the part of *Mary Stuart.* Ah ! you will then see how wonderful is the talent of my beloved child !"

It strikes me that this little anecdote concerning the Vauflars contains a self-destructive contradiction; and nothing is positively certain, one way or the other, but that Renée acted the part of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, with consummate skill, upon the evening appointed. Brandon was *Leicester;* and the rehearsals cost him his heart, with which he dispenses in a most wretched manner; so that they say he is dying at Los Angeles, or somewhere, while this lovely French girl goes on smiling.

To everybody's astonishment, the Professor came to the entertainment, his eye-glasses shining more coldly than ever; and his cheeks flaming with—I was about to say choler, but I innately believe it was with somebody else's blood. The man knows all about the construction of a fly, the exact weight of Turgénieff's brain, and the truth in regard to hydrophobia, and it has all de-humanized him, so unnatural is knowledge! When he passed near me, breathing deep, and rolling those bright little eyes of his, my palms tingled, my head swam. I never thanked the incomprehensible guide of destiny so much as then, when I felt myself in a New York parlor, instead of on a plain of the dark continent, alone with *him.*

Renée acquitted herself as all women do who have a career before them which they cannot avoid; and, best of all, she proved herself a perfect woman, as well as a great actress. Her refinement, her ingenuousness, were evident. She is to go upon the stage; it has since been all arranged. The seats in the charming little theatre are, next autumn, to be crowded for a phenomenal run; and this newly grown slip of beauty will soon be one of those marvels, a female star, able to coin her own princely fortune. At least, so I am positively told upon the best authority.

But, if you ask any of the Vauflars for their endorsement, they growl, shrug their shoulders, or smile with a gentle downward look, according to the individuality addressed.

(Alas! I gaze out of the window upon a gray sky, a wet sidewalk, a muddy street. I used to think hansoms jolly to jump into on such a day. On such a day I often consoled myself with a cigar, a novel, a chat, a game at billiards. I have a strange feeling upon me akin to dissolution itself. I find that nothing refreshes me, and I almost caught a dry rattle in my throat just now, as if death had positively set in. I even thought of selecting two nickels to place upon my eyes, in the absence of callers who might have performed the office, and was tying up my chin with my handkerchief when I came to my senses. Now I am all right; it was only a passing indisposition.

I had been fool enough to offer myself to Renée Vauflar.)

II.

Well, the moon rises, and the sun rises, and they both set again; and, by Jove, after this has recurred for a short time, something suddenly happens, which marks off the road of existence like a mile-stone. Every one felt that it was a pity to have the little Vauflar mystery in regard to downright wealth or gilded poverty left in a nebulous condition all summer long, as also the conclusiveness of Renée's popular success in her profession. But what alternative was there ? No one was desirous of improving upon the truth concerning these people, and the truth stopped short like a half-built railroad. However, this autumn developed facts of weighty proportions, and ponderous enough to inconvenience greatly the family they concerned.

Renée was not a success upon the boards. When the curtain rose for the first scene of the play which had been written for her, she looked like a perfectly good little Circe in the midst of deliberately wicked swine. She was fascinating and sweet, and her support was third-rate and coarse. A villain who was a villain, and a lady friend whom Renée would not have bowed to on the street, struck a chill at once upon the audience. Renée herself showed unavoidable crudities, although shot over by beams of promise which time alone could bring to supremacy. Besides, the child had not obtained her full magnetic growth; she looked slight, and did not fill the stage, small as it is, with her presence. Applause that is not genuine is the worst device in the world. We all helped toward Renée's destruction by *encores*. At last she became angry, and acted ten times better, and we really had some hopes of her; but next day the newspaper critics were very clever over it all, and it was clear that the girl's career was begun, as all are, at the foot of the ladder. We went every night, and took her flowers. Brandon was there perpetually in the same box, looking at her as if he wanted to cry. He 's grown as thin as a leafless tree. Renée never glanced up, even when he threw her a single rose. If she had only had the sense to accept him, there she would have been—handsomely provided for; but some women—the prettiest—can be too illogical, too fantastic in their will's and their wont's.

Presently the laconic phrase "Closed" greeted us at the door of the little theatre. De Graaf said he had called on Renée that afternoon, and now understood why she had looked so gray-white in the face, and why her eyes had been full of an unfixed expression, as if she saw the room filled with ghosts. The Professor had appeared upon the threshold of the parlor, gently rubbing his hands and looking pleased. I suppose he was studying the situation scientifically, and enjoyed its eccentricities. If he had not wanted Renée to go upon the stage, of course her prompt retirement from it would suit his bloody old soul.

"My darling, I have been very fortunate," he said to her, as if too full of some information to control his tongue. "Staterooms all connected and airy! Charming! We shall be certain to get off in plenty of time!" And then, with half a bow to De Graaf, he turned on his heel, and departed to his lair.

"You look so beautiful on the stage," De Graaf said, "that it seems a sacrilege to buy the permission to see you in that glare of light."

"I had an object and an ambition," she answered, pressing her handkerchief to her lips with nervous motions. "But life is more difficult to manage than I thought. When we need success most, we learn that we must wait for it."

"You speak despondently," cried the sympathetic and hypocritical De Graaf. "You have a great future before you."

"Yes," she sobbed. "A great future of despair !" She flushed all over her face, which had been so pale, and laughed, with wonderful naturalness. "An actress is full of moods and excitements," she explained, "and I am tired, to-day."

De Graaf got up to go; but perhaps he would have stayed a little longer, if he had known that he should never see Renée again. . . . .

You know, *if the poor girl had only been able to pay him the fifty thousand dollars*—her husband Gaulois, I mean—he might have let her alone for a while, if only to encourage her to give him another bribe later on. But her aunt, Madame Vauflar (she was her aunt, it proved) had not been able to carry out the enterprise of using her niece's dramatic genius as a source of revenue. The engagement at the theatre had turned out to be a luxury instead of an economy. When Renée's father, Maintenon, won her *dot*, which had been so nobly left her in the will of the old Comtesse de Perriére,—gambled it from her husband Gaulois on the very day when the marriage had been effected,—Gaulois lost his temper, the only thing he had ever been able to keep. He tried to kill Maintenon on the spot. Of course Maintenon had merely been fulfilling his natural propensities. We never blame a vulture for his tastes, nor ought a gambler to be expected to leave the fortune of an adventurer where it belongs. But Gaulois was in a losing condition, and saw his presence of mind following those other absent elements of his character: honor and humanity. 'Tis a wonder Renée's father escaped! Then Gaulois could not find his wife. As I say, he was one of those men who lose with heroic proportions. While her husband was undergoing his boon companion's stratagem, which so neatly reached the above climax after the *dot* had been placed where it could be gambled for, Renée was throwing herself upon the mercy of her mother's brother, Professor Vauflar. Of course she had merely been her father's victim in the marriage transaction.

I must take back all I have said against the Professor. His sharp little eyes saw every possibility which has since been realized: the futility of hoping for a great success for Renée at her age; the danger of revealing her whereabouts to her husband through publicity, although in a foreign and despised country; the squandering of all his own possessions in the visit to the United States, which his wife had engineered through some rich American acquaintances. To be sure the house had been hired ready furnished; but splendidly furnished—more so than the dear old Professor's pocket.

So, the next morning after the closing of the theatre, the newspapers had each a half-column to the tune that the sensational dramatic career of a beautiful young society woman, lately gone into the firmament of stars, had come to an abrupt end for want of sufficient qualifications, and so forth. Further, the evening editions revealed that a certain M. Gaulois, a gentleman of pleasing personality, had received the reporters who called at the Vauflar residence, and had most graciously informed them that Madame Gaulois having preceded him to this country for the purpose of making her début where she would be free from the over-scrutiny of lifelong friends, her success had not equalled her expectations, and she had decided not to proceed with her venture, until some later date. She would return with him to Paris. Of the movements of Professor Vauflar and his amiable wife, Gaulois did not feel authorized to speak so unreservedly; but he hoped that nothing would prevent his good friends from making the voyage at the same time with Madame Gaulois and himself. He had arrived a trifle sooner than they had anticipated, which had somewhat disturbed their plans, it is true. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the house except Gaulois' clear-cut tones. He opened the door for the peers of the press to depart, as he had opened it for them to enter; and that was all there was to that.

Brandon has gone into Digby's law office very much as if he were beginning life at twenty. He is positively earning his living. His most intimate friend, Algernon Locke, is said to have imparted to one of his own cronies this, by word of mouth:

> "ALBERT GAULOIS: My lawyer takes you the necessary sum, for which you are to give your acknowledgment, with its conditions of non-persecution, etc., as agreed between us. Let me know your whereabouts from time to time. It will give me great pleasure to learn that you are dead. Pray bequeath me immediate information on that point. "BRANDON."

The report of this little document is the only authentic information to be had in explanation of Brandon's loss of a very good fortune. I met Brandon on Fifth Avenue the other day, and I put my cane on his chest:

"Tell me," said I, "where is Renée?"

His sad eyes caught fire. He was not ceremonious.

"You contemptible puppy! How dare you utter that name?"

"Bless me, man," I cried, "I offered myself to her! May I not think and speak of her to you?"

His lips trembled and sank, and as he moved on he said:

"If he dies—I shall meet her again!"

WITH A GIFT OF LILIES.

OH, royal lilies with your heavy fragrance
Rising like incense through the sultry noon,
Bending your stately heads in sun-steeped radiance,
Dying with rapture, 'neath the rising moon !

I send you, with white lips all honey-laden,
To fairer gardens where your sisters sway
On slender stalks, and where a queenly maiden
Walks 'mid the blossoms of the early day.

There, where 'mid elm and maple shady,
The flicking sunshine round her path is shed,
Bear thou, in greeting to the gentle lady
A birthday crown of blessing for her head.

Into her soul breathe your angelic whiteness
Linking her thoughts to purer ones above,
Into her life confer your sunny brightness,
Into her heart, the fragrance of our love.

If fear of womanhood's untried to-morrow,
Darken her maiden morning all too soon,
May hope and trust bear down each boding sorrow,
And trouble die, beneath the rising moon.

Cornelia S. Parker.

SOME CURIOUS SEA-WORDS.

BY LIEUT. F. S. BASSETT, U. S. N.

THE sea-language has ever been a strange one. The ordinary reader is perhaps as much puzzled by the technical terms in the pages of Cooper, Marryatt and Clark Russell, as is the nautical expert in perusing certain passages of Swift and Rabelais, where the strange sea-jargon is set out of tune to a mass of nonsense. The confusion is increased by the familiar words used, which have their own peculiar meanings, and are frequently mispronounced in a strange way. The schoolmaster is not often at sea, and philology and etymology have had a poor chance, the sailor having followed his own whims and humors in selecting names for the accessories to his calling.

Let us hie to the docks, and taking boat, engage in a word-hunt for the curious on the decks and in the depths of "yon tall bark."

While thus afloat, do not be "at sea" with your wits, and, although we may "ship a sea," guard against being "half seas over," but rather be "seaworthy" as all good tars are.

Shall we, like the ancients, whose ships were always drawn up high and dry, embark for our short voyage in the "launch," or will the "sloop," or "shallop," so named from being towed astern (Ger. schleppen, to tow) be more suitable for such a trip? There, too, is the "cutter," or "coaster" (French, côtre), the light "gig" or floating "jigger," and the gay "yawl" or "jolly boat." Better still, here is the "barge," venerable in its descent from the Egyptian "baris," rich with trappings, and swift-oared. In it we will traverse the spacious harbor. What a fleet we shall pass on our way? These vessels (or little bowls; vasculum, a bowl) are of all sizes and shapes, from the stumpy fishing boat to the majestic Atlantic steamer. There is the handy American invention, the "schooner," that gets its name from "scooning" or skipping over the water. The "sloop" is at once a single-masted fishing boat and a stately man-of-war, sometimes the "corvette," a basket (Latin, corbita) of explosives. The light "brig" and "brigantine" are reminders of the "brigans" or middle-sea rovers of the fourteenth century. The idea of sex in ships is firmly rooted in the mind nautical. "She" may be a "man-of-war," and may even, as in the French merchant service, be masculine (le navire) though sometimes neuter, as in Teutonic tongues. But the idea of sex is usually present, and we have "sister ships," built on the same model, as the French have "brother ships" (vaisseaux frères). Perhaps the same sexual idea is hinted by the name "hermaphrodite brig," for yon partially brig-rigged vessel. There is the "barque" or "bark" whose name leads us back to the earliest constructions, with the variant "barkantine," the "brigantine," and other specially-named rigs. Stateliest of all is the huge "frigate," descendant of the Italian "fragata," an open-decked vessel (Greek aphracta, without a cover).

Here we are alongside. Nothing to be seen but the sombre hull, the towering spars and white canvas, and a maze of rigging.

A well-known story is told of one of our Presidents, who visited a man-of-war for the first time. On gazing down the open hatch, he is said to have exclaimed, "Why! the thing's hollow!" This hollow "hull," the roomy "hold," and the shattered "hulk," are all kindred terms, and the visitor might have imagined the hull to be hollow, had he been versed in the origins of sea terms.

Those long strips of plank above us, running the length of the ship, are the "strakes" and "wales," otherwise the streaks and stripes (A. S. walse, a strip of cloth). They are fastened to the "futtocks" or "foothooks" by the "trennels," originally "treenails."

These planks extend from top-rail to "keel." This substructure is the foundation of the vessel itself, the Greek "gaulos." Yonder ahead they curve to form the "bow;" these curves being, according to our French and Spanish oars-men, her "cheeks" (joues, cachetes). The fore-part of the keel is aptly named the "stem," and she follows her "nose" in the air (French "nez"—the upper stem), with her "forefoot" in the water and her heels (French "talon"—stern-post heel) coming after. Being feminine, the ship has her "apron" (fore-part of the stem), and we shall find her further possessed of "laces," "stays," "collars," "ties," "hoops," and a "waist." The lower part of the stem is the "gripe," otherwise the "throat" (gorja in Spanish) and the "cheek" (kinnback in German).

Let us ascend to the open deck. We land in the "waist." It is perhaps more appropriately named the "well" (pozzo, kühl) in Italian and German ships, and the "running deck" (coursive, ponte corrida) in French and Portuguese. We pass by the "gangway" or "going-way," to the "forecastle." In this name we have a reminiscence of the middle ages, when castellated structures were erected on the prows of ships for archers and slingers. Here the sailor is at home. It is in German ships the "messing-place" (back), and here etiquette does not follow the sailor. In early days, if he were pursued to these privileged quarters by the captain, he might with impunity slay his superior in self-defense, if necessary. Here we may look for characteristic names. Straight ahead of us looms up at an acute angle the mass of spars known as the "head booms." For this is the "head" of the ship, having its "nose," its "eyes," its "beak" and its "cap."

The first section of these spars is the "bowsprit," which lies between the upright timbers bearing the peculiar name of "knight-heads." Doubtless knightly figures were carved upon them in former times. They are the survivors of twelve timbers that formerly stood here in semicircular rigidity, having the name of "apostles" (apôtres, apostoli). The Danes still call these timbers "Judas' ears" (Judasooren). There are two flat pieces of wood bolted to the bowsprit at the sides. These are the "B's" or "bees," so named at first from their peculiar shape. The bowsprit impolitely retains its "cap," for without it and the "saddle," the jib-boom would not be secure. The seaman "gammons" the bowsprit with stout rope or chain. Those short chains leading to the sharp "cutwater" are the "bobstays," receiving also the various names of "water-stay" (Ger. wasserstag), "mustaches" (mostaccie del copresso, mostachos del baupres), and "chin-beard" (sous barbe) or "jack beard" (barbe jean). Projecting downward from the bowsprit is a slender spar, called by our sailors the "dolphin-striker," which, however, never does injury to the sportive inhabitants of the deep. German sailors call it the "pitching-stick" (stampfstevn), and they name the rope running through it to the jib-boom end the "pitching-stay" (stampfstag). English-speaking mariners call it the "martingale," and Spaniards the "jack beard" (barboquejo). The side "guys" supporting the head spars go by the name of "mustaches" in the south of Europe (moustaches, mostachos, mostaccie). In our ships, the spars through which they pass, projecting horizontally from the bowsprit, are the "whiskers." In former days these two short spars were one, and became a yard, carrying a sail that almost swept the water under the bowsprit. This, the "spritsail," had various curious names. In German ships it was the "blindsail" (blindsegel), having sightless eyes in its lower corners. To the Spaniard it resembled a mule's nose-bag, and was so named (cebadera).

Come out with me on the head booms, while we look at the spreading sails and the tapering spars, and recall some facts and fancies concerning the head sails.

These sails, shifting with the wind over the stays, are the "jibs," whose name, derived from the verb "jiber," is related to the nautical expression to "jibe." First is the fore staysail, called by French sailors the "little cutter" (trinquette), cutting the wind as the ship goes about. The same name is applied to the foresail in other tongues (trinchetto, trinqueta, traquete); and Frenchmen also call the fore-topmast staysail, the next one in order, the "big cutter" (trinquetin). Germans call the jib the cutter (klüver), and Spanish tars name the staysails "cutelos"—cutters. The topmast staysail being frequently borne in a "tourmente" or gale, is gallicised into the "tourmentin." The graceful outer sail receives apt names, being the "flying jib," "floating sail" (boyarrona), "flyer" (flieger), and "chaser" (yäger). We should not forget the many "fancy" sails sometimes borne upon the headstays—the "jib-of-jib," "outer jib," "jib topsail," and "balloon jib." The name applied to the jibs by French sailors (les focs), is in German transferred to the foresail (focksegel).

As we come in on deck, let us stop a moment. We are now in the "eyes" of the ship. The Chinaman paints eyes on the bows of his junk, that it may see where to go. These eyes are in our ship the "hawse-holes," or "hawser-holes," through which the cables run. The framing of these receives the various names of "throat-pieces" (hals), "cushions" (almojadas), and "asses' ears" (eezelsooren), in German, Spanish and Dutch ships. Yonder is a protruding spar, the "bumpkin" or little boom, and farther aft another, the "cathead." This projecting beam, to which the anchor is hoisted, is called "the Turk" (o Turco) in Portuguese ships, and the "crane" (krahnbalk) in German barks. Turks' heads and cats' faces were probably once carved on the beam-ends.

The purchase by which the anchor ring is hoisted is the "cat," or the "cheat" (capon). This word "cat" is a familiar one on board ship, and further illustrates the extensive beast nomenclature therein found. The cat is a broad-beamed sail-boat with no jib, a Norwegian vessel, and a well-known instrument of punishment. The "cat-harpings" are a part of the topmast rigging; the "catholes" are apertures through which the "stern-fasts" are led; the "cat-rack" (katt-spurn) another name for the "mast-step;" "cat-lap" is weak tea, a "cat-nap," a short one, a "cat's paw," a mere ruffle upon the surface, leaving a "cat-skin," and is also a kink in a rope. The name "cat's-hole" (trou de chat) is applied by French sailors to the lubbers' hole (boca de lobo, or seal's mouth, say the Spanish), which is aptly called "soldiers' passage" (soldatengat) by German mariners. When a ship is "hogged" (*i. e.*, bowed or arqué) German sailors say she has a "cat's back" (katzenrücken).

Here we are on the forecastle again. If you were ever here in a heavy sea, you would perceive the aptness of the French name for it, "gaillard d'avant." A gaillard is a gay fellow, a dancer, and this part of the ship dances. Across the deck swings a long boom. This bears the "fish," used in hoisting the anchor. It swings from the foremast by its pointed iron "goose-neck." "Fishes" also are the splinters used to bandage a damaged spar.

Above us towers the tall foremast. Each mast has its "head," its "foot" and its "step" (French sailors call the latter the claw—"talon"). The part entering the deck is the "partners," and the squared portion near the head is the "hounds." The dog is elsewhere well represented in ship nomenclature. "Whelps" are cleats on the capstan; the "dog-shore" is the last to be removed in launching a ship; a "dog's ear" is a fold in a sail; a "dog-vane," one of feathers or of light bunting; a "dog-stopper" is put on the cable before all, and a "dog-sleep" is a short nap in rough weather.

That flat block on top of the lower mast is the "cap." Nautical wits have played on it to their hearts' content. Perhaps many an airing on this elevated perch has thus been avenged. Gallic mariners call it "little cabbage" (chouquet), Italians "Moor's head" (testa di Moro); Portuguese bestow on it the title of "magpie" (pega), and Teutonic mariners contemptuously name it "ass's head" (ezelshoofd, æselshaupt). Away at the extremity of the royal mast is the "truck," also called the "acorn" and the "mast-apple" (pomme du mât). Yonder broad platform, to which we will now ascend, is the "top," whose names in various tongues trace its history. It is the "basket" (coffa) in Italian, was called the "carchesium" (cup) in Roman ships, and is the "hune" (hung) in modern French—a basket or cup hung at the masthead to sustain the slingers and bowmen. The soft pieces of wood on which lie the shrouds and stays are called "bolsters" in our ships, and "pillows" (almohadas) in Spanish vessels.

What a maze of rigging greets the eye as we ascend! How tall the pyramid of loosened sails! How broad the spreading yards! We shall mount by the broad "Jacob's ladder" and the "shrouds," which envelop the masthead like a winding-sheet. French sailors name them "head-bands" (haubans), and Germans "sides" (wanten). Their lower ends envelop oddly-shaped blocks grinning like death's-heads, and named "dead-eyes" (formerly, "dead men's eyes"), "death's-heads" (doodshoofd), "young woman" (jungfer) whom the shroud embraces, "ram's head" (cap de mouton), or "blind face" (bigota cieca). They are secured to others in the channels (chain wales) by means of the "laniards," "lanyards" or "runners" (corridori), also called "purchase-ropes" (taljereepen). We ascend by means of the "ratlines," or "woven lines," according to German tars (webeleinen).

The yards are secured to the masts by the "parrel" or "apparel." Abaft each mast is a "gaff" or fork (German "gaffel), called in French a "horn" (corne). It travels on its own mast by its "jaws," "claws" (gaffelklaue), or "mouth" (boca de cangreja), confined to it by its parrel with its "parrel-apples" (pommes de racage), and provided with its "saddle."

The broad lower sails are our "courses," since under them the ship runs. They were humorously named "fig-eaters" (becfigue, pacfi) in the old French and Italian marines, and are still called "papahigos" in Spanish. The next sail above, the foretopsail, is disparagingly named the "big ugly sail" (velacho, velaccio) by Spanish and Italian mariners, and is also called "parrot" (parochetto) by the latter, who call the topgallantsails (originally the gallant-topsails) the "fig-eaters" (pappa-ficco). Gallic tars named the latter sails the "parrots" (perroquets), while Spanish sailors named them after some sweetheart, the "jeannettes" (juanetes). The light upper sail, the "royal," so-called from having first been carried on the royal ship, the "Great Harry," was, in the plural, "royal parrots" (perroquets royaux), but these are now, in French ships, called by a name expressive of the contempt felt for them (cacatois).

This iron thimble, with its projecting arms for the royal shrouds, is the "jack." This word is generally employed in a depreciatory sense on board ship. The "jack" is a secondary flag, the "jack-staff" a short, stubby one; "jack tar," a jocular name for a sailor. Other words, such as "jack-block," "jack-knife," "jack-stay," etc., are used in the same way. We shall come across other similar words of depreciation in our journey.

The light and airy sails set above the royals have always received fanciful names. Our sailors call them "moon-sails," "moon-rakers," "sky-sails," "sky-scrapers," "star-gazers" and "jolly-jumpers," while they receive in German ships the poetical name of "cloud-sails" (wolkensegeln), and in French ships that of "butterfly wings" (ailes de papillon).

On either side extend the real wings of the ship—the "studding sails" or "steering sails" (Mr. Clark Russell to the contrary notwithstanding). They are called "wings" (alas) by Spanish sailors, "cutters" (cutelos) by Portuguese, and "border sails" (leesegeln) by Germans. The huge lower sail, that extends far from the ship's side on its swinging boom, is appropriately named the "creeper" (rastrera) by Spanish mariners, and the "sea-sweeper" (scopamare) by Italians. Sailors of the latter nation refer to the idea of cutting the wind in their names for the upper studding sails of "little knives" (coltellacci, coltellacini). Frenchmen call them "bonnets" (bonnettes), a name applied by our mariners to extra breadths laced to the foot of a sail. A further addition to the bonnet is called a "drabbler." Sometimes pieces were added to a square sail to fill up the space between it and the yard below. Our sailors called such pieces "save-alls;" the Italian names them "mangia-vento" (wind-eater).

There is perhaps a trade mark or reference to a garment in the name given by our sailors to the fore trysail—that of "fore spencer," and by Frenchmen "la benjamine."

The fore-top bowline, leading from the "leech" of the topsail forward at an acute angle, is dubbed "lean man" (magermann) in German ships. The mizzentop bowlines get the curious name of "five days" (cinque giorni) in Italian, while German merchantmen designate them by a name not fitted for ears polite.

The staysails come in for a great share of nick-names. The main staysail is sometimes called the "coal sail" (carboniera) in Italian vessels, and a like name (carbonera) is given to the mizzen-topmast staysail in Spanish ships, where the main staysail is called the "codfish" (bacalao). These two names indicate that this sail was first hoisted in colliers or fishing vessels. The name of "decksweeper" (deckschwabber) given to it by German sailors is an expressive one, and if you will stand to leeward while this sail is set, you will acknowledge it to be appropriate. French sailors probably had excellent reasons for calling it "lousy sail" (la pouilleuse). It stows so near the deck that it readily becomes a loafing place for indolent sailors. The next sail above it, the middle staysail, is aptly termed the "flyer" (flieger) or the "bastard" (bastardo).

As we pass aft, note the light timbers that support the top-rail, and the longer ones that sustain the cool awning. The former are called "candlesticks" (candelieri) and the latter "macaroni" in Italian ships. The long, curved iron stanchions by which the boats are suspended are called in our ships "davits" (?Davids, or Roman davus, a slave).

Around the huge mainmast is an odd curved rail, with a great array of blocks and pins. This bears the peculiar name of "fife rail," and the blocks are called "ninepin blocks" in old works on seamanship, and have the name of "mustard pots" (mostaard-pot) in Dutch ships.

Between the aftermasts is the "quarter-deck," sacred to official presence, and whose name recalls the days when the huge ships were cut up by numerous partial decks. The "half-deck" under it is another reminiscence of the same period.

None of the spars or sails on the mainmast bear any peculiar titles differing from those on the foremast. This distinction is reserved for the aftermast—the mizzen. Its name traces its history. It is the "mezzania," or "mezza nave" (amidships), the mast that stood in the middle, carried aft by change in sail rig, just as the French bestow the old Greek name for the largest sail, artemon, on the fore (l'artimon).

The lower yard on the mizzen is sailless in modern ships, and therefore receives contemptuous nick-names. The German name for the mast is "cross-mast" (kreuz-mast), and we call this yard the "cross jack" (crojeck) yard. "Jack" is a depreciatory term, as we have seen. It is in French literally the "dry yard" (vergue sèche), and Spanish and German sailors call it by the same name (verga seca, trockene-raa), the latter also giving it the name of "bagien-raa," nun's yard, *i. e.*, dry and sailless. The mizzen topsail is the "impetuous parrot" (perroquet de fougue) in French ships, and the topgallant sail the she-parrot (perruche), or the "little parrot" (periquito) in Spanish vessels. The Italians contemptuously call it the "caccaro," or flatter it by the name of "beautiful sight" (belvedere). This idea of it being the last "coigne of vantage" on the ship's leaving port, has perhaps given it its Teutonic name of "Gretchen on the dock" (Gretchen am deich, Grietje am dijk). The mizzen topsail is degraded in German and kindred tongues by the opprobrious title of "ape" (aap, affe). "Ape," or "monkey" is a contemptuous term on board ship. Such terms as "monkey-boat," "monkey-block," "monkey-jacket," "monkey-yard," and the like, are thus applied, and the liquor surreptitiously obtained by "bleeding the monkey" (tapping the liquor can) is often procured through the medium of a "monkey-pump" — *i. e.*, a straw and suction. This sail is called "soldier-killer" in Spanish (mata-soldado) some luckless landsman in ranks having doubtless felt the force of its blow.

The mizzen-topmast staysail is named by the same mariners, "xitre" (not in the count), and was probably an extra sail, not furnished by the owner.

Finally we have that broad four-sided sail set on a gaff abaft the mizzen-mast. It is the "spanker," although it is never set in a fair "spanking" breeze. Additional breadths, sometimes added to it, were known to the English mariners under the name of "ringtail," and to the Frenchman by the expressive title of diaper (paille-en-cul). The "driver," formerly set over the stern of the ship, was called by Italians the "stern beater" (batticulo), and received the name of bread-winner (brodgewinner) from German seamen.

This rounded after portion of the deck is the "poop," a name of great antiquity. It is the "hut" (hütte) in German, and the "little tent" (toldilla) in Spanish ships.

The stern, or the "haunches" of the ship are called "buttocks" by our builders, and "hanches" by Frenchmen. A square stern is a "mirror" (spiegel) in German phraseology.

The projecting "quarter-galleries" of our old ships were known by the curious titles of "bottles" (bouteilles), "gardens" (jardines), "love's gardens" (jardines d'amour), and "saddle-bags" (alforgas) to various mariners.

Those small hut-like structures just forward of the mast, which contain the compasses, the seaman's trusty friends, are called by French, English and Italian mariners, "binnacles" (Latin, habitaculum—a small house), or "little houses"; while Germans name them "night houses" (nacht-hauser), as they are illuminated at night. Reverent Italian sailors formerly called them "chiesuole" (little churches). Should the compass want a needle, or "lover" (Fr. aimant) it is a "dumb compass," or a "fox" (renard).

Far above us the "windsails" extend their canvas arms to catch the faintest breeze, and convey it below decks. Hence the German names of "cooling-sails" (kuhlsegeln), and "wind-bags" (wind-beuteln) are exceedingly appropriate. Frenchmen call them "funnels," (funils), and Spanish and Portuguese name them "sleeves (mangueras).

Come below decks, descending with me arm in arm the broad "companion ladder." Proceeding forward along the "main deck," note the apertures in the sides by which the water finds its way overboard. These are the "scuppers," to which the German sailors give the name of "spew-holes" (speigaten). The curved seam at the boundary of the deck-plank is called the "devil," and here is the origin of the phrase: "The devil to pay and no pitch hot." On this deck we see the cooking-range, called here the "galley." It is, in many ships, on the upper deck, in a "cuddy-house" or "caboose." The huge boilers are named the "coppers," and the shining copper pipe is "Charley Noble." Yonder is the cook, yclept "doctor," or slanderously named "slush thief" (schmierdieb). He is the originator of the famous "galley yarns," when they do not arrive by the mythical "galley-packet." His very dishes are peculiarly named. He will give you for "bub and grub" a dish of "scouse" made of bread or powdered sea biscuit, or "lobscouse," having meat in it, with "bully" ("bouilli") soup and "salmagundi," and a dessert of "duff" (bread pudding) or "plum-duff," or perhaps a "dough-boy," or hard dumpling. You may wash it down with "flip," "grog," or other "fogram" (poor liquor), or, if you are temperate, he will give you "geo-graffy" (water in which toasted bread has been soaked), "fu-fu" (molasses and barley) or "skilly-gallee" (oatmeal and water), "congee" (rice gruel), "burgoo" (oatmeal, salt, butter and sugar) and "skilly" (oatmeal broth) with unlimited "salt horse" and "pork and beans."

Those upright iron posts near the foremast are the "bits," placed in the mouth of the ship to restrain her impetuous plunges at anchor. Just forward of them, and close in the "eyes" of the ship is the "manger," whose only horses are the "jackasses"—oakum stuffed bags placed in the hawse-holes in port. This is the "water bowl" (wasser back) in German.

Going down another deck, we are on the "orlop" or "overloop" (Du [illegible] probably at first a mere platform in the hold. Yonder narrow and dark room in the very eyes of the ship is the "forepeak." It is appropriately named "hell" in German and Dutch, and the passage leading to it is "hell-gate" (höllegat), while Frenchmen call it the "lion's pit" (fosse aux lions). In our men-of-war, the custodian of the spare stores, who burrows here in his waking hours, is called the "yeoman." From here the water finds its way aft to the "pump-well" by long narrow passages called "limbers," evidently from the Norwegian name of "lemme-gater" (rat-holes). French sailors call them "eel-passages" (anguillères), and German mariners give them the curious name of "nostril passages" (nüster löcher).

In the after part of the ship, in men-of-war, is the "magazine" or powder-room. European mariners call it "Saint Barbara" (Sainte Barbe), that saint being the protector of gunners. The "gun-room" or "ward-room" no longer contains any guns, the name being a relic of three-decker ships. Some nautical satirist has bestowed upon the "steerage" the name of church (kirche). The "cock-pit" recalls days when "feathered bipeds" strove for the mastery, to amuse their masters. It is a curious anomaly that the narrowing part of the ship aft should be called the "after-peak," since the "peak" or "beak" is in the bow.

We have now finished our survey of the ship. There are many curious names, phrases and expressions to which attention has not been called. Some of these are very expressive terms, and many sayings that have become a part of our mother tongue were borrowed from the language of the sea. But these must wait, for the "blue peter" is up, the pilot aboard, and the anchor atrip, and we must hie us to the shore.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

DOWN by the sea
The happy children
Frolic from dawn to eve in merry bands,
Building their houses, that so soon must perish,
And gaining health along the shining sands.

Down by the sea
Young men and maidens
Whisper of love beneath the summer skies,
And write sweet thoughts upon the shell-strewn beaches,
That soon are washed away before their eyes.

Down by the sea
The well-pleased parents
Enjoy their ease—their fate in life is found—
And watch with pride their happy sons and daughters
Taking their turn in life's alluring round.

Down by the sea
The new-made widow
Weeps as she listens to the ocean's roar,
For to her ears it bears the ceaseless burden,
Your love has gone from you forevermore.

Down by the sea
The old and feeble
With tranquil spirit muse upon the past,
And as the light dies out across the waters,
They talk of that bright land where day shall last.

Down by the sea
The mighty ocean
Fills every human heart with wondering awe,
Whether it smiles in calm or raves in tempest,
Speaking to all of Him whose word is law.

Lida C. Tullock.

SUPPLEMENT.

CONTAINING THE AMERICAN PULPIT, THE HOUSEHOLD, TIMELY TOPICS AND PORTFOLIO.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

Bishop Simpson.

IN 1811, Cadiz, Ohio, was a village of some importance. A blacksmith shop and a few scattering houses marked the site in 1800, but during the eleven years following it drew considerable trade from surrounding territory, and entered on a more rapid growth. Its first settlers were mostly from Pennsylvania, of Dutch descent, with a few who traced their ancestry to Ireland or Scotland. It is situated on probably the highest point of land in Eastern Ohio, a promontory forming part of a chain of hills that stretch away to the sweeping Ohio River on the south. Once a day, the old stage-coach, going both east and west, lumbered by. In this little village, June 20th, 1811, Bishop Matthew Simpson was born. His father, James Simpson, was a Dublin Irishman, and came to America with a brother, familiarly known through life as "Uncle Matthew," in 1793. The Bishop's mother's maiden name was Sarah Tingley. She was a wonderful woman, if we may believe what loving friends say of her to-day; a model for a pioneer's wife. The strength of character exhibited by her son is said to have been an inheritance from her. She was of New England nativity, her father and grandfather having been soldiers in the Revolutionary War. After a life of hard struggle she retained up to her last moments her mental vitality. She died in 1866 at the home of her son, the Bishop, in Philadelphia, at the age of 81 years.

Young Simpson's parents settled in the central part of the village, in a two-story log cabin, the appearance of which is now forgotten by the oldest inhabitant, as it was torn down in 1820, nine years after the Bishop's birth. While Matthew was quite small, his parents removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., where, after the birth of two daughters, a few years later, the father sickened and died. The widow returned to Cadiz, most of her relations and friends residing there. Mrs. Carnahan, a niece of Mrs. Simpson's, says that she has a distinct recollection of hearing her aunt say, that during those days of suffering and trial, little Matthew was necessarily deprived much of his mother's care. He seemed to be continually falling down stairs and injuring his head in various places. Her alarm about him was extreme. She sometimes was tempted to think it would be better were he taken from her, as he surely would be idiotic, should he live through all his accidents.

Fortunately "Uncle Matthew" assumed the care of the little family. He was a strict disciplinarian, stern in disposition, always requiring obedience of his requests, yet never inflicting severe punishment except when rebuke availed not. He was a school-master, nay, more, he was an "Irish school-master." Perhaps you remember the conversation between Nicholas Nickleby and honest John Brodie, the English yoeman, after Nicholas had had his bout with "Squeers," and where John in his broad English burst into such an ecstatic shout that his horse shied at it. "Beatten the school-measther! who ever heard o' the loike o' that noo!" If so, you will readily understand that an Irish schoolmaster in those days could administer a sound thrashing deserved or undeserved. The mother never interfered with her brother-in-law's discipline, though at all times full of love for her children. Uncle Matthew was very proud of the abilities of his nephew; words of praise of his many excellent qualities fell from his lips while the future bishop was yet a small boy. Two sisters were taught by his side. It might be well here to say that they both grew to womanhood and were married, Esther to George McCullough, and Elizabeth to Curtis Schoals, who was also a school-teacher. Esther lived to a good old age, dying in Denver, Colorado. Elizabeth, with her husband and two children, have been for years past sleeping in the old cemetery at Cadiz.

Coupled with the fact of being a schoolmaster, Uncle Matthew was by trade what in those earlier days was called a reed-maker, and in the winter season he spent his spare time in making weaver's reeds, thereby earning support for his protegés. Young Simpson soon helped his uncle in this work, and became an adept in the art. In the summer time the little academy was open for the reception of students, Matthew studying with his uncle all the time, and after a few years he took some of the classes, and taught successfully. John A. McConnell, who was a pupil in the school during the term of 1825 says: "It was a long, low, one-story frame building, that stood north and not far from where the Presbyterian Church is now standing. I remember distinctly that the junior Simpson occasionally assisted his uncle in teaching the various classes."

The study of languages, which he was remarkably successful in mastering, proved Simpson's greatest delight. At the age of eight years he could read and translate Greek, Latin and German, and a few years afterward could express his thoughts in eleven different tongues. So eager was he to acquire knowledge, that he neglected the proper steps to attain a manly physique, and became extremely round-shouldered from his habit of stooping over in studying. His friends feared that he might injure his lungs and die of early consumption. A primitive chair-rest was constructed for him, but came too late to remedy the evil already accomplished, and he remained very much stooped throughout the rest of his life. Dr. McBean, a rising young Scotch physician, who resided in a part of the town called Gimlet Hill, and which still bears the name, was Simpson's tutor in languages.

Simpson was not at that time at all prepossessing in appearance; he was tall, he had extremely angular features, a reddish freckled face and very red hair. No outward appearance indicated future greatness. He was of a retiring, diffident disposition, more fond of books than of society; and in going to and from his recitations, having to pass quite through the village, he invariably chose the path least traveled.

The college of note in 1827 nearest to Cadiz was at Meadville, Pa., and young Simpson, resolving to enter it, trudged the whole distance thither afoot, probably two hundred miles. With a few books in hand, and some scanty clothing, wrapped in a bundle, over his shoulder, he read theology as he walked to his alma mater. The school was then known as Madison College, afterwards as Allegheny College. Simpson advanced so rapidly in his studies that in two years from the date of his entering he was installed as a tutor. He remained there until 1833, when he severed his connection and came back to Cadiz to study and practice medicine.

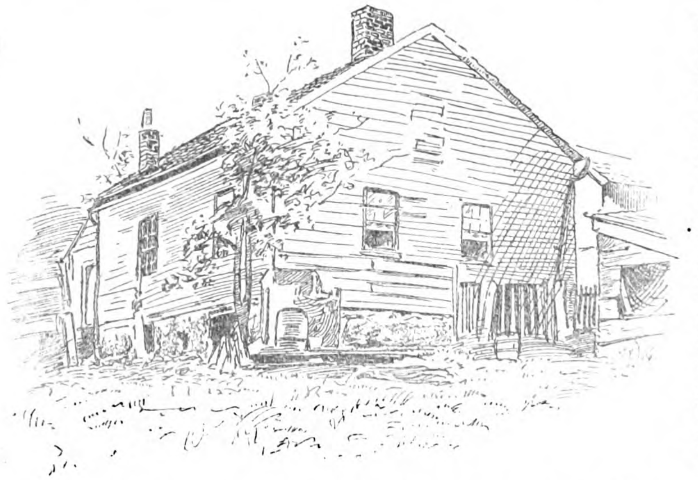
In November of that year occurred the wonderful shower of falling stars chronicled in history. Dr. John Scott, recently deceased, a neighbor of Simpson at the time of the event, says that Simpson awoke all the sleepers in the vicinity to look at the magnificent sight, and astonished them all with his wonderfully eloquent and admiring exclamations. An old gentleman present, named Virden Waller, took a somewhat prosaic view of the occasion. Mr. Waller was more commonly known as "Daddy," and held high repute as a Methodist class-leader. Being awakened by the young doctor, and after a few moments' thought, gathering the idea that the star-shower portended the destruction of the earth, yet feeling an anxiety to have the inner man well satisfied before the final event, "Daddy" was heard to exclaim: "Well, let's kill a chicken and have one good meal before the end comes!"

Perhaps the most interesting point in Simpson's career was the sudden change he made from the curing of bodily ills to saving souls. His uncle in his teachings had always had the ministry in view for his nephew; in fact, had often urged on him this desire of his heart, but as often had young Simpson argued his inability to become a public speaker. At school his greatest drawback was in regard to public speaking. In after life, answering the question put to him by a fellow-minister: "How did you gain your power as an orator?" he said: "It cost me unspeakable effort to bring myself to attempt speaking, and I was invariably mortified at my failures. At length, having felt called to the ministry, I sought to forget myself so far as possible, and, abandoning all thoughts of oratory, to give myself absolutely to the task of saying things so that people could readily understand them. Then followed an increasing effort to impress the truth upon them, and by that means I have gained whatever power I possess as a public speaker."

The turning point referred to was reached in 1833. The Methodist charge at Cadiz was a part of a very large circuit—probably forty miles in diameter. The date arrived for a quarterly meeting, and the pulpit was to have been filled by the presiding elder, but late on Saturday evening it was learned he could not be there. Uncle Matthew at once went to Dr. Simpson and importuned him to prepare a sermon for the occasion, relating to him the circumstances, and stating that it would not do to disappoint the people. As he had learned to obey his old uncle, he finally consented to fulfil the duties of pastor next day. Sunday morning it was heralded from house to house that young Dr. Simpson would preach, and at the appointed hour the little church was filled to its utmost capacity with people eager to hear his maiden effort; some believing, no doubt, that it would prove a failure.

Tremblingly the text was read, and the sermon begun, but as the morning sunshine scatters clouds, so the unknown power took possession of the speaker, and he became as one inspired. The effect of the sermon was electric. Few people now living heard that discourse, but those who remain remember it as wonderful. Himself astonished at the development of his gift, and being already thoroughly indoctrinated in the Christian faith, Dr. Simpson there and then determined, with God's help, to make preaching his life's work. In a year afterward the conference, known as the Pittsburgh Conference, granted him license to preach, and gave him a circuit. His next sermon after his first effort was at New Athens, a small town in the south-eastern part of the county. His election to the bishopric followed in nineteen years afterward, in the same class with Scott, Baker and Ames. In the meantime he had been President of Asbury University at Greencastle, Ind., from 1839 to 1848; he had also filled with honor the editorship of *The Western Christian Advocate.*

The church in which this first discourse was delivered is still standing. Its dimensions were probably 20 x 30 feet, the audience room answering both for Sunday-school and church services. The outside now presents a dilapidated appearance. The sketch very recently taken of it by our artist shows a side and back view. The front is now largely hidden by the dense foliage of trees and the latticed work of a veranda, the house having been for years past used as a dwelling.



As a pulpit orator Bishop Simpson took without question the first place in the ranks of the preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A professor of *elocution* once went to hear him, with a view to technical study. Being afterward asked how he liked the bishop's *elocution*, he replied: "Elocution! I never thought of it. I was so enraptured it slipped my mind. What does *he* need of elocution?" On great occasions whole audiences have become so excited by the eloquence of the man as to rise to their feet and gather close around him while he opened to their minds the great and marvelous mysteries of eternity. It seemed as if his powers of speech were supernatural. Forgetful of everything, save the truth of the Gospel and its mission of salvation, he seemed inspired.

An incident showing his gifts is related by his uncle. Late one Saturday night he arrived at a town in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, where he was a total stranger. The next morning he made his way to the Methodist Church, and accosted the pastor, telling him he was a brother in the ministry. Simpson being extremely awkward and plain in appearance, the pastor was half inclined to omit the courtesy due a brother preacher, of asking him to deliver the sermon. If he inquired of the bishop as to his name, he must have failed to catch it, for he certainly had no idea to whom he was speaking. His request for the stranger to preach was therefore expressed in the most formal and constrained manner. The stranger readily agreed to fill the pulpit, and the pastor's chagrin was evident, as he resigned himself to his fate. The bishop preached one of his powerful sermons, and everybody in the audience whispered to his neighbor, "Who is he?" Before he had taken his seat, the pastor had him by the hand. "What did you say your name was?" "Simpson." "What! Not the bishop?" "That is what they call me." The minister instantly sprang to his feet and shouted, "You have just had the privilege of listening to Bishop Simpson. Let us sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'"

As an author, Bishop Simpson will not be forgotten. His "Yale Lectures on Preaching" and his "Cyclopedia of Methodism" will long remain as standard authorities, remarkable for breadth of Christian thought and insight. In his death the Church and the world lost a man who was able in this life to lift the veil that obscures the vision of the future world, and to reveal its treasures to his fellowmen. He lives in the heart of his chosen Church. *Will M. McConnell.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

September Health Suggestions.

BY A PHYSICIAN OF EXPERIENCE.

We have had an unusually hot season. From west to east, waves of torrid heat have swept over mountain, vale and meadow, until all nature, animate and inanimate, is fain to sink beneath continued strain. We, in temperate zones, do not know how to meet such weather. Neither by nature nor habit are we ready to encounter it, and what would be considered comfortable by natives of tropical countries, is regarded here as almost unbearable. Our food, our clothing, our active ways, all need revision in the light that falls so fiercely from a vertical sun; and without such change, ill effects soon show themselves.

Among earliest symptoms of approaching heat, prostration comes—morning languor and loss of appetite. There is a sense of dull heaviness about the head, not far short of pain; of fatigue in legs, that is worse upon first rising, and of being in general ill-at-ease upon awaking, that tells of over-strain from heat.

After a cool bath and leisurely toilette, the head clears up, but there is a white coat upon the tongue, little appetite for breakfast, and a tendency to looseness of the bowels.

Now comes need for utmost care. Early breakfast, say from seven to eight o'clock, should consist of toast, an egg, a little salt-fish and a cup of tea or weak coffee; nothing more. Uncooked fruit and milk should each be avoided as having a tendency to affect the bowels. Indeed, milk is unfit for food during a heated term, as lactic acid, its ferment, is developed with great rapidity when it is warm, and decomposition has already begun by the time it is delivered at our doors. Nor does subsequent chilling prevent its progress. Only some anti-ferment can do this, and then the milk becomes unpalatable. Better avoid it altogether, or, if necessary to take it, add a tablespoonful of lime-water or a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia to each tumblerful. The latter is portable and gives no foreign taste to milk.

Clothing should be carefully chosen. With a thin suit of woolen, or wool and cotton next the skin, outer garments should be as light and porous as possible, and always of light colors, gray being preferable. It is far better to carry a light overcoat or have one handy, than to wear heavy-weight or dark garments, because a change may come suddenly.

Any pain or laxity of bowels must be carefully noted, and immediate measures taken to regulate them, as a little carelessness in that particular is pretty sure to lead to serious trouble. Usually a diet composed of broths and farinaceous food, avoiding all solids, fruits and vegetables, will rectify this difficulty in a day or two; but should it persist, no time ought to be lost in consulting a physician.

A woolen band drawn moderately tight around the abdomen, and worn continuously, will frequently prove beneficial.

Exercise care in drinking. Iced water is never safe, both because it chills nerve centres, and because ice usually contains a large quantity of organic filth. Pure spring water, cooled in bottles, is best; and most of the carbonic acid waters in common use are excellent.

No stimulants of any kind should be taken. Always a virulent poison, alcohol gains added potency for ill when the system is relaxed by heat, and its bad effects are profoundly felt when the mercury is in or above the eighties. Every drop of alcohol imbibed is an added source of irritation to mucous surfaces already on edge, so to speak, and many a slight diarrhœa has been made grave disease by the injudicious administration of brandy. Nothing can be more unphysiological or dangerous. Fluids should be used cautiously and sparingly; at the same time, enough must be taken to supply loss by rapid perspiration, but drinking is better done at meals than between them.

The gaily-colored beverages that stand outside fruit stores in great bowls, and attract attention by tinkling of ice that floats upon their surface, are frequently compounds of tartaric acid, fruit essences (another name for butyric ether), and sugar. They are best let alone.

No violent exercise is necessary or wise. An early walk down-town, that tones a business man up and makes him ready for work in cool weather, only increases his languor and fatigue now. It is better to ride, and in every way avoid vital expenditure, when reconstruction of tissue is slow. It must be remembered that hard work, exhaustive work, is by no means all muscular; it is a well-known fact that brain labor is far more tiresome and debilitating to the system than any toil of hands can be. All professional and business men, therefore, should make as few hours as possible in their offices or counting-rooms, and leave them—ready or not—by three o'clock.

When insomnia comes, and long nights of wakeful watching for sleep wear out the strongest man, it is often too late for relaxation to do more than postpone the end. Said a gentleman to me within a few days: "Doctor, I have not had a week's rest in eight years." I looked at him in pity and replied: "My dear sir, if you had a steam engine that had been worked in such a manner, would you wonder at its breaking down? How can you expect that your physical machine, far more complicated than any made by man, and animated by a motive power of which we are absolutely ignorant, should go on in that way?"

If people would only keep in close view the fact that man was born to die, that decay is inevitable, perhaps they would take more care of their frail bodies and not systematically overwork them, especially during heated terms, when recuperation is slow.

Exposure to direct sunshine is always to be avoided. An umbrella is a convenient barrier, and if of light color, will fend off many rays that would otherwise reach an exposed brain. But it is better to remain quietly within doors during midday hours, and most professional work can be shifted readily to early morning or late afternoon.

Sea bathing should be indulged in with caution when the sun is bright and hot. At a large majority of resorts, water temperature is many degrees below normal heat of the human body, and where all parts except the head are subjected to a lessened heat, and that is exposed to the sun, there is danger of cerebral congestion, which may stop at a splitting headache or go on to an attack of apoplexy. Bathing should be done early in the morning, after a cup of coffee, or just before bedtime, the latter preferably.

An excellent tonic for this weather may be found in a little water that has stood a few minutes in a cup made from quassia wood, which may be purchased at any chemist's for twenty-five cents. Its intense pure bitter is grateful and wholesome to all stomachs, and is a far better appetizer than any cocktail ever made.

Perhaps as effective a way of expending nervous force as can be devised, is reading on railway cars. The busy drive of American life, wherein each minute has a definite value in coin, makes our business-men avaricious of time, and of a hundred coming down town or into town of a morning, it is safe to say that seventy-five will be reading a newspaper. What with the jerky jar of the train, sudden stops and dusty atmosphere, the retina is kept in a constant oscillation to accommodate itself to rapidly varying conditions, and a nervous irratibility is set up in the brain that starts the day badly. It is better far to let one's eyes rest quietly, focused upon some distant picture of green tree or cool meadow through a car window; or, if in town, to study human nature from some of the many leaves that a horse-car is continually turning in and out.

Although most fruit is well ripened by September, there are still many kinds in the country that have not entirely thrown off their greenness, and in them lies peril for the little ones. There is something so cogent in appeal to youthful tastes about a half-ripe apple, that resistance is rarely dreamed of; and cholerine—a modified form of cholera—appears, marked by intense bowel pain, sharp diarrhœa and rapid prostration. The first thing to do is to clear out whatever may be left of the poison in the stomach by an emetic, and nothing is better than a teaspoonful of mustard stirred in half a tumbler of warm water, given in tablespoon doses every five minutes until free vomiting follows. Then stop pain. A physician would use a hypodermic dose of morphia; the next best remedy is equal parts of laudanum and essence of peppermint, ten dops of each for a child ten years old, increasing one drop for each year up to twenty-five (the full adult dose), repeated every two hours until all pain is gone. Next morning or within seven hours, give a brisk purgative, and move away from the vicinity of those fruit trees.

Few troubles are more annoying or more productive of serious difficulty, if not removed, than insects in ears. Lying upon soft meadow grass, or sleeping upon a camp-bed of fragrant spruce, bugs of various denominations seem possessed with a desire to inspect our auricles. Once inside, their frantic efforts to escape cause such agony that people have gone temporarily crazy with it. This may be instantly stopped by pouring the ear full of sweet oil, which suffocates the insect and he is easily removed later by a syringe and warm water. Avoid intruding pins, etcetera, into ears. Much harm may thus be done to their delicate mechanism and little to the cause of all the trouble. If oil is not readily accessible, use water, which is almost as good.

Ear-ache in any form may be quickly relieved by filling the organ with chloroform vapor from an uncorked bottle,—vapor only, not the liquid; and mamma's bag should always contain a small vial of it, as it is useful in many ways. Ten drops upon a lump of sugar is an excellent remedy for hiccough or ordinary nausea, and I have recalled to life more than one person pronounced dead from sunstroke, with a half-teaspoonful clear, poured down his throat.

In September, most schools begin their fall terms and children must be home in time to commence their tasks. As a rule, in our Northern and Middle States, some of the very hottest weather comes in the first half of this month, and a week of confinement at books with mercury over ninety degrees is enough to undo the benefit of a whole summer's outing. Better stay away until the 15th, after which cooler weather is usually permanent.

During this month, September, when rains come seldom and wells are low, additional care must be exercised about drinking water. It is typhoid fever month in many localities, and few theories are more universally admitted by scientists than that which gives causation of this terrible disease to a specific germ that most frequently enters the human system in water. There is one certain protective: drink only water that has been recently boiled, for the growth that originates typhoid is killed by even a lower degree of heat than 212 deg. Fahrenheit. Only last week, I was consulted by a gentleman and his wife, who were both poisoned at a well-known resort by drinking water which seemed bright, sparkling and pure. Their symptoms were almost those of cholera, and a hasty examination of the water revealed nothing. Visiting the hotel, the cause was soon made clear. Half a dozen privy-vaults were within fifty feet of the well whence the supply of drinking water came, and free percolation through a loose sandy soil was going on. The hotel manager is getting water elsewhere now. The test by permanganate of potash, spoken of in the August AMERICAN, is quite competent to prove the character of such water as this. While I write, a still more startling instance of such contamination is reported by telegraph.

Foot-gear is well worthy of medical supervision. For many years past, more than one generation, it has been fashionable for women to wear the absurd and harmful inventions known as French heels, whereby their feet have been made suffering masters rather than useful servants, and a plentiful crop of bunions, corns and deformities has been created. These are happily almost gone, but their consequences remain ; and the woman who can start off for a comfortable ten-mile mountain tramp is not to be found in every party. Even a short walk makes many lame, and aching, tender feet are very common.

A few drops of extract of white-oak bark in the morning foot-bath, with a pinch of boracic acid, will go far to harden the feet, and bathing at bed-time with pure alcohol will quickly remove soreness. But shoes must be looked to. Corns and bunions come from friction and unequal pressure ; and it should be known that shoes loose enough to permit the foot to slide about in them are even more likely than tight ones to produce these troublesome growths. Shoes should fit exactly ; a desideratum more easily found when they are made after the anatomical pattern than any other way. They should be quite heavy. Very light boots are good enough to dance in, but for every other purpose, the soles should be thick enough to protect feet from small stones or accidental blows. Heavy shoes seem tiresome to walk in at first, but after a few days the feeling of comfort and security that comes with wearing them is so great that they are rarely given up.

Wet feet are to be scrupulously guarded against. Few people are strong enough to avoid catching cold from such exposure, and when it is remembered that all the blood circulates through the feet every few minutes, it is easy to see how readily chill comes if the extremities are wet and cold. Should they accidentally get so, however, it is best to keep rapidly moving until dry stockings and boots can be reached, when a hot foot-bath and brisk rubbing will usually restore equilibrium.

It is surprising how certainly a cold may be broken up by a timely dose of quinine. When first symptoms make their appearance, when a little languor, slight hoarseness and ominous tightening of nasal membranes follow exposure to drafts or sudden chill by wet, five grains of this useful alkaloid are sufficient in many cases to end the trouble. But it must be done promptly. If the golden moment passes, nothing suffices to stop the weary sneezing, handkerchief using, rednose and woe-begone looking periods that certainly follow. A pill in time.

Speaking of colds, I have a theory that no one need ever have one unless he chooses. In other words, that it is quite possible so to train the skin, that wonderful organ that is generally looked upon as the paper wrapper to our human bundle, as to render it non-susceptible to sudden changes of temperature or atmospheric moisture, whence colds come.

And as this is exactly the season to commence such a system of pellar education, as it has proved effective in many instances within my own knowledge, and as it is within easy reach of every one to try, I write it here. The theory is that no skin that has been exposed freely for half an hour at the beginning of a day to a temperature lower than it will encounter through the day, will note small changes or be affected thereby.

A cold is simply a nervous shock, received by the myriads of minute nerve terminals that bristle over the surface of the human body, transmitted to the centers and so back again to mucous membrane, the peculiar seat of this special irritation. Let us then so train these sensitive fibres that they will pass by, unnoticed, changes of atmospheric condition, and the matter is accomplished.

It is done by taking a daily air bath, the entire naked body exposed for a few minutes to whatever temperature and dampness reigns outside one's house, by opening every window and keeping in motion about the sleeping chamber directly after rising. If any part remains covered, that part remains sensitive—all must be bare. Beginning with five or even two minutes these warm mornings, the air bath should be gradually lengthened up to twenty or thirty, using gentle exercise all the time, and within two months the early hour will become a delightful one. Even as cold weather comes, there will be no suffering from lowering temperature. Entire freedom from colds is a boon well worth striving for.

This air-bath is by no means intended to replace one with water, but may best precede it, and the protective value is enhanced by a gentle sponging afterward. If this training is successfully carried out, one feels warmer of a winter's morning unclad than all the day following with clothing on.

Care must be taken in case of an aged person or one suffering from debilitating disease; but the system has been practised here with excellent effect in early stages of consumption, where a peculiar susceptibility to cold is common.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

Negro Education.

THE negro of the South is to be educated. That is settled. By private munificence, self-devotion and labor, or by public provision, the black man is destined in the near future to have as good opportunities for intellectual development and improvement as the white man. THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for July gave a very interesting account of the work of colored schools in the Southwest. There are others in almost every State, some older, larger and better established. Perhaps the most interesting of them just now is the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute at Petersburg—interesting not because of its age or wealth or the number of its pupils, but because it is entirely a State institution, established and supported by the legislature, and made a part of the system of public education of the State. And it is the first institution of the kind in the South.

In brief, one hundred and thirty thousand dollars has been appropriated for its buildings, which are now nearly completed, and twenty thousand dollars a year for its expenses. By provision of the law, six of the seven members of the Board of Visitors, who have the immediate management of it, are colored men, and the entire faculty must be of the same race. It has academic, normal and preparatory departments, besides holding a summer session of two months for the special instruction of the colored teachers of the State. The number of students in the regular session of the year that closed in June was 150, and of student teachers in the summer session 352.

But it is not of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute that I desire to write in this communication, but of what may be expected of the negro in the way of improving the opportunities afforded him, and of the future of the race. And I do not wish so much to give my own opinions and conclusions as those of President John Mercer Langston, LL.D., of the institution I have mentioned. He is, with one exception, the most distinguished colored man in the United States. Born a slave in Virginia, he was emancipated by his father and educated at Oberlin College, in Ohio, where he was graduated from the academic and theological departments. He subsequently studied law and practiced his profession successfully for many years. He is a strong writer and an eloquent orator. After the war he was identified with the management of the Freedmen's Bureau, and was finally called to a professorship in Howard University, the national college for young colored men at Washington. There he became dean of the faculty and acting president. He was several years a member of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia. His last public office was that of United States Minister to Hayti.

President Langston says that the negroes are improving the advantages that have been given them very well. It is not true that while the colored race is quick to grasp the rudiments of the education given in the schools, it fails when an attempt is made to advance beyond a certain limited range. This impression has been caused by the false idea underlying the management of schools for colored youth. The idea has been that, on account of the negro's intellectual inferiority, he must be favored—less must be expected of him. Such a policy would produce inferior scholars in any school, white or black. Colored pupils are not told this, but they have felt it. The negro has even an aptitude for mathematics. This is a very encouraging view, but the experience which it represents should give it great weight.

---

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with letters and short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

President Langston thinks that very few people appreciate how important an element of our population the negro is, not in the South alone, where the blacks are concentrated, but in the North. Before the war there were between 15,000 and 20,000 male negroes in Ohio alone, who were old enough to vote. The number has enormously increased since then, not only naturally, but much more largely by immigration from the South. This movement has been going on in all the Border States and in those farther north. The colored men constitute an important part of the population of New York city. He explains this apparent anomaly in the face of the rapid increase of the negro population of the South between 1870 and 1880, by saying that the negroes were never accurately counted before. It will not do, he says, to forget that the black shares with the white man the possession of this Western World. The colored race numbers now not less than 25,000,000 on this continent and the adjacent islands. In the West Indies, see how the negroes are concentrated in Cuba! In the English island of Jamaica the colored population predominates, possessing much of the wealth and a full share of intelligence and talent.

In view of these considerations, the so-called "negro-question" assumes even more importance than we are accustomed to accord it. The black man is here to stay. He is bound to bear his share in the affairs of the country, and it is of vital consequence that he shall bear it well. *Ler.*

Missionary Methods.

Mr. Duncan's remarkable experiences with the unpromising Indians of the Northwest coast, and his wonderful success in civilizing and Christianizing them, as related in the July number of the American Magazine, seem most important to me, for the question they suggest whether a serious mistake has not been made in the popular methods of missionary work.

The two distinctive features of his system, as I understand it, are the isolation of those whose condition he would improve, from constant contact with those who show little or no inclination to change their mode of life; and the dependance of the missionary for his support upon the people among whom he labors.

The benefits of isolation are proved not only by what may be seen at Metlakahtla, but by the failure of other missionary effort where this principle has not been recognized. The Roman Catholic missionaries—and none are more patient and faithful—were laboring among the Indians near Victoria before 1857, and have never ceased from that day to this; but while they have made many converts, and perhaps a majority of the Indians who have come directly under their influence are nominally Christians, the material and social condition has not very much changed. To say that these Indians are not in a better condition than they were a third of a century ago would not be true, but they are more than a generation behind the people of Metlakahtla.

Another example may be found in Alaska. The Russian Greek Church missionaries converted the Indians at Sitka in 1808, and they are mostly Christians to this day. But they still live in the same dirty hovels, and unless American missionary effort bears better fruit among them than we have any reason to hope for, they will be in the same condition twenty-five years hence. Witness, too, the wonderful rapidity with which our own Plains Indians are converted from savages to civilized men and women at the schools in Carlisle, Penn., and Hampton, Va., and how long it takes the missionary and teacher stationed with a tribe to make an impression. Is it not better to civilize one heathen man or woman at a time, thoroughly, as Mr. Duncan has done, or as they are doing at Carlisle and Hampton, than merely to rub the scurf of barbarism from a dozen?

The second peculiarity of Mr. Duncan's methods is that he has done his work independently of missionary societies, and has either supported himself or been supported by those in whose behalf he labored. It is true that he went to the Northwest Coast under the auspices of the London Church Missionary Society, and for a number of years received a small salary from that organization. But he has returned in money to the society more than it has ever paid him. And the amount he did receive was a very small factor in the success of his work. It is time, it seems to me, that the Christian world went back to first principles in this matter.

When Christ sent forth His first missionaries, the twelve Apostles, He charged them: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes nor yet staves; for the workman is worthy of his meat." And He said to the Seventy: "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way." A Baptist friend told me the other day that his denomination send seven missionaries to the Congo country this year. That is doing well. But I believe that Bishop Taylor, in less than two years, has planted no less than one hundred and seventy-six missionaries in Africa without the backing of any missionary society. He introduces his young men to the people they are to labor among, and then they look out for themselves. And they do it very successfully. If a missionary cannot make enough impression to persuade those in whose behalf he labors to support him or allow him to support himself, and to build a chapel and schoolhouse, the field is a barren one or he is not the right man for the place.

These considerations seem to me worthy of careful consideration.

Boston. *A Layman.*

THE PORTFOLIO.*

A Valuable Foe.

Not many years ago a Kentucky horse-driver found himself in a small town in Lumpkin county, Georgia. Having disposed of his stock, he celebrated the fact by going on a spree, and bantering nearly every man who would have anything to do with him, for a fight. He aspired to "run the town," and being a huge, muscular fellow, seemed likely to succeed.

No one wanted to accommodate him, though several intimated that, if nothing but a fight would do, "Old Hall" would be in town that afternoon and, as he was never known to refuse a banter, would doubtless respond to the driver's pugilistic desires.

Said one man: 'Old Hall! He 'll fight anything, from a circular saw to a blind preacher." Another remarked: "Why, Old Hall! He 'd raythur fight than wear his clothes."

Our driver avowed that if Old Hall did n't show up, he would have him run down with dogs rather than lose the chance of whipping him. In the afternoon, sure enough, Old Hall appeared, and was pointed out to the swaggering Kentuckian as he stood at the bar of the principal saloon, "taken' a patch of Georgy red-eye," as he phrased it.

Old Hall was small, lean and vicious looking. The large driver gazed down on him for a moment, and remarked:

"Ef that 's yore bully I 'll jest unbully him fer ye in about ten seconds."

Then, walking up, he slapped Old Hall on the shoulder, saying:

"Es yore name Hall?"

Old Hall—the impersonation of terrier-like pugnacity—glared up at him, and replied:

"Yes, my name 's Hall."

"Well, you 've got ter fight. Ef yore name 's Hall I 'll jest change hit to Bawl afore ye know whar ye air."

"You 're a liar!" was Old Hall's prompt response, and at it they went, without further parley.

To the surprise of every one, Hall after a severe tussle whipped the driver, who seemed much cast down and thoroughly cowed. Then the numerous men whom the latter had bantered, bristled up and wanted also to whip the bully. They found an unexpected obstacle in Hall, who interposed as follows:

"The fust man that teches this feller has got ter jump on the two on us. I 've fout all over old Lumpkin, 'n Berrien, 'n Loundes Kyounties, fer more 'n twenty year, 'n thish yere is the fust man I 've ever made ter holler. He 's Old Hall's friend. He 's done fer me what no other man has ever done, 'n ef ye think I 'm a-goin' ter stand by 'n see my reppertachun ruint by lettin' him git whipped by every little fice dog in the settlement es wants to bounce him, ye do n't know Old Hall."

The driver was not further molested.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins. Their Wedding Day.

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

Mr. Hawkins he left the appintin' of our weddin' day to me, and I set it for a Sunday. When you come ter think on 't, there do n't seem ter be many days suitable for gittin' married in. You see Monday 's washin' day, and Tuesday 's ironin' day, and of course nobody would be married a Friday; and Saturday 's bakin' and cleanin'-up day, so there 's only Wednesday and Thursday left, and mother 'n me wanted that much time for extry odds and ends of work, and to "turn round" in, as you might say. So I set it a Sunday mornin' before fust service.

Now, to begin with, I must tell you that Mr. Hannibal Hawkins, the man I was goin' ter marry, was what you 'd call odd, terrible odd, so that, although we 'd been keepin' comp'ny tergether for some time, and I 'd had every chance ter git acquainted, yet I felt mor'illy certain that it would be a good while 'fore I 'd know him all through. Not but what he was a likely man—more tew, for he was a church member in good and reg'lar standin', and he alwers had the name o' bein' a good husband to his fust wife, and a good pervider and all that; but, as I said, he was odd.

Wall, he come over the Saturday mornin' before the weddin', so 's ter be "on hand," he said, and kinder dew for me and mother.

***It is requested that no anecdotes be sent to the Portfolio which have ever appeared in print or are not known to be true.**

We had n't no men folks in the house 'cept Caleb Jones, the hired help, and he wa' n't much dependence at sech a time.

It was 'bout eight o'clock in the forenoon when Mr. Hawkins 'rived, and an hour or tew later I got a letter from his daughter Car'line. It was marked private, and read thus:

> "DEAR MISS ROBBINS" [That 's me, Ruth Ann Robbins, ye know.]: "I write to caution you about Par. I feel awful 'fraid the clo'es he 's took with him to be married in aint right. All to once he was struck with one o' his *odd streaks*, and insisted on packin' his bag himself, a thing he never done afore in his life, and the Lord only knows what he put into it; I do n't. You must look him over real sharp 'fore he goes in where the folks be.
>
> "I 'm sorry I can 't come to the weddin', but I cut my bangs yesterday, and got 'em so short that I look jest tew hijeous for anything. I 've cried myself most sick, I 'm so disapp'inted, and Par says I 'm silly ter stay away on account o' the bangs; but I can 't help it; I 'd ruther die than go and show myself sech a fright to all them folks—so there 't is! I send you my love, and I hope everything will go off well. With respeck, CAR'LINE HAWKINS."
>
> "P. S.—I 'm afraid Par has took *odd boots*. Look out for him."

I laughed when I read that letter; it didn't trouble me much of any. Thinks I ter myself, "He is old enough to pack his own bag, 'less he 's a gump and a fool, and if he is a gump and a fool the quicker we find it out the better!" I felt the wust because Car'line wa'n't comin' to the weddin'. It worried me to think she was so silly 'bout them bangs.

Wall, come Sunday mornin', when it was time to dress ourselves, Hannibal took one room and I another and we begun. I'd jest got my hair all down, when Hannibal hollered tew me, and said he:

"Ruth Ann! I wish you 'd bring in your needle and thread and dew a little job o' sewin' for me. I find my vest is all split out behind, though goodness knows how it come so. I never wore it but once in my life. It 's a bran new one."

I thought then of Car'line's letter, and when I see the vest I knew in a minute that he 'd took the wrong one, but I sewed the old thing up, as well 's I could—a pretty lookin' vest it was to be married in—and went back to my room feelin' a good deal distarbed and anxious.

His next perdickermunt was wuss yet. This time he spoke to me so kinder quick and sharp, that I knew it was somethin' serious. I was jest puttin' my dress over my head, but I did n't stop to half button it up, I hurried in ter see what was the matter now. When I opened the door, there stood Hannibal in the middle o' the room, lookin' down perplexed like and inquirin' at two old boots—you could n't call 'em a *pair*, for I knew the minute I set eyes on 'em that they both belonged to one and the same foot! They both had a round nob stickin' up conspickewous where the big toe went, and another great bulgin' one for the toe jint. I had n't never noticed anything peculiar 'bout Hannibal's feet before, but them two boots did look curis enough, and they looked kinder wicked and knowin' somehow, as if they was enjoyin' themselves!

I laughed, I could n't help it, but Hannibal did n't even smile. He turned to me, and said he:

"Do them two boots look right to you?" Then he tried on one, and that was well enough, he put on the other, and—wall, you can imagine how it looked! Of course the nobs and bulgin's come in the wrong places, and the hull foot was hind side afore and wrong side tew, as you might say! He took 'em off and revarsed 'em, but still they continnered ter disagree and look wicked at one another. He squared 'em up tergether as square 's he could, and says he:

"Ruth Ann, *I* believe them boots is *odd!*"

"Ondoubtedly they be, Hannibal," says I, "and they *look odd;* but how do they *feel?* Can you wear 'em? That is the question."

"I do n't care a continental how they *feel*," says he, awful savage, "I 'll wear 'em if they kill me; but I dew wish they did n't *look* so like the—the evil one!"

I felt like death, but I knew we 'd got to make the best of the sitiwation, so I says:

"Oh, I guess they won't be noticed. But you must be sure and set with your feet on the floor and drawed well back under your chair, and you must n't on no 'count cross your legs; or, if you dew, be sure and have the *right foot* on top."

Then I had ter leave him. I was all worked up, but I managed ter finish my toilit with mother's help, and *when* I was dressed I went into the spare chamber where the couples that was goin' to stand up with us was waitin'. I found them all right, and finally Hannibal was ready, and him and me locked arms and perceeded down-stairs, follered by the others. Cousin Tripheny and R'yal Hunt come fust, then 'Mandy Plympton and John Ray, then Cousin Seraphine and 'Siar Chase; there was six of 'em, and they made a noble 'pearance, tew.

Jest as we got on to the stairs and Hannibal and me was most to the bottom, and all of a sudden he claps his hand to his head and whispers:

"Ruth Ann, I must go back a minute; you wait right here."

"No, Hannibal," says I, pullin' him along, "you can 't go back—how it would look!"

"But I tell ye I must and I *will!*" says he, jerkin' away and turnin' back.

The percession stood stock still on the stairs, and fust one, then t'other whispered down ter know what was the matter, and the folks in the parlor began ter peak out and buz. I concluded as long 's I could n't be married without Hannibal, I might as well go and look after him. Thinks I ter myself, "Who knows but he means ter put an eend to his miser'ble *odd* existence!" So when he rushed up the stairs and pitched head fust into his room, I wa' n't fur behind. And what did I see that great silly dew but make a dive fer the lookin'-glass and go through with the motions of *brushin' his hair*, deliberate and arnest, as if—wall, as if he 'd *had* some hair! For he 's most as bald as a bed-post, and what hair he 's got lays down of its own accord as slick as grease, all times! *I wus mad.* I snatched the brush away and grabbed his arm.

"Hannibal Hawkins!" says I, firm and determined, I tell ye; "Hannibal Hawkins! you come down-stairs with me this instant; I 've had enough o' your oddity fer one day! I 've bore all I can or will, and when we 're married I 'll take some o' this nonsense out on ye, or I 'll—*I 'll see!*" says I.

He glared at me as if he never 'd seen me before, he was so 'stonished, but I hauled him back down stairs, and we all went into the parlor at last and took our places in front of the minister. But it did seem as if delays and hitches was to be the order of the day, for jest as we got all ready ter begin, the minister was called to the door on important business that kep' him ten minutes or so, and there we stood in the middle o' the floor lookin' at one 'nother and feelin' awk'ard enough.

Among the folks I invited to the weddin' was old Aunt Betsey Griffin, deaf as a post, and settin' beside on her was old Mis' Potter, and Mis' Potter 'd lost her mind, in a measure, as it were. I knew it would please 'em both ter come, so I invited 'em. Well, while we was waitin' for the minister and the room was still as the grave, all of a sudden Mis' Potter turned to Aunt Betsey and screamed into her ear loud enough ter wake the dead:

"Who did you say our Ruth Ann is goin' ter marry?" And Aunt Betsey screamed back jest as loud, though Mis' Potter aint deaf a mite:

"*Mr. Hannibal Hawkins!*"

Mis' Potter nods her head contented, and sets and rocks for about a minute; then she leans over and screams again:

"What did you say his name was?"

Aunt Betsey tells her, and she nods and rocks as before, but her poor old head can't hold but one idee to once, so she hollers a third time, and says she:

"What did you say *her* name was?" and Aunt Betsey answers patient and loud:

"Ruth Ann Robbins!"

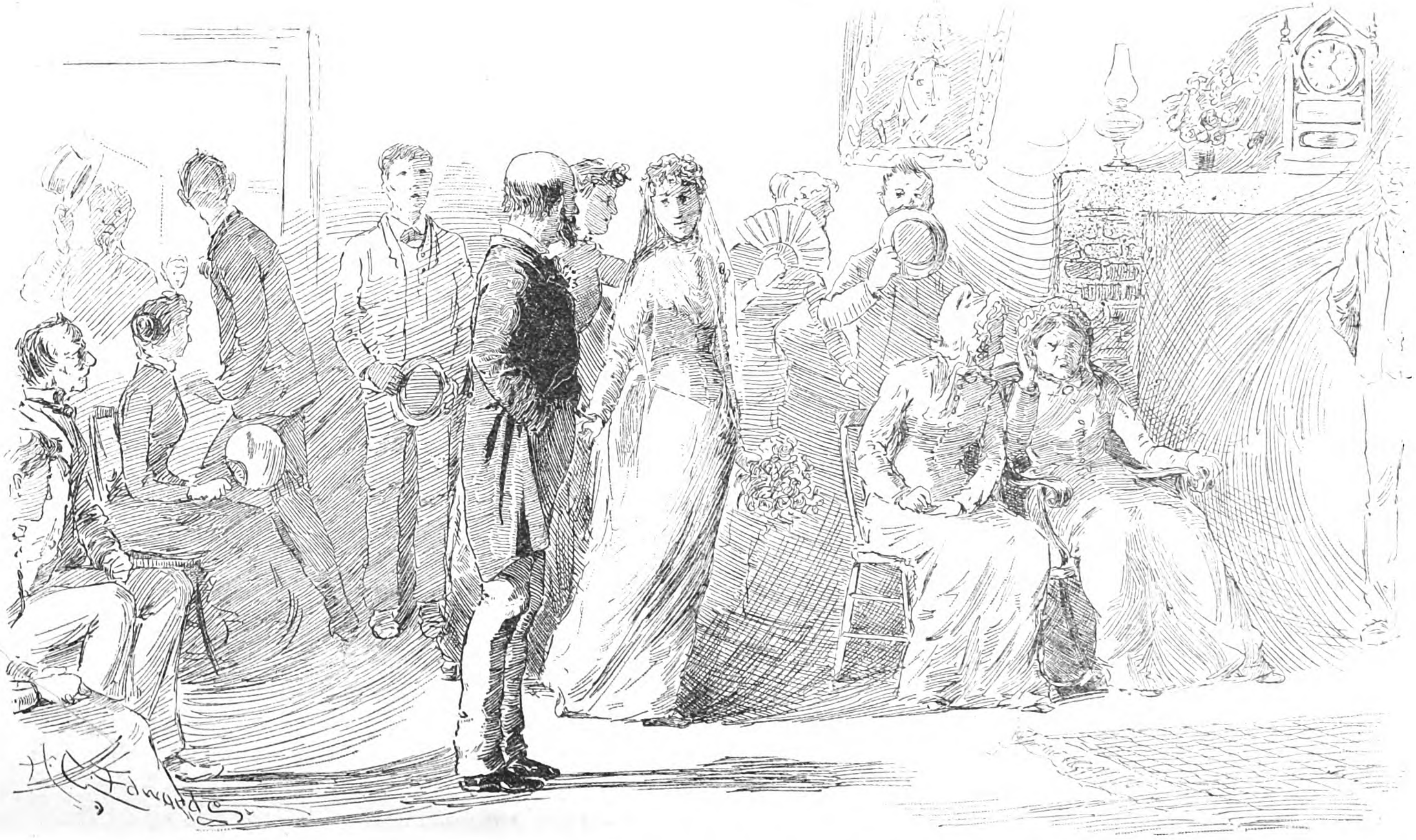
Everybody was laughin' by this time, and I don't know how long them poor creatur's would 'a kep' our names goin' back'ards and for'ards if the minister had n't come in jest then and put an eend to it.

The ceremony perceeded along smooth and proper till Hannibal andertook ter find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled fust in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a little box o' matches, a tooth-pick, a penknife, a horse-ches'nut that he alwers carries for rheumatiz, and several other things—took 'em out one to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquirin' and put 'em back agin. Finally he dove into some place and took out a little wad 'o paper, and all our sperits revived. That looked more like, but when he ondid it, out rolled a dozen or more sugar-coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and tried agin. This time he fished out a small card that 'peared ter have some writin' on it. (I found out afterwards that he 'd writ down on that card where he put the ring, for fear he 'd forgit, jest as he had.) When he 'd read the card what did he dew but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o'em dretful boots and shake the ring out o' the toe on't! Then he put his boot back on, and straightened himself up as carm as if it was customary and common for bridegrooms to carry the ring in the toe o' their boots, and, takin' my hand, slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.

Wall, I was thankful when it was all over you 'd better believe! It had n't seemed a mite as I expected. I supposed that the thought of the great responsibility I was assumin', and one thing a' nother, would lift my soul and make me feel dretful sollum and pious, but I declare to man, I did n't think o' nothin' from beginnin' to end, but jest Hannibal's *odd boots* and *odd actions!* So little does it take to keep a woman's mind from soarin'.

After the ceremony we had cake and coffy passed round, and then as the bells was a ringin' we perceeded to the church. It wa 'n't but a few steps, jest acros't the common.

And we walked up the broad aisle tergether, Hannibal and me. I a-leanin' on his arm, lookin' my best, and he hisn, with everybody's eyes upon us! I tried not to feel proud, but it was a happy moment for me, I tell ye. And when we set down in the old pew where I 'd set ever sence I was a baby, mother on one side, Hannibal on t' other and me in the middle, it seemed awful pleasant, somehow; seemed as if I never loved the old church so well. Not that there 's anything nice or harnsome 'bout our meetin'-house in Craney Holler; it 's almost a barn compared ter city churches, but it had one recommend. It was surrounded by natur', whose God we had come to adore. The great winders was wide open and I could look out on to the com-



"WHO DID YOU SAY OUR RUTH ANN IS GOING TER MARRY?"

mon, all green and wavy with maples, then away off acrost the medders, and up, up to the woody hilltops that touched the blue canopy o' heaven.

Oh, how can anybody that lives in the country ever lack for religious privileges? God is so nigh everywheres in natur', and He speaks through her so plain and so direck! Why, if I could git the time, if I had n't so much housework ter dew and one thing a 'nother, I 'd make a practice o' goin' out every day as reg'lar as I say my prayers, to some beautiful, sollum spot, a' purpose ter commune with my Maker through natur'. In no other way can we git so near to God.

As I said, it seemed uncommon pleasant to me in meetin', that Sunday mornin'. The horses stompin' in the sheds did n't seem ter disturb me as usual, and the chirpin' of the birds, and the dronin' of the crickets through the drowzy air sounded awful nice and soothin'. Inside, the house was full of good, old-fashioned smells. Patigony mint and boy's love and tanzy and cammomile; for all the old ladies, and a good many of the young folks, had a bunch of one or the other, and perhaps a sprig o' green caraway seed ter munch away on, in case they 's inclined to be sleepy.

I looked down to where dear old Squire Brown set in his pew in front o' the pulpit —asleep and noddin' so quick he was—and I noticed that one hand wisely supported his head, in order ter keep on his red wig o' hair. But he wa' n't alwers so careful, for I remembered how nigh he often come ter losin' on 't, and how, one Sunday it did actewally slip clear off 'n his bald pate, and how he jumped and clapped his hand to his head, and all the young folks laughed, and some o' the old ones. Even Parson Lamson jest barely saved himself by a timely sneeze!

Strange that all this should come back to me so, on my weddin' mornin', but it did, and a good deal more, and I had a hard tussle bringin' myself into a proper frame o' mind to 'tend to the service.

Mother alwers had a him-book to herself, on account o' seein' better, ye know, so Hannibal and me we looked on tergether, and I had the proud pleasure o' hearin' him sing for the fust time. He 's got a most powerful voice, and his *expression* does beat all! Everybody was looking at him. Why, he acted it all out so, as you might say! When he struck a high note he riz up to his full statur', balanced himself kinder teeterin' on his toes, stretched up his neck, rolled his eyes 'way inter the back part of his head, and *sech* a tone as he fetched—high—oh, *terrible high!* and on the cont'ry, when he sung a low note, he jest scrooched all down inter his stummuck and chist, and somethin' rumbled way down in his insides, low —oh, terrible low and sollum! I think his "*low A*" was the very lowest one I ever heered! His singin' was sartinly imposin', and I know it imposed on everybody that heerd it. As for me, I felt so excited and lifted up by it, that I kep' awake all through the sermon, did n't even nod once, and was right on hand ter rouse up mother and Hannibal in season for the doxology. Then come the benediction, and we walked out tergether as we come in, with everybody lookin' and admirin' and envyin'. And I tried ter realize that I was married, and that this was my weddin'-day, but somehow I could n't; it all seemed like a dream.

Button—Button.

Oh, my heart is like a button!
See, how easily it rolls;
It 's attached in many places,
And it 's pierced by several holes.
And I sing now, as in childhood,
When I saw the button start,
"Button, button; where 's the button?"
Some one give me back my heart!

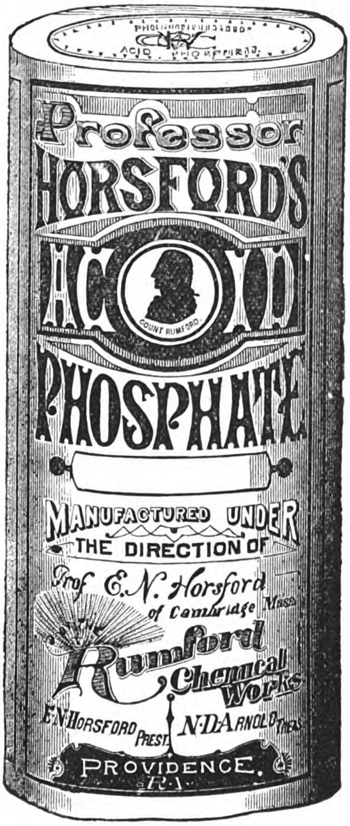
First 'twas fastened to an heiress,
Sewed tight with golden thread;
But it grew so loose it dangled,
Ere the day we should be wed.
Then, before it fell off wholly,
Came the Fates, those mystic three,
And the one who holds the scissors,
Cut the button off for me.
I was glad to see it coming
And received it with a smile,
Button, button, here's the button
Coming home to rest awhile!

Since, there have been many owners
For my button-heart. I b 'lieve
I, myself, have worn it sometimes,
As it were, upon my sleeve.
Some have cast it off in anger,
And from some it fell away,
But the button is not broken,
'Tis as good as new to-day.
Yet I seem to hear an echo
Of that ancient nursery song,
"Button, button; where 's the button?
Pass the button now along."

'Tis a good, big, useful button,
And at times, I fairly long
For a hand to seize it firmly,
And to sew it on so strong.
With the thread of love that never
Could it from its moorings start:
Then I think this polished button
Might become an honest heart;
And no more would I be haunted,
By this voice from out the past:
"Button, button; where 's the button?"
If a true wife held it fast!

Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE


ACID PHOSPHATE
Professor
HORSFORD'S
ACID
COUNT RUMFORD
PHOSPHATE
MANUFACTURED UNDER
THE DIRECTION OF
Prof. E. N. Horsford
of Cambridge Mass.
Rumford Chemical Works
E. N. HORSFORD PREST.
N. D. ARNOLD TREAS.
PROVIDENCE. R. I.

(LIQUID)

A preparation of the phosphates that is readily assimilated by the system.

Especially recommended for Dyspepsia, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, Wakefulness, Impaired Vitality, etc.

Prescribed and endorsed by Physicians of all schools.

Agreeable to the taste. No danger attends its use.

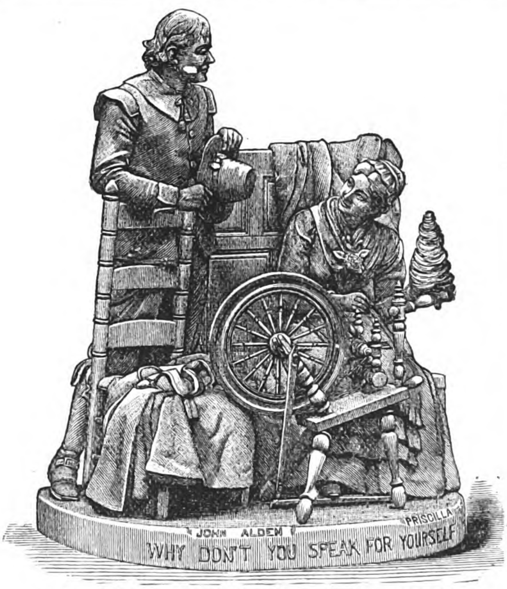
It combines well with such stimulants as are necessary to take.

It makes a delicious drink with water and sugar only.

For sale by all druggists. Pamphlet free.

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, - PROVIDENCE, R. I.

☞ *Beware of Imitations.*


JOHN ALDEN
PRISCILLA
WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

John Alden and Priscilla. Price $20.00.

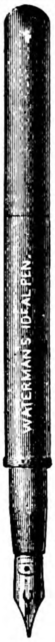
These Groups are packed, without extra charge, to go with safety to any part of the world. If intended for Wedding Presents, they will be forwarded promptly as directed. An Illustrated Catalogue of all the Groups, varying in price from $10 to $25, and pedestals (in mahogany and ebonized wood), can be had on application, or will be mailed by enclosing ten cents to

JOHN ROGERS,

Take the Elevator. 860 BROADWAY, cor. 17th St., New York.

Waterman's

Ideal Fountain Pen.


WATERMAN'S IDEAL PEN.

> "I write almost exclusively with them, and have no fault to find with them. The ink flows freely, and they do not dirty the fingers." — Mr. Henry Labouchere, M. P., Editor London *Truth.*

See advertisement in previous numbers.

You can have your choice of over 50 sizes and styles.

It is warranted *(unconditionally)* and guaranteed to meet all the requirements, or the money will be refunded.

Send for illustrated price-list, with testimonials.

AGENTS WANTED.

Mention the American Magazine.

L. E. Waterman, Sole M'f'r,

155 Broadway, New York.

THE IDEAL POCKET

The Ideal Pocket, for pens and pencils. Price of pocket: nickel, 15 cents; with leather cover, 30 cents.

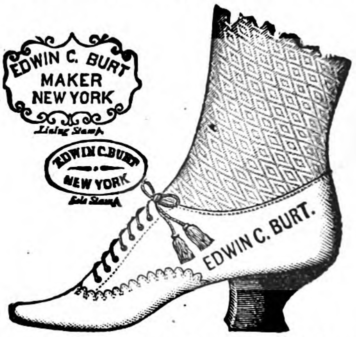
EDWIN C. BURT & CO.'S

Fine Shoes and Slippers

For Ladies and Children

Are the best goods made and the cheapest to buy and use.

Fit Perfectly, Easy on the Feet, Superior in Style, Cost no more than any other Fine Shoes.


EDWIN C. BURT MAKER NEW YORK
Lining Stamp
EDWIN C. BURT NEW YORK
Sole Stamp
EDWIN C. BURT.

CAUTION.—Genuine have the full name of EDWIN C. BURT stamped on LINING and SOLE of each Shoe, and are Warranted.

For sale by leading retail shoe dealers in nearly every city throughout the United States and Canada.

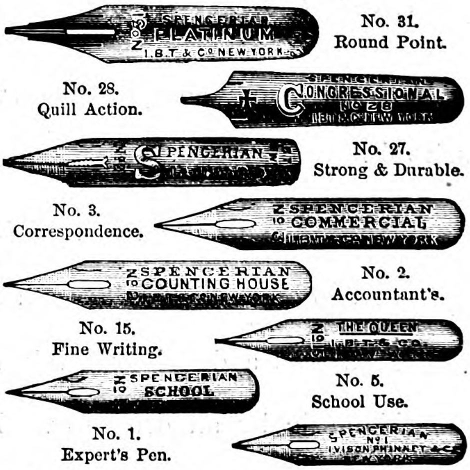
All Widths of Lasts, any style of Sole, Toe or Heel.

If you cannot get our make of shoes from your dealer, send address for directions how to procure them.

EDWIN C. BURT & CO., New York.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

ARE THE BEST.


SPENCERIAN PLATINUM
I. B. T. & Co. NEW YORK
CONGRESSIONAL
SPENCERIAN
SPENCERIAN COMMERCIAL
SPENCERIAN COUNTING HOUSE
THE QUEEN
SPENCERIAN SCHOOL
SPENCERIAN No 1

No. 31. Round Point.

No. 28. Quill Action.

No. 27. Strong & Durable.

No. 3. Correspondence.

No. 2. Accountant's.

No. 15. Fine Writing.

No. 5. School Use.

No. 1. Expert's Pen.

Sample Card containing one of each of the above Pens sent for trial, **postpaid,** on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,

753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies the Skin
No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeits of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

PHOTOGRAPHY MADE EASY, by using **Carbutt's Keystone Dry Plates** for Views, Portraits and Transparencies. The most popular Dry Plate with Amateurs, and the easiest to obtain success with. Send for descriptive circular to

JOHN CARBUTT,
KEYSTONE DRY PLATE WORKS,
Wayne Junction, Phila., Pa.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC Boston, Mass.

THE LARGEST and **BEST EQUIPPED** in the **WORLD**—100 Instructors, 2186 Students last year. Thorough Instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano and Organ Tuning, Fine Arts, Oratory, Literature, French, German, and Italian Languages, English Branches, Gymnastics, etc. Tuition, $5 to $25; board and room with Steam Heat and Electric Light, $5.00 to $7.50 per week. **Fall Term** begins Sept. 8, 1887. For Illustrated Calendar, with full information, address E. TOURJEE, Dir., Franklin Sq., BOSTON, Mass.

SHORTHAND Thoroughly Taught **BY MAIL** or personally.
SITUATIONS PROCURED all pupils when competent.
STENOGRAPHERS furnished business men without charge for my services. Correspondence solicited.
Send for circulars to **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.**

BI TRI CYCLES NEW AND 2D HAND.
All the best makes. Very low prices.
Inclose **stamp for list.**
Wheels bought, sold and exchanged.
NEW YORK BICYCLE CO., 38 Park Pl., N. Y.

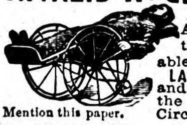
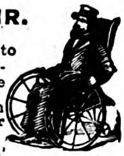
BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth WHITE, the gums ROSY and the breath SWEET. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.

(Reclining.)
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The **LARGEST FACTORY** and **BEST CHAIRS** in the world. Send for Circular to

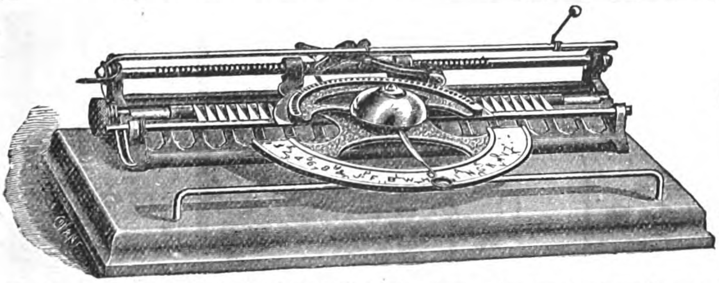
Mention this paper.

Health Chair Co., New Haven, Conn.

The October MAGAZINES
Go to Press about August 20.

FOR SPECIAL RATES, APPLY TO

HERBERT BOOTH KING & BROTHER,
The Leading Agents for Advertisements in Magazines,
202 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



$8, $10, $15.

SIMPLE,
RAPID,
DURABLE.

Does the work of a Machine costing ten times its price.

THE WORLD TYPE WRITER.

GEO. BECKER & CO.,
30 Great Jones St., New York.

Send for Circulars.

THE TUXEDO SUIT
FOR
LADIES AND MISSES.

This complete costume, of original design, novel, elegant, and graceful,—consisting of cap, blouse, skirt, and sash,—is knitted of the finest worsted materials in patterns to match throughout. It is made in a varied assortment of colors and in sizes for 12 years and upward.

T U X E D O

From its texture it is especially adapted for lawn tennis, yachting, rowing, gymnasium.

From its texture it is especially adapted for mountain and seashore wear, and all athletic and outdoor sports.

Descriptive Circular Sent on Application.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

Broadway & 11th Street,

NEW YORK.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated **Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner S t, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. For particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Made with Boiling Water.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Made with Boiling Milk.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's Disease. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch St., Phila. $1. Druggists.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by **Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St, Phila., Pa.** Ease at once. No operation. Thousands of Cures. Send for Circular.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co. N. Y.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

WARRANTED PERFECTLY PURE
TRADE MARK
GAUNTLET.
E. R. DURKEE & CO.

SELECT SPICES & MUSTARD.

SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

DURKEE'S

SALAD DRESSING

UNEQUALLED FOR EXCELLENCE.

Without a rival as a dressing for all Salads, and as a sauce for Cold Meats, etc. It is prepared with extreme care; all its ingredients are of the *purest* and *best;* and will keep good for years.

BEWARE OF ALL IMITATIONS.

NIGHT.
DAY.
J.A.LAKIN & CO.
WESTFIELD, MASS.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS UNDER LAKIN'S PATENTS.
FEB 17TH 1885
FEB 24TH 1885
JULY 14TH 1885
PATENTED
MAY 20TH 1884
SEPT 2ND 1884
LAKIN'S AUTOMATIC TIME DAMPER REGULATOR
MFD. BY J.A. LAKIN & CO.
WESTFIELD MASS.

No more cold rooms in the mornings. It will open the drafts or dampers to Hot Air or Steam Heaters. No running into the basement to arrange the drafts; the machine is placed in the living room, where it is handy to operate. Every one guaranteed to do its work, or money refunded. Thousands in use all over the country. Full Nickel-plated, mounted on Cherry Board, $15. We want a good agent in every town. Address,

J. A. LAKIN & CO., 1587 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

BUILDING **BOOKS.** Catalogue Free. W. T. Comstock, 23 Warren St., New York.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA LIBRARIES
3 2108 03856 6363

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA LIBRARIES